PARIS

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

G.W.E. INV.

PARIS

The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea swan.
What bosky gardens—dropped in close
walled courts,
As plums in ladies' laps, who start and laugh;
What miles of streets that run on after streets,
Still carrying the necessary shops—
Those open caskets—with jewels seen!
—And trade is art,—and art philosophy,
—In Paris.

("*Aurora Leigh*," MRS. BROWNING)

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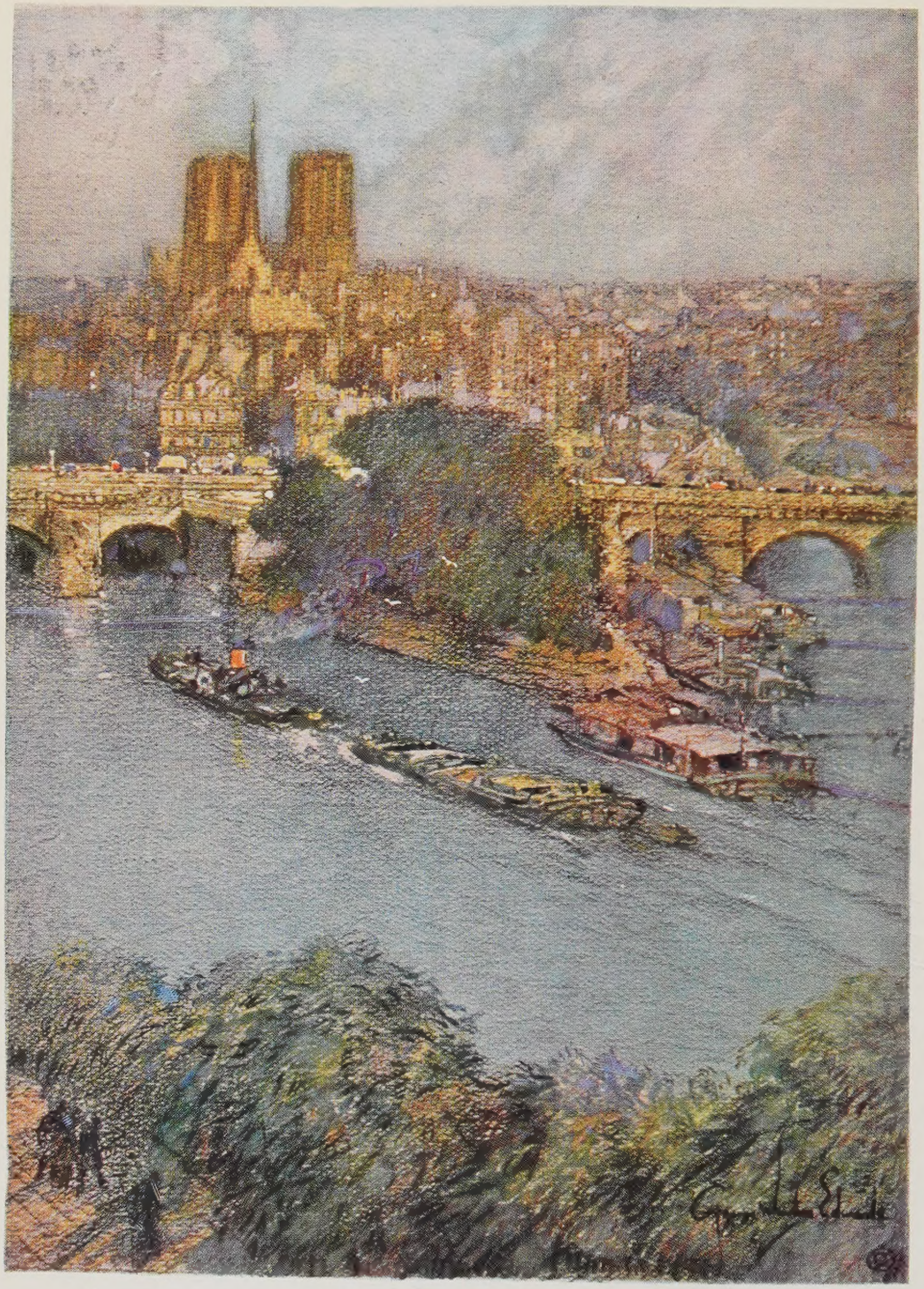

The Towers of Notre Dame

Frontispiece

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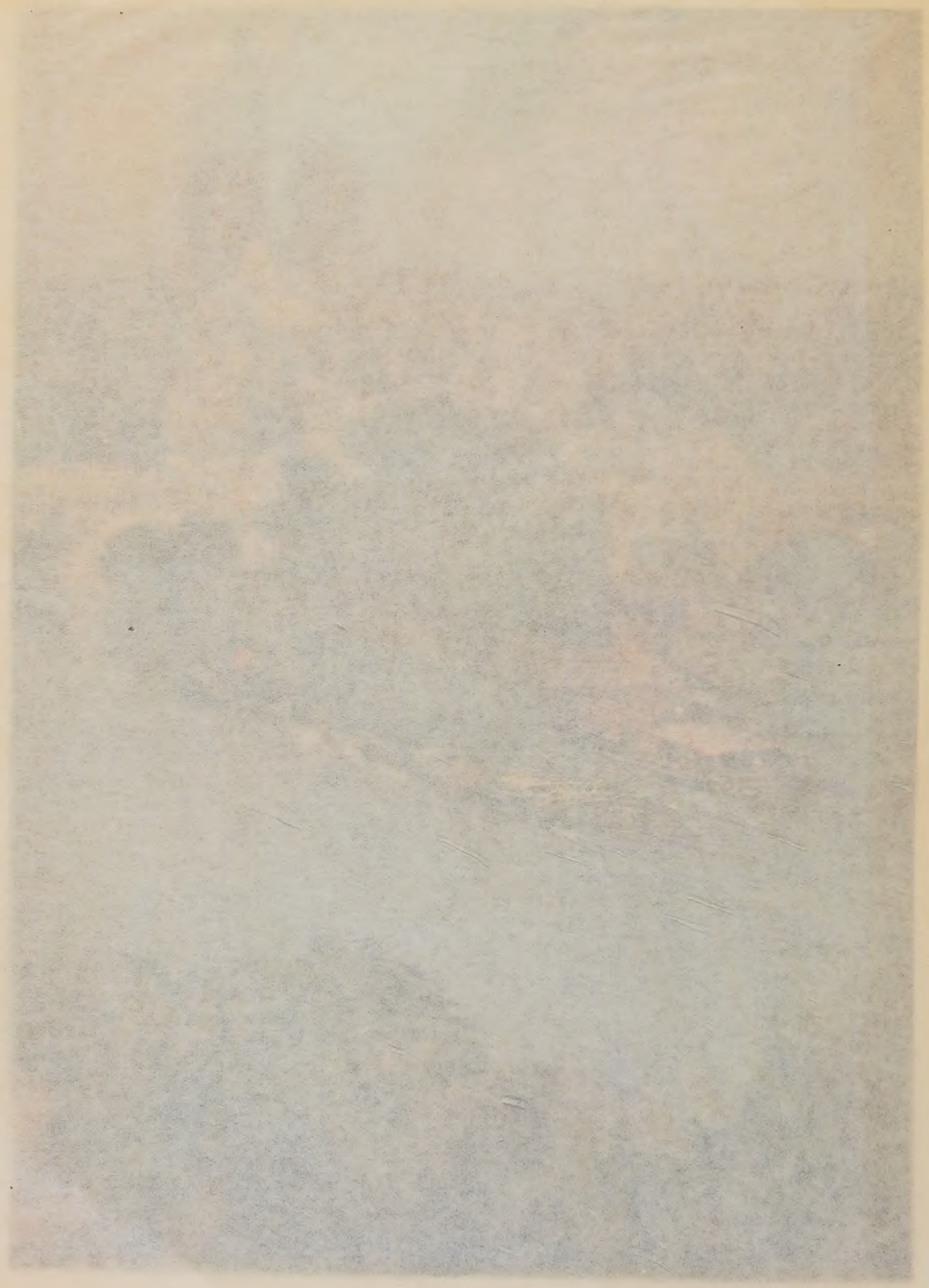

The Towers of Notre Dame

Frontispiece

PARIS
With Drawings in Color & Monotone by
George Wharton Edwards
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The Penn Publishing Company
Philadelphia

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MADE IN THE U. S. A.

By the Author of

VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS.

VANISHED HALLS AND CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

BELGIUM OLD AND NEW

LONDON.

ETC.

PARIS

By

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

Awarded Médaille Reconnaíssance Nationale Roi des Belges, 1920, for "Belgium Old and New."

Awarded Palmes d'Or, Institut de France, 1921, for "Alsace-Lorraine."

Officier de l'Instruction Publique, France.

To the Memory
of My Beloved
Lady Anne

Foreword

The gracious reception accorded to the Author's "London" encouraged him, and his publisher, to bring forth this book on "Paris": a great task to be sure, and to him a real labor of love, in which he has tried however inadequately, to discharge some small part of the debt of gratitude he owes to France for the many acts of kindness extended to him, beginning in his student days when he went to Paris to study the art of drawing and painting.—Whatever of success he has achieved since then in his chosen profession he owes to France.

In presenting this book on Paris the Author asks his reader to remember that it is, at best, a rough and tentative collection of impressions and facts set down enthusiastically at random, of experiences which at the moment impressed him, and which now that he re-reads them seem to be greatly overweighted by the title.

In estimating the historical errors which probably are to be found in the book, the Author is obviously the last person to have any idea of their number, for did he suspect their existence, they would have been corrected, yet despite his efforts and care, and those of friendly helping hands, there are, perhaps, omissions and

errors which should be as familiar to himself as to the eager and candid critic who may discover them and have that pleasure: the joy of exposing the Author's shortcomings.

The chief disappointment then in the making of this book belongs to the Author, who hopes, nevertheless, to please France and the French, and to impress them with the accomplishment.

The Author extends his thanks for, and appreciation of, the kindness and aid in this work from his valued friends, M. Clément Rueff, President of the Association Alsace-Lorraine in America, and to the Hon. Gaston Liebert, Minister Plenipotentiary to the U. S., President of the French Bureau of Information, for facts not otherwise obtainable.

—*The Author.*

Hotel des Capucines,
Paris, July, 1923.

Introduction

By M. Clément Rueff.

It was Thomas Jefferson, the drafter of the Declaration of Independence, who said that "everybody has two countries, his own and France"; yet, if it were not a historical fact that this statement was made by Jefferson, when reading the present book, one would be inclined to attribute it to George Wharton Edwards.

It is evident that Mr. Edwards has the tenderest of feelings for France, which he considers his "Alma Mater" in Art. He has spent there a part of his youth and has visited her, since, on many occasions. He has mingled with her people in Normandy, in Brittany, in Alsace, in Paris and elsewhere, and contrary to many other writers on France, he writes with a thorough understanding of that country and its people.

"Paris," there cannot be the least doubt, is the "Work of Love" of an artist who wants to leave a memorial of his undying attachment to the country to which he owes his training as an artist, his success as a painter.

A Prussian Ambassador to France, at the time of Louis XV, when writing to his master, the King of Prussia, to whom he was to report on conditions in Alsace, stated, among others, that "the Alsatians are

as French as the Parisians"; of Mr. Edwards, one might be inclined to say that he too is "as French as the Parisians," because, as he demonstrates by his book, he has grasped the "soul" of France. He has an understanding of her people, a comprehension of its feelings, its morals, its habits, such as has been evidenced by very few foreigners who have lived in or visited France. Mr. Edwards knows Paris and its institutions as well, if not better, than do most Parisians. He talks of its monuments, as if they were living beings. He does not "see" merely, he "understands" Notre-Dame; he "feels" the Latin Quarter; he "senses" the Seine and its Bridges; he "grasps" the Palais-Bourbon and the Luxembourg; he "embraces" the Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries and the Champs-Elysees; he "lives" the life of the Halles Centrales; etc., etc.

How charmingly he differentiates between a "grisette" and a "midinette"; how he knows the "cocher de fiacre" of old; how he appreciates the value of French Cooking; how he makes a distinction between the real life of Paris and the one artificially created by foreigners for foreigners; how he understands French women and the French Home.

His is not the dry description of a traveler, nor the idle ramblings of a poet—his is the rendering of the feelings of a man, of an artist, who has "understood" a people and a country: FRANCE, so little understood and so often misrepresented.

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Edwards, who, during the war—and since—has been one of the most ardent champions of France, who missed no occasion to combat the insidious German Propaganda appearing in the American press, who, then, by means of his work "Alsace-Lorraine," contributed mightily in dispelling in America the prevalent impression that the Alsatians and Lorrainers were Germans, now, through his book, "Paris," shows that he has comprehended the innermost soul of France and with his marvelous skill as a writer, as an artist, he endeavors to transmit his impressions to the American people, so that it might have a better understanding of real France, of the France of the studio, of the laboratory and the workshop, of the field and the factory, of the street and the home; of the France of Jeanne d'Arc, of Lafayette and of Verdun.

CLEMENT RUEFF
Officier de l'Instruction Publique.
Fondateur et Premier President de l'Association
Generale des Alsaciens-Lorraines d'Amerique

FRENCH BUREAU OF INFORMATION
598 Madison Ave.
New York

June 5th, 1924.

My dear Mr. Edwards:

Having had the privilege of reading carefully these proofs, I am anxious to see your book published, as I know that it will prove particularly interesting and valuable to those who will read this excellent piece of work, which is also a remarkable work of art.

What you have written is accurate in every detail and pictures perfectly well French life and especially that of our cherished Capital so dear to all our American friends. Thanks to your efforts, your compatriots will in this way, have a splendid idea of the true character of the French people and they will be brought to understand their love of the beautiful, their ideals and aspirations.

I am indeed happy that you have depicted my country in such a vivid manner and I believe all who have not a clear idea of French life should read your excellent descriptions.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Edwards

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) Gaston Liebert.

Director of the French Bureau of Information.

George Wharton Edwards, Esq.
46 Lexington Avenue,
Greenwich, Conn.

Contents

	PAGE
Foreword	
Introduction, *by M. Clement Rueff*	
Paris	1
Changes in the City	20
Regulations	26
The French People and the War	34
The Government	44
The French Woman and Her Position	78
The Life of the People	82
Old Days and New	96
French Artists	117
Sport and Idleness	121
Restaurants	134
Streets, Names, etc.	140
The Streets, Morality and Art	149
Politics	210
The Madeleine and Notre Dame	219
Tour de St. Jacques and the Sewers of Paris	247
The Pantheon	254
Funerals	260
The French and American Republics	264
The Bridges	268

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The American Monuments	283
Typical Foires	287
Some of the Fountains	399
The Place Des Vosges	312
The Art Life	317
The Opera	331
Les Halles	335
Street Noises, Peddlers and Cheap Restaurants	346
Column of July and the Temple	356
Place de la Concorde	359
Tuileries	363
Parks	371
The Saint Lazare Prison	375
So Styled French Intemperance	381
Bohemianism	385
Montmartre and Montparnasse	393
Index	427
Bibliography	437

List of Drawings in Color

	PAGE
The Towers of Notre Dame . . .	*Frontispiece*
The Eiffel Tower Seen from the Trocadero . .	22
The Porte Saint Denis	42
The Bourse	56
Sainte Chapelle	70
The Arch of Triumph	88
The Trocadero and the Base of the Eiffel Tower .	92
Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel	146
The Porte Saint Martin	182
Notre Dame seen from the Left Bank of the Seine .	222
The Great Church of the Sacré Coeur, Montmartre	224
The Church of St. Augustin	238
The Tomb of Napoleon	246
The Tower of Sainte Jacques	250
The Panthéon	258
The Place de la Concorde	262
The Pont Alexandre	276
The Luxembourg Fountain	306
The Opera. Jour de fête	332
The Colonne de Juillet. To the French citizens who died for liberty	350
The Column Vendome	358
The Buttes of Montmartre	394
The Notorious "Cafés Chantant" of Montmartre	404
Sainte Jacques	420

List of Drawings in Monotone

	PAGE
The Statue of the Republic	9
Book Stalls along the Seine. Notre Dame in the distance	30
The Chamber of Deputies	48
Church of St. Martin and the Rue Mouffetard	62
Notre Dame at night	76
The Fountain of St. Sulpice	80
Entrance to the Carrousel	98
The Elysée Palace	104
Fountain and Statue of Balzac in the Palais Royal	108
St. Germain L'Auxerrois	114
The Grand Palace	118
The Great Central Doorway of Notre Dame	132
St. Etienne du Mont	158
The Fountain of St. Michel	172
The Institute of France	192
The Madeleine	232
The Murat Mansion occupied by President Wilson during the Versailles Conference	266
The Pont aux Change and the Conciergerie	270
The Monument to American Soldiers in the Place des Etats-Unis	284
The Molière Fountain	300
Fountain in the Place de la Concorde	308
The Carpeaux Fountain, Luxembourg Gardens	320
Tuileries Garden and the Pavillon de Rohan	366

"No one ever left Paris with a light heart;
Whether he has lost his health or his money,
Whether he has left attachments which it
Will be difficult to replace in other countries,
Or interesting acquaintances which it will be
Impossible to quit without regret—
Whatever be the reason, the heart is always
Sad at leaving Paris."

[Sherlock, 1781]

Paris

THE poet Cowper is somewhat to blame for the almost universal estimate of the moral qualities of our friends the French. In his "Table Talk" occur the following lines which are libelous:

> "The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk—
> Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
> Is always happy, reign whoever may,
> And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away."

PARIS

France is much misunderstood and consequently misjudged. Her foibles and endearing traits and imperfections "jump at the eye." Her controlling qualities lie deep and are not apparent to the casual beholder.

As "Paris is the beating heart of France," the world accepts and believes the dictum that the Frenchman is "toujours gai." Far from it: The French are a serious people, but they cultivate amusement as one of the Arts.

When I first went over to Paris, I believed all that I had heard of the "gayness" of the French capital. Coming from a New England town, a young lad just out of school, as I was, although I had lived for time in New York City, the Paris I found on my arrival was to me a "Gilded City of Light" and easily found pleasure, to which New York was as a tallow candle is to a Mazda electric lamp, or the city of Bound Brook is to Manhattan. My Puritanical upbringing forbade indulgence in any of the "easy, brisk and debonair" pastimes indulged in seemingly as a matter of course by some of my student companions, but I knew of these indulgences,—yet was comparatively untouched by them. The splendid profusion of nude marble and bronze statuary throughout the beautiful parks, and on the stately and palatial buildings, quite charmed me as an embryo artist painter, so I was not shocked at what a churchly relative called the "shamelessness"

of it. Of course, such a display of nude Art would be impossible here in America, where MacMonies' exquisite "Bacchante" was frowned upon and for a time denied public place. To us here, such works of art as are shown in the parks of Paris would be voted shameless or condemned as vicious. The nude statuary in Paris, however, is looked upon, even by the laborers in the streets, as Art, and is quite well understood and valued by them.

I found photographs of nude models (le nu acadèmique) freely offered on sale in the "kiosks," and along the Boulevards were brightly lighted tall advertising pillars with splendidly drawn lithographed posters by such masters as "Chéret" and "Mucha" and "Steinlein" extolling the attractions of that Mecca of tourists, The Moulin Rouge. Well, what of it?—It is all gotten up for the tourists, and they support it. What do they see there? Just what they seek—Vulgarity. Did they find the French people there enjoying it? Some. Were there crowds of Parisians there? There were not. Parisians do not patronize such establishments. Who were the crowds who nightly filled the large hall? For the most part foreigners and provincials from the towns of Normandy or Touraine, or some of the other departments of France. Parisians, whatever else they may be, are certainly not low in their tastes, they are too artistic for that, and they

abhor stupidity. As a matter of fact, I am assured that this and similar resorts are owned and exploited by an English corporation. The Moulin Rouge is not really a gay resort. Whatever of gayety found there is obviously manufactured, and, although the French language is spoken, it is certainly not really French. And this is true of all the other like resorts.

Nor do the Parisians flirt on the streets with young ladies. It simply is not done. The young girl on the street in Paris goes on her way with downcast eyes. She is taught that it is not proper to look a strange man in the face. In the convent where she has been taught how to conduct herself properly, her preceptress has ever kept before her the maxim "La pudeur, Mademoiselle!"

Do you think then that she is unhappy because she is not allowed to go about with the boys alone,—unchaperoned? On the contrary. If the French "Jeune fille" is caged until she marries the man picked out for her by careful parents who measure him up according to rule, she does not apparently suffer from it. And she manages to extract as much romance from her expectations and prospects as quite satisfies her.

The stranger soon finds that the Parisians are apparently singularly carefree—when they are out for enjoyment, and when are they not so?—they do not seem to care a rap for their audience. They are really

"gai" when they set out to enjoy themselves but they are never ill-bred. They never think of concealing their feelings of either joy or sympathy. This is the quality that so endears them to "The Stranger Within Their Gates." If the Frenchman is sorry for anyone in distress, he does not hesitate to weep, and per contra, if he is pleased with one, he will no more hesitate to embrace and kiss him. He will gesticulate if excited, and do whatever occurs to him to prove his emotion. This probably is what makes for all the qualities of Music and of Art inherent in the people. The Anglo-Saxon knows not the meaning of the word recreation as compared to the Frenchman. Would you know the difference between them? Go out some day to "Robinson," and see for yourself. "Robinson" is unique. There is only one such resort, and that is in Paris. A people who can sit and eat on the sidewalk, and do so properly without vulgarity or rowdyism, and without making a fuss about it, can of course eat anywhere else with "savoir faire." So at "Robinson" one can dine beautifully and comfortably "up a tree." Think of going up stairs in a fine tree, several flights of stairs too,—table, chairs, everything—and viands and wine fit for Lucullus. Here one may enjoy oneself to the fullest, free from what is termed "le trac"—or what we would call the blues—and, I repeat, there is no rowdyism whatever to be seen.

PARIS

No touring foreigner knows Paris as it really is. No one but a Parisian understands it. Balzac called it, "a veritable ocean in which one may drop in a sounding line without learning its depth.—There will always be one spot still virgin." It is the most cosmopolitan city in Europe, and covers an area of thirty square miles. There "trade is Art, and Art is Philosophy." Paris, the city of Light, the Eternal; the apotheosis of France: the social capital; the artistic shrine of the world and the gateway to Europe; the city of kings, musketeers, and cardinals; the city of imperishable names in literature, art and music; the city of St. Bartholomew's dreadful night and the rumbling tumbrels of the Revolution; the city of Napoleon and his dreams; and the consecrated tomb of the Unknown Soldier who rests beneath the great Arc de Triomphe.

To the French, Paris is the center of the world, and the whole of France regards it as the Mother City—its beating heart.

Probably in no other country is the level of individual intelligence so high as in France, and the great temples dedicated to this supremacy are in Paris. With us here in America, no matter how strongly it be denied, knowledge and intellect are looked upon, certainly by the majority, with somewhat of suspicion and uneasiness. The possessor of mental attributes is called a "highbrow." The people are disturbed in his presence;

they are afraid of him. His wages are apt to be less than that of a good brick-layer. If a man happens to be learned or intellectual, it should be his business to conceal the fact, and in his club pretend to a keen interest in golf or tennis, or such. It is not so in Paris where the names of painters of pictures and savants are household words,—here the only quality that counts is the quality of brains.

It is related that in those days when Beranger and Victor Hugo appeared in the streets they were so mobbed by the people that the police were required to protect them from the enthusiasm of their admirers, and Anatole France recently reported that a taxi-driver had declined to accept his fare when the author proffered it, saying that it was sufficient for him to have had the honor of driving so distinguished a man. In New York, it is safe to say, no taxi-driver would know an author from a butcher, or, if he did, he probably would charge him double fare.

In Paris the little "Midinette" makes regular pilgrimage to the tomb of the "Dame aux Camelias" in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, where she lays a fresh bunch of violets in reverent homage, and the tomb of Abelard and Heloise is likewise remembered by the women of this class who yearly bedeck the tomb with flowers and wreaths. The tourist has heard of the Midinettes of Paris, and as a rule, thinks of them as

"houris" thronging the Boulevards and lying in wait for innocent foreigners, and as for the Grisettes—has he not read extracts from Murger's book?—and the more recent French (?) tales.

Some Americans do not know what a midinette is, and think that a Grisette and a Midinette are one and the same thing, and that both are loose characters who throng the nightly resorts of the tourists. This is not so; a midinette may be a grisette, but a grisette is not a midinette. The latter as a class corresponds exactly to our own gum-chewing "Sadies" and "Mamies" and are quite as respectable. But the Midinettes differ from these in that they have a knowledge of music, art and literature that is surprising.

I visited the workrooms of the "Printemps"—that great "magasin" of Paris which corresponds to the large department stores of New York, in order to see the girls at work—finding that the surroundings differed but slightly from those in New York or any other large city. I asked the forewoman to tell me about them; what they talked about when at work, or if they talked at all?—What sort of songs they sang? and other details, including the sort of food they ate. She told me that they were for the most part the daughters of concierges and of that class, of respectable working people: that they were not uneducated—quite the contrary. That they regularly visited the Louvre on holidays to enjoy

The Statue of the Republic

The Statue of the Republic

Statue of the Republic.

the pictures and sculpture, and that they were fond of opera, and that they rarely went nearer the Folies Bergère than the entrance. So much for the Midinettes.

Montmartre is of course one of the chief attractions to the tourist in spite of its factitious character. The pleasure hunter persuades himself that he will find there the perfect devilments of bohemianism, and the fact that the locality is only attainable after a stiff climb, and an ascent by means of the funicular railway and then a further laborious climb only adds to his enjoyment. That is why the aforesaid p. h. whose hardihood is prescribed by the exciting performance of a taxi, and the charges of the canny driver, after visiting the place Pigalle and the resorts of the rue Fontaine insists upon its inclusion in his itinerary. He is told that it is the "real thing"; that it is just as it was centuries ago; as inaccessible to modernity as it is to the foreign outsider: narrow streets lined with shabby crumbling old dwellings huddled together still as in those days when it was safer to have a hospitable neighbor than either air or light. Deserted silent narrow lanes, with here and there a slinking figure furtively emerging from dark doorways in the closely shuttered houses, and the shawl-covered groups of women gathered at the common pump drawing pails of water. He persuades himself that this is legendary Paris, all within a biscuit's toss of the Grand Boulevard,

and within sight of the rue de la Paix. It thrills him to come suddenly upon Montmartre's gendarme standing motionless and watchful in the shadow of an awning next to a shop bearing the sign "Tabac Liqueurs Jardins et Bosquets"—and to ask of him where he may find "Le Lapin Agile," the reputed refuge of the Poets of Montmartre, where a typical meal may be had for the price of a triolet. It is for him these mysterious resorts are maintained.—But they are not genuine.

One very curious result of the influx of Americans in Paris is their hostile attitude towards the negro there, and their attempt to draw the "color line" in the cafés and other resorts in the Montmartre district. The trouble began in several almost simultaneous attacks on the negroes by American visitors, in one of which Prince Rogo, or Kojo Tovolan Hovenne, nephew of the last King of Dahomey, an ornate and picturesque individual identified with the night life of the French capital, was assaulted and ejected from a Montmartre café by alleged Americans who objected to his color. This individual is a practising French lawyer, and when he had sufficiently recovered from the attack he took the matter to the courts with the result that the café in question has lost its license. The French newspapers have taken up the matter with earnestness, and one of them indignantly asks "Has Montmartre become an American Colony?" and furthermore styles American

who are harassing the blacks, as "Métèques," a contemptuous term applied to foreigners which is somewhat akin to "Wop."

Following this the French Government through the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has issued a note which reads: "Foreign tourists, forgetting they are guests and therefore bound to respect our laws and our customs, recently on several occasions have forcibly manifested their aversion to seeing colored men, born in the French Colonies, sit by their side in public places. They have even gone to the length of demanding their expulsion in insulting terms. If such incidents are repeated, punishment will be exacted."

In a leading article in "L'Homme Libre," once Clemenceau's famous journal, Gratien Candace, one of the prominent figures in the French Chamber of Deputies, after remarking upon the importance of a close "entente" between France and the colonies, an "entente" based upon French justice, says: "Recently I have received a large number of complaints which seem to indicate that French justice is becoming tempered. The other day a negro who fought bravely for France during the war was thrown out of a dancing place at Havre because this establishment was frequented by white Americans. I have called upon the Minister of the Interior for an investigation.

"Several days before this incident a black man who

is a well-known doctor went into a café on the Boulevard Montparnasse, which is frequented by Americans, and service was refused him. The proprietor told him that out of respect for American clients he did not allow any black men in his place. The police had to inform the proprietor that on French soil blacks and whites were equal under French law, and the doctor got his drink.

"In the United States, Messrs. Alexandre Dumas, grandfather, father and son, would have been more looked down upon and mistreated than the lowest laborers in the Chicago slaughter-houses, even though, in the view of France, of all Europe, and even of America, they were men of genius.

"Americans will never succeed in installing in France some of their customs which accord neither with the historic traditions, generosity of heart or noble conceptions of liberty and justice of our country.

"We wish to maintain intact the bonds of solidarity which unite the children of continental and colonial France, even if the dollar is greater than the franc."

In the "Temps" of Paris appeared the following: "We have nothing to do with the attitude which prevails in America among her citizens. That is not our business. But this is France, and with us the color line is totally unknown. Our forefathers did not write the 'Déclaration des Droits de L'Homme' for us to forget its letter and its spirit.

"That small number of our American visitors who forget that the French Republic makes no differentiation among the inhabitants of its immense empire, whatever their race or color of their skin, will, we hope, regard our black citizens as good as the rest of us. They will not forget that their country also accepted the services of black men in time of need."

In truth the French exhibit great patience and stand a good deal from Americans of a certain class, because they regard them as "freaks" who are profitable because they are free spenders. These go howling "hell bent" through the streets at midnight and after, as they would not think of doing at home.

The true American appreciates the merits of the black man, for the race that produced Booker T. Washington, Frederick Douglass, and others, is not to be despised, nor is it to be imagined that the African race has no part to play in the national life of America.

The Parisian Columnist, Georges de la Fouchardière, in a witty article in "L'Oeuvre" writes the following: "Since the Americans are savages, it won't do to send them diplomatic notes that they don't understand. We must train them. At their debarkation in France we must form a brigade of negro 'cops,' especially detailed to look out for Americans. As to the Montmartre establishments, instead of repressing Siki, don't you think it would be more politic to use him in bringing

back to the Americans courtesy and good manners?" Thus does France protect the negro.

The French do most things better than we. Their gaiety is real and spontaneous. Ours differs greatly as far as I am able to judge.

Here at the Bal Bullier, the rendezvous of the foreign tourist who would be real devilish and seeks the fancied bedevilments of the Latin quarter, thinking them really French, the sound of the laughter and the babel of voices blending with the "jazz" music of the orchestra, is as unreal as one can imagine. There is positively no romance in it. It is as absolutely factitious and entirely commercial as the others of its class. The place is haunted with the ghosts of bygone crowds and years. The blare and noise is there, but the place is really as cheap as any of our own cabarets in New York, the only thing that differs is the locality, and the strangeness of the decorations.

Beyond this is nothing of real bohemia, nothing but glare, cheap gabble, and Gehenna—a sort of "danse Macabre."

It may be that some of the dancers are real students but I have yet to see any real light-hearted ones at these places. The hall is enormous; the music is good of its kind and the waiters are active and efficient in collecting francs from the crowd and of course it is the crowd that gives this renowned old dance hall its vogue. The

tourist is satisfied apparently with what he finds here, and the place pays well for itself.

Across the city near the top of the old Butte Montmartre still stands the old windmill which I went over to see the first day I spent in Paris. It has been rebuilt from time to time but the repairs are so cleverly done that they are invisible to ordinary eyes. This is the last of the nine mills that once stood on the hill, and it is still known as the Moulin de la Galette, and is a dance hall very popular with the working girls of Paris, and some of the so-called Midinettes and their cavaliers.

In this hall one finds fewer nationalities and some of the real "maquereaux" element, or tough. There is less style in dressing, and less money spent by the frequenters for "bocks" and the other "consommations" in vogue in such resorts. I spent an hour among the idlers there one night last year (June, 1923) but I saw little that could be called gaiety.

I went from there to the Bal Tabarin, which is the favorite resort of tourists, who bring with them whatever of joyfulness is there. There is in all of these resorts too much spectacle: too much professional stunt making. As for the small cafés, with their piano thumping and wheezing horns, and those dreadful faced women, and even worse looking effigies of men. They may be left to the imagination of the reader. It is all very depressing and not characteristic of the French.

PARIS

A picturesque resort for the tourist is that named "Cabaret des Oubliettes Rouges" opened in the cellar beneath the old fortress prison of the Petit Châtelet in the former convent of the Monks of the order of St. Dominic. The place is classed as a historical state monument, and the cabaret is in the cellar used by the so called "Carbonari" as a refuge until it was closed by the authorities more than forty years ago. Entrance to it is in an obscure alleyway reached by a narrow lane, and at the end is a heavy door painted dark red over which hangs a lantern suspended by a rusty iron chain. During the day the place is deserted but after nightfall it is thronged by gay parties of the sort which seeks the distractions of Bohemia.

There is a small coffee room furnished with a counter and a couple of tables with chairs, and there is an iron door at the side at which one is told to knock for admission after paying the admission fee of one franc. The door is opened and one steps down onto a sort of spring board which teeters alarmingly, giving one a thrill in the semi-darkness of the musty passageway, at the end of which is a vaulted room lighted by large iron lanterns hanging from the ceiling where there is an opening in the stone vaulting. All around the room are vaulted openings with heavy wooden iron barred doors. Everywhere on the rough walls are festoons of iron chains and rusty axes and halberds, with scrawled inscriptions

vouched for as authentic writings by prisoners formerly chained to the walls.

In this cellar the Monks of St. Dominic are said to have thrown the unfortunate noblemen whom they succeeded in inveigling to the Petit Châtelet, for these monks were the policemen who searched out those inimical to the church and, on one pretext or another, induced them to accompany them to the Châtelet. Once there the unfortunates were ushered into the narrow hallway and told to proceed, and when they stepped through the small door they trod upon the trap in the floor which gave way with their weight and precipitated them into the cell beneath where, dazed and maimed by the fall, they remained until they were examined by the judges through the iron grill overhead. Beneath this there is still another "oubliette" into which they were precipitated at the close of the examination by a large trap in the floor operated by a lever in the wall. The outlet of this is the sewer into which their bodies fell when the trap was sprung. Around the walls are openings into fourteen narrow cells furnished with chains attached to heavy iron rings to which the captives were chained at the will of their captors, there to await whatever fate was in store for them at the convenience of the judges. The Petit Châtelet as a prison was demolished in 1762 but its evil history remained during the Revolution for it was used to house the hated aristocrats, some

whose bones were found mouldering in the recesses when it was leased tc the present proprietors.

Archeologists say that even as far back as the sixth century it was part of a Roman fortress and its passages far underground led from the Petit Châtelet to the open country outside the entrance of the Petit Pont, which defended the island of the cité from the invaders, and that the Franks used these passages in Gallo-Roman times to escape from the attacking Normans.

Recently in excavating behind the cabaret two cells were found which were separated by heavy iron bars, and it is thought that these were used by fugitives as refuge.

In the subterranean passage disclosed two Gallo-Roman sarcophagi were disinterred, in one of which were the bones of a man of large stature together with the remains of armor. In the other there were fragments of the skeletons of a woman and child linked together by a curiously fashioned gold chain and this coffin also contained a large amount of massive gold and silver ornaments, among them a crown or tiara, bracelets in serpentine form and a pair of earrings of Roman design, each like a large human ear, with pendants.

On the night I visited this Cabaret des Oubliettes Rouge it was raining dismally outside. June 1923 had been a rainy month in Paris—and I should not have ventured out but for the fact that I was to leave France the following day on my way to Rome. This place, the

Châtelet, is far from the lights and noise and gaiety of the Grands Boulevards, and in a comparatively squalid quarter of old Paris. The place was gloomy. Once in the cabaret, however, despite the gloominess of the entrance, the place was bright with lights and noisy with the shouts and encores of the throng of fun-makers that filled it almost to suffocation. The busy waiters were clad in mediaeval costumes, and the hired performers on the stage which occupied the center of the vaulted room were brilliant objects of color against the vaulted background. Shrill voices of women singing a popular song, and the clattering of glasses transformed the place. Here was song and drink and warmth, in contrast to the gloom of the towers and the dripping of the rain outside, where the river Seine sluggishly sped along beneath the bridges, bearing upon its bosom its tribute to the sea.

The audience were loud and free with their praise of the performance as it proceeded and one thought of the delight of that arch Bohemian Francis Villon, could he have been here with his followers on this wet and stormy night in the underground oubliette of the Petit Châtelet, the very prison in which he was incarcerated in those former days when he was King of Bohemia.

Changes in the City

ANYONE who was familiar with the Paris of (1900) twenty-odd years ago, now discovers that it has changed materially, and that life here is now different, even as though the great war has turned the course of the city in a different channel. Since I first lived here the city has been undermined by a vast network of subways. It was not so long ago either that the first "Metropolitan" line was a novelty. The cars made a terrible din in running, and shook one up most uncomfortably, and they never seemed to run during the hours when one really needed them most. Americans here claim that the Parisian subways are not up to ours in many respects, but I fail to see it so. To me they are operated in a manner in every way better than ours. They do not, it is true, travel with anything like the speed of ours, but certainly they are started and stopped with surprising skill and gentleness, and there is, of course, none of the crowding and pushing, or the characteristic incivility of the employees so common in New York. The French people would not tolerate such for an instant—it could not happen in Paris, for the French are so inherently polite and courteous.

CHANGES IN THE CITY

The ancient horse-drawn buses that used to ply in all directions from the Luxembourg, or the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and other central points all over the city, on which one sometimes could not get a seat because of the "Complèt" sign, are now replaced by large roomy motor-buses, accommodating two classes of passengers in separate compartments. These new machines are hung low and quite wide, without the two long back to back longitudinal benches, so beloved formerly by tourists. They whirl through the streets at a rapid pace, the rear end usually crowded with those fresh air lovers who dislike the inside stuffiness, and thus weighted down, looking for all the world like a squatty old lady with skirts dragging along on the ground.

Perhaps the greatest change seen in the streets is the absence of the ancient whip-snapping, red-vested "Cocher," and the evolution of the "taxi-chauffeur." The taxi cabs in Paris are by no means new, and motor taxis certainly came into use in Paris much earlier than elsewhere. Paris can boast of some of the oldest taxi cabs in existence.

Since the reign of Louis XVI the "Fiacre," up to the beginning of the present century had provided transportation for the city. It is said that before the war there were something like 15,000 of them in operation. There may have been more, divided between "Voitures découvertes," closed in winter or rainy weather, and the

"Voitures à galerie," which were provided with a railing on the roof for luggage. One then engaged a "fiacre" by the course, or by the hour, but no matter how far one went within the city boundaries, or fortifications, provided one did not stop, the authorized tariff was only one franc fifty, with "pourboire" of twenty-five centimes, or fifty centimes if the folding front seat was used for luggage. By the hour it was only two francs, with a tip. There was also the more stylish "Voiture de Gr-r-rande remise," a stately carriage which one could charter by the day, and for which thirty francs was charged. This could be hired also for the course, and the price one paid was a matter of bargain, and for which, if one spoke French (by blue!) one might pay as little as three francs. —Happy day! Alas:—there are now comparatively few of these "fiacres" in Paris. I discovered that some may be found not far from the Montparnasse railway station, and one or two are stationed west of the Madeleine. In these days, however, neither the "cocher" nor the "taxi-chauffeur" is easy to get on with. In fact, they are often "bien difficile." But if one approaches them diplomatically, and treats them courteously as they like to be treated—as human beings—one can get on with them quite well.

Remember, pray, that it is the men of this tribe that so well played their part during the great war, that they did much to save Paris.

The Eiffel Tower seen from the Trocadero

The Eiffel Tower seen from the Trocadero

It will be remembered that it was Gallieni's fleet of taxi cabs which "pulled the trick" that stopped the Germans in their first victorious advance, when their cavalry outposts were actually within sight of the Eiffel Tower. It was Gallieni who gave the orders (received of course from Joffre) to the taxi drivers who drove out with the soldiers in defense of the City.

For this reason Paris is grateful to this class of men, most of whom served as soldiers during the war, many as Pilots of "Camions," and others in various branches of the service. But certainly a great number of the men who now drive the taxis in the streets are the very men who saved the day for the City. All honor to them!

If one is curious about the daily life of these men, and takes the trouble to investigate, one finds that the chauffeurs, while not particularly clean looking or as well set up as they might be, live quite well as far as eating is concerned. Where formerly in the side streets one found small restaurants bearing such signs as "Au rendezvous des Cochers," or "Le Fiacre d'or," these are replaced by "Restaurants des Chauffeurs, etc." and some of my French friends have told me that, provided one does not care for luxurious surroundings and mirrors, one may dine in these places really well at very small cost, for the "Chauffeurs" know good cooking and good wines, and as they furnish a very steady trade there are many proprietors who are interested in providing for

their comfort. Although the old time Cocher, with his red vest, his oil cloth black or white tall hat, and his antique horse, is becoming rarer every day, he is still considered by many as indispensable, and these say that his tribe will long flourish for the reason that one cannot "do" Paris and its sights as well in a taxi cab. The drivers of this class are all past middle-age, at least, I have never seen one since the war who was not red-faced, with a bottle-like nose and bleary eyes. He is a character, and if you once enjoy his confidence he will assist you to the very best of his ability, and will not cheat you unless he finds you to be a fool. A French cabby hates a fool quite as much as any other cabby anywhere else.

I looked in upon some of these "rendezvous" of the taxi-drivers, and they seemed quite satisfactory judging from the crowded tables during the dinner hour, but I did not taste the food in any one of them. When there is a strike of taxis in Paris, giving the old horse and the fiacre a new lease of life, however temporary, the taxi driver may take even more of his ease than usual. He may drive his battered machine up to his favorite café, which b. m. may or may not have been at the Battle of the Marne—one cannot judge by appearances—or rather one should not. The driver may enter and lounge at his accustomed table flavoring his tall glass of black coffee—his mazagran—with cognac, "a la picque" or his cognac with coffee at his discretion—"c'est tout le meme" is it

not?—and attain a degree or mood of mellowness so complete that on sallying forth he will brook a modicum of traffic regulation, when conducted by three or more gendarmes in military formation, or refrain from engaging in jousts and tilts in the Place Vendome or on the Avenue de l'Opera with other taxi drivers who may offend him, or withstand the constant temptation to run down the innocent pedestrians who infest the streets in which he plies his vocation. It pays one to treat him well.

Regulations

THERE are many things that surprise the American sojourning for the first time in Paris, some of which puzzle him, perhaps exasperate him, but upon reflection he comes to the conclusion long, long ago arrived at by Sterne in his "Sentimental Journey"—"They order these things very much better in France!" However, the "Choses particulieres" referred to by Sterne have no place in the present Chronicle for very obvious reasons.

Upon arrival at his Hotel the traveler is no sooner settled in his room and his luggage unstrapped, than he is handed a blank form which must be filled out for M. le Commissaire de Police. On this blank form are spaces for one's name in full; nationality; trade or profession; age; stature; color of eyes; and hair; married or single; number of children; name of father and mother; and maybe a number of other pertinent and ingenious details—I have forgotten.

This is the rule throughout France, and it is admirable as system no doubt, but what a tremendous lot of bookkeeping it must involve. Thus France keeps tab

upon the stranger within the gates. "And who are they who keep these tabs?" one asks. The answer is—"Fonctionnaires." Hundreds—thousands of them. This is really one of the great burdens of France. The comic papers depict them as being tremendously busy doing nothing, but I think this is not true, for whenever I have come in contact with these "fonctionnaires," they have appeared to me to be care-worn looking, nervous men, and far from being idle or lazy. I could find no fault with them, it was rather with the system, which kept these workers at toil that was seemingly entirely needless.

For instance I had a trunk coming by "little quickness" from Antwerp, by the "Way of iron of the North" and I had received a paper from the hotel there, stating that it had been despatched to me properly addressed on such and such a date, due to arrive at Paris on—etc., etc. I spent a half hour at the station waiting for the individual who presided over the "little quicknesses" Bureau. He was polite, but not at all of even a "little quickness." He piloted me into a large narrow room filled with long lines of "fonctionnaires," all of whom were tremendously busy, mark you, writing amid piles of documents, in large ruled books, elaborately and by hand. Nowhere was there visible a single typewriter, either machine or operator.

Here I was passed along from window to window, each

being lettered or numbered. I lost track of the paper (stamped) which I had to show when I entered the room. I answered innumerable and seemingly irrelevant questions concerning geographical localities lying between Antwerp and Paris, and at length, quite bewildered by the details, I became almost hysterical when the paper was handed back to me, only to be taken again by the one to whom I had first been consigned near the door. This individual, who resembled portraits I had seen of Victor Hugo, pasted my paper in a large folio, made out a copy for me in long-hand; went off somewhere to consult another book perhaps, directing me to affix a stamp upon it, value twenty-five centimes, collected the twenty-five centimes, wrote a name across the stamp—and told me that I could get the trunk on presentation of the stamped paper at the Bureau in the afternoon. He took anew my name and address, lifted his hat to me most civilly, and I came away—not at all in good humor. Since then I have had time to think it over. These men—these "fonctionnaires"—are provided for by the system. What would they do for a living otherwise? It must be that France knows that they are good for nothing else. At any rate, I have great sympathy for them.

The American in Paris is struck by the great number of soldiers he sees at all hours in the streets. Soldiers singly and in groups in variously fashioned uniforms of horizon blue, and with or without bugles or flags. The

infantry is the commonest of all, and the soldiers seem pathetically young. He learns that they live in "Casernes," and that their wages are one or two cents a day each. To the average American they seem to be ill-clad and dowdy, and they march along in a tired sort of way as if they had little interest in life. But remember what these very boys did to the German Hordes at Verdun. They said: "Ils ne passeront pas," and they did not!

Then the American who sees the firemen and the apparatus for the first time, wonders at them and it. He discovers that they do not have great fires in Paris, for the walls of the houses are of cement and stone, and the roofs are of slate, so that whatever fires there are, take place among the multitudes of chimneys, upon which it is the rule to rush up on the mansard roof among the chimney pots, pick out the one that is most furiously smoking, and fill it up with sand.

I have seen some splendid fire drills in Paris, by the picturesquely clad "Sapeurs-Pompiers," who wear great polished brass helmets, and who ran rapidly up the front of the houses carrying with them short steel ladders armed with hooks, and I admired with others their agility and the "stunts" they did, but I never in all the time I spent in Paris saw a real fire.

The average American in Paris when he goes to the theatre equipped with a limited knowledge of the

language is forewarned that there are many words in the French language that resemble English yet have a totally different sound and meaning: for instance the "Scéne" is not a scene, it means the stage.

"A répétition" is not a repetition; it is simply a dress rehearsal of the performance.

The "assistants" are not the supernumeraries, but the audience.

In the subway your "correspondance" is your transfer ticket.

"Figure" is not your shape, it is your face.

"Stores" are not shops, they are the awnings over the doorways.

A "physicien" is not a doctor, but a physicist. "Médecin" does not mean the drug, but it does mean the doctor. Nor is the "Editeur" of a paper the editor. He is the publisher—an editor is called "Redacteur." So our ordinary American, doing Paris, is dazed and becomes incoherent—gives it up and relapses into plain English—or American, as he sometimes will call it,—and one cannot blame him. One has many times oneself been overcome with what the French delightfully call "le trac," and become "a tongue-tied idiot."

The kindly French people will advise one then to think slowly "Doucement, Monsieur, doucement! and think in French, not in English."

And all the time one finds it impossible to think at

Book stalls along the Seine. Notre Dame in the distance

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ble English yet have a
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" not the supernumeraries, but the
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all. Every last semblance of a coherent idea seemingly has left one. "Le trac." It is terrible indeed.

Remember how Handy Andy was amazed at Boulogne at the education of the French people when he realized that even the smallest children in the streets of the town spoke French, and likewise "even the cats and dogs understood it perfectly."

Regarding the "Apéritifs" so called which are so popular in Paris, a medical friend whom I questioned informed me that they have as a basis, fennel, sage, hyssop, rosemary, menthe, anise and angelica. These are the usual essences, but there are others as well. Mixed with white wine these are sold as Vermuth; with red wine various others decoctions are sold as "Apéritifs," the bitterness of which conceals the taste of the adulterants.

The "Apéritif" is the most popular form of the "cocktail," which the French, as before remarked, pronounce "cocked-eye," and takes the place of the now dreaded absinth, which has been officially suppressed. He explained that French alcoholic drinks are classed as follows: Fermented beverages of from two to ten per cent ethylic alcohol—wines, cider, beer and such, obtained by fermenting the sweet juices of apples, grapes, malt, and such; distilled beverages or "eau de vie," twenty-five to fifty per cent ethylic alcohol. These are made, he said, by distillation of fermented liquids,

making cognac and calvados: or of dregs and by-products of fruits, grains, beets, potatoes or anything else the manufacturers can ingeniously substitute to make industrial alcohol. With these they produce attractive concoctions very highly alcoholised, bitters flavored with lemon and orange peel, quinine, aloes and imitations of absinth and liqueurs containing a high proportion of ethylic alcohol, aldehydes and essences more or less poisonous, but apparently within the law.

He told me that the amylic alcohol from potatoes, much used, is twenty times more dangerous than ethylic alcohol, while furfuroté made from industrial alcohols of the lowest grade, and sold in cheap restaurants, is sixty times more poisonous than ethylic alcohol. Every theater has its bar in full operation during the performances where often the orchestra plays between the acts, and large quantities of these drinks are sold.

My informant denounced the government monopolies of matches and tobacco sold only at "Débits" or dramshops throughout France, as menaces to the people. Children or servants sent to purchase stamps or matches must go to these "Débits" for them, with what he termed "pernicious results," for they purchase them over the "zinc" or dramshop counter, there being no profit to the "Debit" keeper from the sale of such government monopolies as tobacco, or stamps and matches, for which he is allowed a small yearly sum of

money! His profit is supposed to, and does, come from the sale of drinks to clients who come to purchase stamps or tobacco in an attractive atmosphere of smoke and the sound of clinking glasses. I thought his argument somewhat severe, but I repeat it here for what it is worth.

The French certainly make drinking very attractive, and to the superficial observer, such as the writer, who sees in France everybody drinking and enjoying life in his own way, and no evidence of drunkenness, these facts are not very disturbing.

The French People and the War

BEFORE the war it was the fashion for both the English and the Americans to call the French people frivolous and immoral, as aforesaid, and in proof of the charge to relate time worn factitious instances and tales more or less circumstantial and skilfully embroidered with rabelaisian details in support of the charge: Paris, they believed to be "toujours gai." Long since these tales have ceased to be even amusing to all who know anything whatever of the character of the French people. Perhaps Zola too is greatly to blame for the widespread opinion regarding the morals, or the lack of morals, of the French. Most Americans' knowledge of France was derived from infrequent trips over to Paris, undertaken more or less frankly for the purpose of indulging in forms of entertainment which were popularly supposed to be had freely in Paris, as if these were to be found nowhere else, and unconscious of the fact that if they found licentious-

ness in Paris, it was for the reason that they would as easily find it in London, or Rome or Venice, or New York, or any other large town if they looked for it. For these the Grand Boulevard, the Bal Boulier and the Folies Bergère, and the night life of Montmarte with its low cafés, represented Paris, and it was quite useless to tell them that these places, the names of which they rolled on their tongues as evidences of good times among the French, were gotten up and carefully conducted for the benefit of M.M. les Etrangers, by cunning foreigners from Germany, Austria and Russia, and that the French people, scandalized by the entertainment provided by the hired performers, never thought of attending them, indeed, scorned to be seen there. These knowing travelers were of the opinion that the entire male population of Paris had the reprehensible habit of sitting up all night in cafés on the Boulevards with entertaining and hospitable "ladies" whose acquaintance was to be had for the asking. This widespread idea was so firmly fixed in the minds of the commercial travelers and buyers that it is small wonder that the legend became fact with those here at home. Therefore, the French, all of them, were pronounced to be a most frivolous and dissolute people. In vain did one who had lived in France endeavor to controvert this fixed belief; it would not down. The facts as stated were received either with amused incredulity or manifest impatience.

The lie would not down! The French were stamped with immorality, and the "holier than thou" attitude adopted toward them by those morally unfit to judge them became general among our people.

As a matter of fact, the whole world seems to have misjudged the French. They were, according to belief, not only immoral and light-minded to the last degree, they were also decadent. Foreign opinion has, it will be admitted by the French themselves, been grossly misled by their own reactionary Press, which encouraged by certain political parties in France, has been for years giving vent to their hatred for the Republic, and spreading the idea that republican institutions have demoralized the people. Likewise the fault of the misunderstanding of the French by the world is due largely to the fact that the foreign correspondents in Paris in sending out news, quote almost exclusively the reactionary Press.

The result is an entirely erroneous idea deeply fixed in the mind of the American people, hence the amazed incredulity here over the magnificent uprising of the French to the defense of their land, and their unparalleled and heroic conduct in the war, which saved the Allies from defeat at Verdun. Conduct which will ever be regarded as perhaps the most magnificent example of human courage and fixed purpose in the world's history.

And these splendid soldiers had been stamped and branded as decadents!

A great war could not have brought about such a change, but a great war could and did reveal their true character. It proved that the French are not a decadent race. The discovery jarred those smug people, the "holier than thous," and has caused opinion to swing about suddenly to the opposite extreme, from criticism to extravagant laudation—one perhaps as bad as the other. That is the way with our people here, and I am not sure that it is taken by the French as a compliment, although they are too polite to say so. Fate will have it that we are now inclined to praise them for qualities of virtue which they do not possess, and then blame them for faults and manners which are not theirs. Undoubtedly the French character is paradoxical—combining as it does opposing qualities and characteristics. They are in the majority most conservative in all that is deemed important, and indifferent to historical requirements which would seem to hamper them. There is among even those Frenchmen of the highest intelligence and great knowledge, apparently a remarkable ignorance of economic questions. Oratory has a tremendous influence with the French; witness M. Viviani's power, and the case of M. Clemenceau, whose greatest admirer would not dare to affirm that he had a really deep knowledge or appreciation of even the elementary data of any economic problem with which he was confronted while in power; witness the influence of

M. Briand, a consummate artist in words. The French are often carried away by metaphysical abstractions as when the Chamber of Deputies went wild with enthusiasm at the speech of a Minister who declared that France was the "most beautiful moral being in the whole world." There was too that failure of France to consider the practical results of the treaty of peace, when the war ended, and it required the declaration of clear-visioned Clemenceau to set forth the fact that it resulted only in a "Pyrrhic" Victory for France. And then we deserted her, leaving her in her extremity to get along as best she could.

To my way of thinking, this was nothing short of a crime, considering the help she gave us during our own struggle for independence. If the job was worth undertaking, when we decided to take a hand against the German war lords, it certainly was worth finishing. As this is written Senator Reed offers a resolution declaring that it is the sense of the Senate that the American troops now on the Rhine should be brought home. (January 8, 1923). One of those irresponsible eruptions of which one branch or another of our Congress is frequently guilty. It is a proven fact that the only thing which impresses a German is force or the threat of force. We learned that in 1915 and 1916.

The peace of Europe can be maintained and the Versailles treaty liquidated only by putting the fear of

defalcation into the German heart. Had we left 200,000 men on the Rhine at Germany's expense to see that she complied with the treaty signed, and released a corresponding number of war-worn Frenchmen to go home to their families, Germany would not be so near to winning the peace. Much as one wants peace, one wants justice and righteousness in it, and one is willing that the treaty should be enforced by giving France a free hand and all possible moral support. We certainly have a large stake in it, having claimed large privileges under it through the Berlin treaty. So it is most certainly our concern notwithstanding Mr. Reed to the contrary. (Written in January, 1923).

Contrary to certain assertions made by Lord Curzon, who, at the beginning of October, 1923, said that the figure of 132 billions of gold marks had been obtained in adding more or less accurately, the amounts claimed by the interested Powers,—that the figure in question had therefore an abstract character so to say, which Germany could not accept as a definite basis of payment, Mr. Dubois, member of the French Chamber of Deputies and Former President of the Commission of Reparations, declared on October 7, 1923, that the Commission in question had fixed the amount of 132 billions of gold marks, after having made a long and conscientious study of the question, in the following manner:

According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles

(Articles 232 and 233), the Commission of Reparations was alone qualified to fix the German debt and it acted in this respect as a sort of a Court of Justice. The Commission therefore organized a special committee for the purpose of studying—contradictorily with German experts—all the claims put forward by the interested Powers.

Before making a definite decision concerning the amount to be fixed, the Commission itself gave a hearing to the authorized representatives of the German Government who were accompanied by 32 experts and were given 23 official hearings, which took in all about 80 hours of the Commission's time.

It was only on April 27, 1921, that the Commission of Reparations, by a unanimous vote of its members (including naturally the English member) decided to fix the amount of the German debt at the figure of 132 billions of gold marks.

Americans are amazed at the thrift of the people. France has been called "a prosperous nation with a bankrupt government" by some of the newspapers, but this is manifestly untrue. Whoever cares to investigate affairs finds that France is as solid a country as can be made by universal thrift, dogged labor and a devout and intensive cultivation of every national resource from wheat fields to rabbit skins. While outside of France the news has been of French impending bankruptcy and

French extravagance, inside France one reads at random items like these:

That last year France grew all but a small percentage of her own wheat supply, and this year, for the first time in her history, will grow it all; that since nobody wears kid gloves as gaily as of old, a sickly French industry has been given new life by a world-wide fashion for coats, hats and trimmings made of French kid; that most of the French soldiers in the Ruhr are boys doing their military service, who are kept in Germany at a lower cost than they could be kept in France; that all the loans advanced by France to her friends in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, and elsewhere, are credits for French goods, mostly surplus Army stores; for which reason horizon blue is the color worn by half the soldiers of Europe and discarded French guns are pointed on both sides of the Polish-Czech frontier and threaten the Macedonian comitadji camped in the bristling mountains between Serbia and Bulgaria.

France has no labor troubles and the lowest percentage of unemployment in the world. If the working women and children were counted with the men, it would probably be found that more people in France labor longer hours than in any other country. At the automobile show in Paris last autumn the leading manufacturers announced that their output was sold for a year ahead. French hotels and resorts were more con-

tinuously full last year than they have ever been. They are still crowded. For the first time since the war, Paris is under repair. Streets are being widened, boulevards extended, old tenements demolished, public buildings renovated. Miles of wood-block paving are being laid. Roads all over the country are recovering from war wear and neglect.

France fulfils all the rigorous conditions of prosperity and begins to show some of its suave gloss. The French labor, conserve and concentrate. They are the one people in Europe capable of sustaining themselves, and doing it. They need to buy almost nothing, and they have no competition in the kind of skill and taste they mostly sell.

Since so much has been made of French unwillingness to pay direct taxes, it is interesting to note the enormous increase in the receipts from indirect taxes, which, by the way, must have some relation to the volume of business done in the country. Last year indirect taxes and monopolies furnished 17,000,000,000 francs out of the Government's total revenue of 23,000,000,000 francs. And the French Bureau of Information in the United States presents the following table showing the yield of indirect taxes in francs during the last six years as compared with the year before the war:

1913	3,864,934,700
1918	4,906,728,000

The Porte Saint Denis

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mostly sell.

Since so much has been [illegible] unwillingness
to pay direct taxes, it is interesting to note the enormous
[illegible] done in the country. Last year [illegible]
monopolies furnished 17,000,000,000 [illegible]
Government's total revenue of 23,[illegible]
and the French Bureau of Information in the
[illegible] presents the following table showing
direct taxes in francs during the [illegible]
compared with the year before the war:

1913.....

Porte Saint Denis
Paris.

1919	7,917,457,400
1920	12,059,203,000
1921	13,283,707,500
1922	15,087,946,400
1923	17,148,037,000

The Government

NO quality in the French is so endearing as their passionate Cult of Genius. Their chosen mission has been from the first to provide the world with noble ideas, and this great mission so consistently carried out has made the existence of the French more important to the world than that of any other nation or people. They judge a man by his capacities and his performances rather than by his wealth or accident of birth. Thus, they are remarkably free from what may be termed snobbery. There is what is called "snobisme" in France, to be sure, but it is not, for instance, like the snobbery of the English, which consists of a somewhat ludicrous awe for titles. We ourselves in America are by no means free from this. Yet in France the difference between the classes is that great gulf which separates the bourgeoisie from the proletariat. For this reason it is difficult for the foreigner to generalize about the character of the French, and no true judgment can be formed of the people without taking into account their regional and class differences. Thus, it is necessary to know, in estimating a man's position, from what particular part

of France he comes; whether he is a bourgeois or a peasant, for the Parisian is a type apart from other Frenchmen, made so by this great center of civilization, though recruited from every part of the country, and very quickly changed by his environment.

Not only is Paris "the beating heart of France," it is also its brain. There the whole intellectual life of the nation has been concentrated, just as the whole of the Government and the administration has been centralized there.

In the nineteenth century Paris completely dominated France, both politically and intellectually. It was the force of Paris that dethroned Charles X on July 29, 1830, (following those three glorious days when the throne of the Bourbons was upset, and the tricolor waved once more over the Tuileries), and Napoléon III on September 4, 1870. It was Paris that set up both the Second and Third Republics. So to this day it is Paris that governs the nation through its central administration.

The stranger in Paris is surprised to find that the Tobacco shops, "Bureaux de Tabac," are all state monopolies. No one in France is allowed to sell tobacco except those officially appointed agents of the state. This right is conferred as a favor, and since no training or qualification is necessary the post is eagerly sought. As a rule the job is given to the widow of a soldier or

some minor official, and as the prices of tobacco are fixed in advance by the state, all the incumbent has to do is to hand over the counter the cigars, snuff or cigarettes asked for and take the money. The number of tobacco shops is strictly limited in proportion to the population, and a large revenue is the result. I am told that a certain shop is sublet by its legal holder who obtains for it the astonishing rental of $15,000 a year (normally fcs. 75,000) and this is quite within the law.

While the ministers of the Republic cannot confer titles, they have within their gift a large number of decorations to bestow upon more or less deserving citizens, and these are eagerly sought. It must be remembered that the holder of a French decoration has the right to wear on the lapel of his coat a ribbon or a rosette to show that he is a favored citizen, and has one of the coveted decorations. This is evidently a great satisfaction to him, for it makes the fact known to the world. The possessor of a title has no means of advertising the fact that he is a lord, whereas if he happens to be a member or an officer of the Legion of Honour every one knows it by the red ribbon or the red rosette he wears. There are several other decorations much sought for; such as, the Palmes d'Or of the Institute and the inferior one, the Palmes Académiques (silver) and these give to the wearer certain privileges not accorded to ordinary citizens. Both the Palmes d'Or

and the Legion of Honour are orders instituted by Napoléon I. Curiously enough, it is illegal for a Senator or a Deputy to be given a decoration of any sort, but I am informed that this prohibition was suspended by Parliament early in the great war on pretext of decorating Deputies on active service for their military exploits. A large number of these decorations were thus issued by the Government.

I am told that a large proportion of the Deputies are men of quite modest financial standing—most of these are country lawyers, many are doctors, and some farmers and such. The income of a Deputy is about fcs. 15,000 (about $1,050 at present rate of exchange) per annum—a large sum to most of them. There are amusing little stories told in the newspapers of the coming to Paris of M. et Mme. who immediately proceed to shine with the new honor. Madame insists upon her title of Madame la Deputé and exploits it among her friends. Once in Paris she develops social ambitions, and at once starts a Salon, no matter the cost. She is invited to receptions at the Ministries and the Elysée and is in a seventh heaven. Much like our own senators and their wives in Washington. The comic papers never tire of showing their "malapropisms" to the amused Parisians.

M. the Deputy becoming accustomed to the life of Paris, naturally acquires exquisite tastes hitherto only dreamed of. Associating with wealthier men, he

becomes a different person in his habits from what he was before. His income soon becomes inadequate, indeed it is precarious for it depends upon securing re-election, and is guaranteed for only four years. He is faced with the by no means pleasing prospect of returning to some modest employment in a more or less remote town. Paris is in his blood—he cannot bear the idea of leaving it. So he must needs make more money. Now a Deputy can, of course, always make money, and by means perfectly legitimate and honest, according to ordinary standards. There are other ways known to him as well. Flat bribery is, I am informed, rare, but a Deputy can very legitimately and honestly promote the interests in Parliament of a certain corporation, by opposing a particular measure which might affect the other.

I am told that as a rule the financial interests proceed much more cautiously and indirectly. A Deputy may be useful to an established commercial concern. A barrister for instance is offered briefs as standing counsel to the company. So if a measure likely to affect the interests of the company comes up in the Chamber it is supposed and expected that the Deputy barrister will act in accordance with those interests.

Should he not be a barrister he could be placed on a Board of Directors or otherwise interested yet in a perfectly honorable way. If a journalist, he might be given

The Chamber of Deputies

Paris 1913
The Chamber of Deputies

an appointment upon a great Paris newspaper or capital furnished for him to publish a paper of his own. The financial interests have innumerable ways and means of getting Deputies under their power and influence and they use them all. The temptation to make money directly or indirectly out of politics is so great that it is not surprising that many succumb to it particularly since the means used appear quite consistent with the most upright and honorable conduct. On the other hand, one has known of ministers who have gambled on the stock exchange upon their official knowledge and information, and my informant spoke of a well-known lady in Paris who has the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of acting upon these transactions as intermediary.

There is a well-defined spirit of democracy between the different classes in Paris that makes relations with them much easier than those same relations are with us in America. We do not know how to treat our domestics as they do in France, where there is not that constraint so common with us. Servants in Paris are polite without being servile, and familiar without taking liberties of any sort. French manners have a decided leveling tendency, for the fact that one addresses everyone as Monsieur, Madame or Mademoiselle certainly tends to a sense of equality. The French from our point of view seem absurdly ceremonious with their servants, but they get along with them much better. An ordinary

French workman can be quite at his ease in his employer's house because he does not regard him as any better than himself, so he treats him with the courtesy and respect due to an equal.

It is an important fact that in France when one enters the smallest shop, one salutes the woman at the counter by raising his hat. It is important also to say good morning or good day to the servants. These customs are of immense social import and significance. So too in large houses it is the custom for the lady and gentleman to regularly take the servants with them in turn when they go out on picnics for the day. At one of the great houses where I was entertained this year, the servants were invariably invited out with the guests in the motor boat on the lake and to the luncheons in the wood. They never once overstepped the bounds either. When I remarked upon this, my host replied that it was the universal custom, and that they never had any sort of trouble with the domestics who had been with them for years, and were both content and happy. But in the "Matin" I read the following: "The servant maids and butlers of Paris are again up in arms demanding their rights. They have discovered among other things provocative, that a city ordinance declares ineligible to election to the municipal council 'servants attached to the person of their employers,' and are demanding its abrogation. This ordinance is a relic of pre-revolu-

tionary days, but was retained in the Paris Election Law of 1884. At a recent meeting called to organize the household employes 3,000 attended, adopting resolutions agreeing that the eight-hour day was not applicable to their work, but demanded one day off a week, two weeks' annual vacation with pay, 'food allowance,' better lodging, and the right to have their difference with their employers heard by a mixed tribunal of employers and employees." My host, when I showed this to him, only raised his eyebrows and remarked, "We read of these troubles but we have never experienced anything of the sort in our family."

As to the Government, French political institutions are not democratic. On the contrary France has a Royalist Constitution and a Bonapartist administration. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," is a French proverb. Few if any drastic changes were made in the form of government in France in 1870, and these changes were in the main external. The present French system of administration is in almost all essentials and in spirit the system founded by Napoléon I, highly centralized to concentrate all real power in the hands of the National Executive and thoroughly anti-democratic. "The administration is more important than the legislature, for the legislature makes the laws but the administration applies them, or refrains from so doing."*

*Emile Vandervelde. "Le Socialisme Contre L'Etat." Paris, Berger-Levrault.

"The dead hand of Napoleon I is still laid on France, in his administrative system which survived without important modification all the successive regimes of nineteenth century, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire." Local government is mainly in the hands of the Prefects, who represent the government in each department, and their powers are said to be enormous. Each commune has a municipal Council elected by suffrage, but it is subservient to the central administration whose power is supreme. To this central administration is attributed the lamentable and thoughtless changes in the names of the streets; for instance, what could have been the reason for the suppression of such a delightful street name as "rue des trois Pucelles," with its fine mediaeval flavor, for that of a General? Was it necessary either to change the name of the "Place Royale?"

The administration is a centralized bureaucracy which is spread over the whole country. It has most arbitrary powers, and Frenchmen have likened it to Russian administration under the Tsars. It is hierarchical in its organization, each member of it having an exactly defined position in regard to his superiors and his subordinates. The French describe some of the acts of these as "Chinoiseries," but their complaints are in vain. Red tape is the rule. Regulations are blindly followed.

Superficial inquiry discloses the fact that no depart-

ment of the French administration is so anti-democratic as the Secret Police, which is under the control of the Ministry of the Interior; and it exists apparently more for political purposes than for the detection or prevention of crime. Critics of the system have urged that the proportion of undetected crimes in Paris is abnormally high for the reason that the detective service is so much occupied in tracking down the political opponents of the Government that it neglects the criminals. My informant tells me that its spies are everywhere; that every political and labor organization has a horde of them in its service, watching and reporting all that transpires. This leads to grave and often unfounded accusations against innocent persons, for the police agent can always denounce to the bureau, as a spy, any individual against whom he has a grudge, and, my informant continued, "What is worse still is that the spy easily becomes an 'agent provocateur,' for the purpose of manufacturing crime in order to claim the credit of suppressing it." He cited the case of Métivier during the strikes of 1908, culminating in the massacres by the military at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges and Draveil. This man Métivier was arrested as chief instigator of the strikers, and punished. Two years later it came out that the man was an "agent provocateur" employed by the police with the knowledge and approval of M. Clemenceau, who at the time was Prime Minister and Minister

of the Interior. The whole of this matter was published in the Press, and not denied. So says my trustworthy informant, who furnished me with these most interesting facts regarding the administration. Furthermore, he told me that everyone of importance has his particular "dossier" filed at the Ministry of the Interior, in which his complete history, and everything to his credit or discredit is carefully set down. These "dossiers" are of the utmost importance, as may be understood. Much of the information is furnished by the concierges in the houses, and, of course, the concierge has great opportunities of discovering matters of importance to the police. But one can hardly say of a Frenchman anything that will offend him more than to say that he has "une mentalité de Concierge." Much of the information had from these house servants is considered valueless, and there is a current slang expression attached to such for instance as "rapport de police." One finds that the police are intensely unpopular in Paris, and this is not at all solely on the part of the criminal class. So that many innocent and honorable people prefer to suffer injustice or wrong rather than resort to them for help. Indeed, in the streets the people are rarely willing to assist the policemen in keeping order. This, says my informant with a show of heat, is the natural consequence of an arbitrary system which takes no cognizance or account of justice and disregards individual rights. As

a matter of fact, this state of affairs has often provoked the ironical comment of French authors; what Georges Courteline has called "ces deux vieilles enenmies acharneés des gens de bien, l'administration et la loi." For instance, in Anatole France's "Crainquebille," and in Courteline's story "Un Monsieur a trouvé une Montre."

This French system is certainly remarkably effective in keeping tab on people. If there are abuses in consequence, as seems to be the case judging from the details communicated by my informant, only a few of which necessarily I have here set down, this should cause small wonder. I venture the opinion that we in America might imitate these methods with profit.

To continue, a Frenchman's house is not his castle, as far as the police and the state is concerned, for the officers have the right to make domiciliary visits at any hour and on the slightest pretext, to the homes of any one however innocent, or not, charged with any offense, and overhaul and remove, if they think best, their private papers. There is, too, a permanent institution called the "Cabinet Noir," which may and does intercept and open letters in the post offices addressed to individuals under suspicion. The Minister of the Interior has the right and power to expel any foreigner from France at any time without giving any reason therefor.

Although the foreigner in Paris enjoys a great many

privileges without expense, as the present writer can testify truthfully, generally speaking the French law favors the landlord against the tenant, and an instance may be mentioned here. An American hired a flat and discovered that the landlord was allowed by the law to compel him to furnish and keep it furnished during the whole specified term with furniture of sufficient value to cover the whole period of the lease. The tenant not only is required to pay the rent on quarter day, but has to give the landlord a guarantee that he will be able to pay it until the expiration of the lease. If he has, for instance, a five years' lease at 2,500 francs a year, he must furnish it to the value of at least 12,500 francs, and if he wishes to move before the end of his tenancy, the landlord can prevent him from taking away his furniture unless and until he has paid the whole of the rent for the unexpired term, even though the rent be paid up fully to date. The only alternative is for the tenant to find someone to take over the tenancy, but the landlord may arbitrarily refuse to accept such new tenant, and without giving reason, unless there is such clause and provision in the lease. Landlords likewise have the right under French law to force a tenant to pay three or six months' rent in advance on taking a house or flat, and this amount is counted as payment for the last three or six months of the lease. He has the further right to confiscate the sum paid in the event of any breach of the lease on the part

The Bourse

George Thomas Edwards
The Bourse, Paris
©

of the tenant, without prejudice to any claim for damages. The tenant is compelled to insure against fire not only the furniture of his own house or flat, but that of his next door neighbors on either side. This is not a legal treatise, so I cannot enter into these matters between landlord and tenant in greater detail, but I have given enough to show the peculiarities and difficulties that lie in the path of the stranger within the gates of lovely Paris. Nor must I be suspected for a moment of sarcasm in the closing words of the paragraph.

There is, too, the matter of dealing with the concierge, which is not without certain difficulties and trials as far as the tenant is concerned. Of course, the concierge is the paid agent of the landlord, obsequious, and most obliging to those tenants who promptly pay the fees laid down by custom, and these fees, be it known, are by no means a small proportion of the tenants' expenses. There are certainly good concierges as well as bad ones, and doubtless his or her job is a difficult one. In nearly all of the apartment houses there is a front staircase, and a back one for the servants, etc., and the rules regarding the use of these is the cause of perpetual friction, as may be imagined. Through the concierge the landlord exercises a most minute supervision over the conduct and daily affairs of the tenants, who must perforce ignore the espionage, if they would enjoy life as they deserve.

The smallness of wages is attributed to the excessive subdivision of property, and it is urged by those who have carefully studied the question, that the thrift of the French people has resulted only in the benefit of the capitalist class; that is, those who have saved enough to live on interest of their money.

I have written elsewhere in this sketch that Paris is "toujours gai," according to popular belief. There is perhaps a strong reason for this, and the reason is perhaps climatic. In Paris, unlike New York, there is no long and dismal winter to be borne with. On the contrary, Paris enjoys herself as fully in the winter as during the summer. For during these months there are innumerable "Forains" as the Fairs are called in the various city communes, wherein are hundreds of merry-go-rounds, with steam organs, and Russian Mountains, and wonderfully painted booths, and tents, with "incredible" curiosities from all parts of the country, together with dancing brown bears from Savoy, and fat women. During the winter, in certain quarters of the town, there are street fairs of most picturesque character, in which are side shows, with mountebanks, "strong men," and gingerbread stands galore. The climate is such that these "forains" are practically continuous. It may be then that it is this quality for entertainment that gave rise to the reputation of the French imbedded in the amber of Cowper's lines. The

people ignore winter by means of these "fêtes foraines," even through those dark, damp days of December, when it is really colder indoors than out.

Northern France is almost in the latitude of Labrador, but the Gulf Stream carries warmth to Paris. Even up to January roses and chrysanthemums bloom in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and violets and the pink begonia are on sale in the markets and the streets. There is rarely any snow, and I never yet saw a sleigh in the streets of Paris. Here and there in the smaller streets are hot potato vendors who sit beside their queer sheet iron cylinders, and these vendors are well patronized, chiefly by the "gamins" and the "midinettes." Winter in Paris is not agreeable, but it is not unbearable. The French do not know how to keep their houses warm, and one is nearly perished in the morning until the fire is got going, for they let it go out each night. In the older houses there is absolutely no comfort to be had as far as the question of heat is concerned. There is rarely a furnace system such as we have in America, and not all of the bedrooms have fireplaces, so that one almost perishes while dressing. The existing fireplaces are of small size with tiny grates wherein no more than a half scuttle of coal can be burned at a time, and the coal used in Paris is of a curious oily variety which gives off noisome smoke and smell. When one has succeeded in setting it alight, and this is not always an easy task

or to be carelessly undertaken, the result is a sputtering and gurgling flame in the midst of great volumes of greasy brown smoke, which, should the wind be blowing and the fire on the first floor, is discharged into the apartment instead of up the chimney, so that the windows must be opened to let it out. These windows, opening inward like doors instead of sliding up and down as ours do, are so large that there is no question but what the room is soon ventilated, but the heat has departed with the smoke. Should the room be on one of the upper floors, say in the mansard, as it is called, or top floor, then the fire place roars terribly when there is any sort of draft, or refuses to burn at all, "by blue," as the French say.

Coal was always very dear, even in the student days of the writer, but since the war (by blue! again) it has quadrupled in price. As for burning wood it costs something like ten cents per stick, by the basket which holds twenty sticks, each of which is, of course, larger than a clothes pin. One is supposed to purchase these baskets of wood and hods of coal from the landlady or the concierge. And woe be unto the tenant who thriftily attempts to evade this rule. It simply is not done in Paris. The concierge too has his rights and perquisites, which must be respected and delivered unto him or her as the case may be—or—! In case of any default or evasion by any tenant in the established provisions of

the treaty between said tenant and said concierge, said concierge may and does proceed to exact to the very fullest the penalties duly understood and agreed to though unwritten and unexplained. These are dire, and to be avoided by the tenant at any price or cost—or! Said tenant may in default, on arriving at his domicile after ten of night, be unable to gain admittance, his pull at the bell handle may be unanswered—his stentorian call of "Cordon s'il vous plait" may fail to receive any response whatever. There is nothing for him to do then but go to a hotel for the night, and—thereafter makes his peace with the terrible concierge—he is then lost for all time, and his bribes will have to increase in size to produce for him the semblance of comfort.

But even in the winter months, dreary as they are by contrast with the three other seasons, Paris is never as dingy as London which is gray, or black, and sooty. There is always color in the Paris streets, and the sun really shines, whereas in London as a rule it merely appears in the murky sky—"like a bad shilling in a basin of dirty water." There is always a characteristic gallic gaiety in the crowded streets. In the early morning hours of the very wintriest days there are voluble, fresh-looking milk women, each surrounded by a gossiping crowd, busily dishing out the precious fluid so necessary to the morning café au lait, without which the French could not exist. For instance, in the older

parts of the Boulevards, like the Faubourg St. Denis, there are many small, gaily painted shops, each quite filled with workmen noisily consuming their bowls of the smoking hot and fragrant liquid. Around the old Porte St. Denis, the crowds and traffic is dense. One passes around and not under it, and therefore one is able to see the sculptures and ornaments adorning it. The St. Denis arch commemorates those wonderful deeds and triumphs of "Ludovicus Magnus" duly set forth by the art of the statuary on its front and sides, in allegorical groups of river gods, and nymphs, and festoons of wreaths and the fleur-de-lys of France, showing Louis le Grande crossing the Rhine with his soldiers, after defeating the Zeeland Lion in the year 1672. The ancient Arch is picturesque in the extreme, and in the wintry sunlight against the light colored, balconied buildings, gleaming with gilded signs and lace curtained windows, is an inspiring sight to the stranger.

If he desires to know the people, it were well for him to take his café au lait with them in the early morning at any one of these humble resorts where he will meet with a courtesy and kindness which will surprise him. The people are always ready to meet the stranger half way, and such is their innate kindness and friendliness, they will do all in their power to put him at his ease.

One will often be struck by the subject of conversation among these workingmen from the "bâtiment," and

Church of St. Martin and the Rue Mouffetard

George Wharton Edwards
Old Paris
1923
Church of
St. Merri
and
Rue Mouffetard

the markets, and the intelligence they display in their comments on momentous questions of political import, as well as criticisms of painters and works of Art, but it must be remembered that many of the student class at not only the Sorbonne, but at the "École des Beaux Arts," are the sons and brothers of these workingmen. What wonder then that the French are artistic and great in all matters that make life worth living. The Anglo-Saxon, so the French claim, can never hope to attain such heights! They may be right in this assertion, for in truth he has certainly not as yet achieved that distinction; the French remain supreme.

But no matter how cold it may be, the "fêtes foraines" throughout the city are crowded and prosper accordingly. December, January, and February pass along, and then all at once the peach trees and the almonds burst forth in bloom. Then comes the goatherd, a tall fellow, brown of skin and with coal black curly hair, picturesquely clad in a rough sheep skin coat, with cord wound leggings on his legs, driving his half dozen or so gentle nanny-goats, and filling the street with the musical notes of his reeds, while two savage looking dogs keep guard in the rear of the flock. This picturesque fellow has driven them all the way from the Pyrenees, and he will milk them for you, if you like, right there in the street. The milk is said to be very sweet and highly esteemed by the people, especially as food for infants.

And when the winter months are over, what a change comes over Paris! As nearly every street has trees in it, the town blooms with them, and Paris in April and May is more beautiful than at any other time. The city displays a delightful hesitancy in awakening in the early morning. I remember my first morning in the city, arriving at four o'clock in train from Antwerp, and driving through the dark mysterious streets in an old fiacre, which deposited me at the entrance of the old Dominici Hotel, where a drowsy garcon in a blue blouse carried in the impedimenta. It was too late to go to bed, and too early to get breakfast, so I sallied forth in the deserted streets toward the Tuileries Gardens and the Seine embankment. A dim vapor like a gossamer veil bathed both banks of the river, along which were lines of twinkling lamps. I wandered along the embankment until I came to the old "Pont Neuf" built in the Reign of Henry III by Androuet du Cerceau, but not finished until 1604 for Henry IV by Guillaume Marchand. Here I leaned on the stone parapet and waited for the dawn, which came quickly, bringing into view the twelve round-headed arches and the massive cornice and the varied outline of the tall mansarded houses, with the gray cathedral behind, and the feathery green of the small island of trees all glowing in the violet shadows. . . . . People began to appear crossing the bridge, then heavy lumbering drays and quickly scurrying horse

drawn cabs, their lights still burning and the drivers nodding sleepily over the horses' backs. . . . Paris was awakening. So central an artery is this Pont Neuf that there was a saying of the French police that "if, after three days' watching, they did not catch the man they wanted, he was no longer in Paris." In the early days, two or three hundred years ago, the Pont Neuf was the resort of jugglers and mountebanks, poets and wits, so that any new witticism was labeled "au Pont-Neuf." There were formerly shops filled with children's toys, and on the fifteenth of January a celebration called the "Foire aux Jouets" was held. This bridge crosses the principal island in the river Seine, which in early times was fortified and bore the name of Lutece: The Cradle of Paris. Caesar called it Lutecia, and it is explained that this referred to the white plaster used on the walls of the buildings. There were formerly two other small islands beyond the present "Ile de la Cité," and opposite the (then) royal gardens, and on one of them, the Ile Aux Javiaux, Jacques de Molay, who was Grand Master of the Knights Templar, and Guy, the Dauphin d'Auvergne, Pryor of Normandy, were publicly burnt alive "at the hour of 5 in the afternoon, on March 11, 1314," "protesting their innocence" "before Notre Dame." On the anniversary of this date the Knights Templar always make a pilgrimage to L'Ile de la Citè dressed in mourning for the martrydom of their Chief.

On the central platform of the islets was the celebrated statue of Henry IV by Franqueville who made the model which was sent to Florence to be cast by John of Bologna, who, however, died before the work was done. It was completed by Pietro Jacca, his pupil, at the expense of Marie de Médicis, who gave the 30,000 crowns necessary, and the work was finished in 1613. The splendid statue was called the "Colosse du Grand roy Henri," and was brought in great state from Leghorn by sea to Havre, and on a barge up the Seine. The widowed queen admired it greatly, but strangely enough it was not placed in position until 1635, twenty-two years after. This delay, it is said, was due to the contempt of the Italian Ambassador, Concini, and after the people had murdered him, "they dragged his corpse from St. Germain L'Auxerrois, through the mire of the streets to the Pont Neuf, where they dismembered it at the base of the Statue, and "roasted the heart of Concini which was eaten by one of the savages, while what remained was divided among those who desired." (Sanval.)

This was perhaps the most interesting of the Royal statues of ancient Paris. It is said that upon the death of the Grand Dauphin, those in affliction were wont to bring their petitions and complaints to the base of the statue and there leave them.

In the year 1789 all those who came across the bridge in carriages were required by the people to descend and

kneel before the statue and this rule was enforced upon the Duke of Orleans.

Adolphe Joanne says of this old bridge: "In truth it is this bridge so celebrated in song and romance which the vaudevilles have so much abused, and which boatmen, dog-sellers, and poets have haunted, which L'Etoile calls marvelous, which Ronsard sang, and Germain Pilon decorated with his charming sculpture which is worthy of all our attention and all our respect."

During the revolution of 1648 on the day called "The day of barricades," came here Cardinal de Retz in his resplendent pontifical robes, and exhorted the revolutionists to retire and disperse peaceably. It is not generally known that the existing statue is the work of Lemot, in the year 1818, and was cast from bronze secured from the destroyed statues of Napoleon at Boulogne sur Mer, and that of the column in the Place Vendome, the earlier one having been melted down during the revolution of 1792 to make cannon.

It is a matter of history that this is the spot where the unfortunate poet Gilbert used to come in his hunger and distress, begging the soldiers of the Corps de Grade for a share of their food, and the favor of a corner near the fire. Zola calls the island "that ship's prow, continually at anchor. . . . .a lonely strand planted with great trees, a delicious retreat." (L'Oeuvre.)

The Place Dauphine here is the site of the royal en-

enclosure in which St. Louis sat and dispensed justice to his people.

Balzac haunted this island, and his novels contain repeated references to it. No traveler however pressed for time should fail to explore it, and from it one can see the green hills of Saint Cloud and Meudon on the horizon, while near at hand what remains of the Tuileries and the great palace of the Louvre occupy the view. Below is the light iron Pont des Arts crossing to the Institute, and there are many swiftly moving river boats laden with people passing and repassing. Behind one is new Paris, but before one is the old Paris of Capet and Marcel, the Prévost of the Merchants, with its time-blackened tortuous streets and monuments of past ages. There are the gray gothic square topped towers of Notre Dame. This is the ancient Cité, Queen of the Ile of France, with the remains of the ancient Palace bequeathed to justice by the Kings of France.

The Conciergerie, the Palace, the Cité, form the old centre of Lutecia, the heart of Paris. Hence started all these houses which have enlarged the city and propagated it into the distance; here were the loves of Julian; from this centre the rays diverged which have swallowed up whole villages in their progress, and in this old prison, what tears have been shed since the day when some boatmen occupied the island, around which so many

palaces are now grouped. In this dungeon, with which the whole life of the queen city is connected what human sorrows have not centered! As soon as the city is planned the jail opens; the first germ and the pivot of a great city is a prison." (Paris, ou le Livre des Cent-et-un.)

Here is the Conciergerie with the cell of Marie Antoinette, and that terrible Courtyard in which the crowds of hapless aristocrats awaited the call to ride in the "tumbril" to La Roquette. In this ancient prison what hopeless tears have been wept, what terrible sorrows have been centered! Here were the loves of Julian; and here in his last days Jean Robin "Arboreste du roy" grew the first of the Acacia trees (Robinier) now so universal in France.

Until a few years ago there was a statue in the Place Dauphine of General Desaix bearing on the pedestal a tablet containing his last words (roughly translated to be as follows) "Say to the First consul that I die regretting that I have not done enough for France and posterity."

Beginning at the lower end of the old Pont au Change, is the Quai des Lunettes, named, who shall say for what sort of "Lunettes?"—perhaps those dreadful ones which formed part of Monsieur Guillotin's terrible machine. On this quay is a huge block of dark sombre walled buildings which are topped by three conical towers,

two of which are seemingly connected. The corner of the quay is occupied by the Palace with a heavy square tower called "la tour de l'Horloge" and bears an ornate gilt and polychromed clock face on its front. These four towers, the arcade, and the Rue de Harlay mark the Palace limits on the west. This square, the island massed with houses and monuments, holds within its bounds the beautiful Sainte Chapelle, pronounced the most magnificent building in the world: The Shrine of St. Louis; the Holy Ark; The Sanctuary of Paris.

This was at first the open space of the primitive city of Paris. Here was a stamping mill where the money was coined, and the small street leading to the Pont Neuf still bears the name "Rue de la Monnaie."

The name of the second of the three towers is the Tour d'Argent. The first one is called the Montgommery Tower. The third, which is the smaller of the three, and is crenelated, is the Bonbec. The perimeter of the Palace is the Sainte Chapelle with the four towers including the tour de l'Horloge. The original Palace of the Kings of France is buried far beneath the Palace of Justice and forms the cellars. The Quai de l'Horloge contains the thousand year old buildings. Viewed from the lantern of the Panthéon this group of buildings, dominated by the lovely slender spire of Sainte Chapelle is the most monumental of all the city's monuments. "This Palace," says Balzac, "is to the monumental history of France of

Sainte Chapelle

the first period what the castle of Blois is to the monumental history of the second period."

The great Clock of the Tour de l'Horloge was constructed by (the German) Henri Vic. Its decorations are by G. Pilou, and it was erected by Charles VIII. In this tower hangs the bell which was rung as a signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew which took place on the left bank of the river, and followed the signal from the bell of St. Germain L' Auxerrois. Most of the old buildings, or what was left of them, were destroyed during the savage and blind fury of the commune mobs, in 1871, and the central body of the existing buildings, was constructed in 1874.

Lamartine relates most horrible instances of the massacres and the tortures in these prisons before the tribunal of executioners who sat in the Cour de Mai at the foot of the staircase at the entrance to the conciergerie, where for one whole day and night the prisoners in the cells were brought forth and killed without any sort of trial. There were seventy women among these prisoners, but only one of these was executed with fiendish and diabolical tortures. The women who were set free assisted in torturing this wretched girl, "whose screams of agony were heard across the Seine, and struck with horror the inhabitants on the other bank of the river."

The revolutionary tribunal met in the Grand Chamber

from March 1791, and the President was seated beneath a bust of Socrates, flanked by those of Marah and Le Pelletier, from which place he tried in turn Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Mme. Roland, the Girondins, and others less well-known by the hundreds.

The trials of the hapless ones proceeded by day and night without cessation until all was over, and none remained. The Conciergerie has always been a prison. It takes its name from the lodge of the Concierge (gatekeeper) in the time of the Monarch, and it contained the cell called "La Souricière" (Rats Nest) wherein prisoners were thrown to be eaten alive by rats. One may visit here the cell in which Marie Antoinette suffered her seventy-five days' agony, and see the lamp which was kept alight day and night to enable the jailers to watch her every movement. De Goncourt in his "Histoire de Marie Antoinette" writes: "The pity of Richard the Concierge. . . .disregarded the orders of Fouquier, and the queen was installed in a room with two windows on the women's yard. . . . .On the wall, as if inanimate things had, near the queen, a soul and speech, the old paper displayed the "fleur-de-lys" peeling off in strips and fading under the saltpetre. A partition in the middle of which was a large opening, divided the room lengthwise into two rooms nearly equal, and each lighted by a window on the yard. The inner room was that of the queen: the other, on which the door opened

was the room where two gendarmes remained day and night, separated from her only by a screen. The furniture. . .was a little wooden bed facing the window, and a straw chair in the bay of the window, in which the queen used to pass nearly the whole day watching the people going to and fro in the yard, or in catching from the conversations held in a loud voice near her window, the news which the women prisoners gave her. . . . The queen had only two gowns, which she put on, one every two days: the poor black gown and her white gown—both rotted by the dampness of the room. . . . .We must stop here, words fail us."

In this inner court are the cells occupied in turn by Danton, Malesherbes, Bailly, Camille Desmoulins, Madames Roland and Elizabeth, and countless others.

Beaulieu says: "The rules of the Conciergerie were the same for all; the duke was not distinguished from the thief by the simple fact of being a duke, but only because he paid better. Here equality was realized as far as possible to conceive such a system, but it was the equality of misery."

It is somewhat of a relief to leave these dismal chambers for a consideration of the beauties of the beautiful Sainte Chapelle, which in spite of the work of restoration amounting almost to newness is still perhaps the chief artistic monument of Paris. St. Louis was impelled to construct this splendid shrine when Jean de

Brienne, Emperor of Constantinople sent him the Crown of Thorns, which gift was supplemented later by a large piece of the True Cross presented by the successor of Jean. Baudouin, the architect employed by St. Louis was named Pierre de Montereau, and the construction begun in 1242, was completed in 1247. There are really two Chapels, the upper named St. Couronne, and St. Croix, the lower St. Marie.

The sculptures of the lower porch are in honor of the Virgin, while those of the upper one relate to our Saviour. The ancient statue of the Virgin between the two bays is a restoration as is the relief depicting her coronation in the tympanum. The Mother of St. Louis is honored in the lozenges of the Stylobate of the columns showing the lilies of France and the towers of Castille, residence of Queen Marche.

In the chapel nave with narrow aisles are forty pillars sustaining the vaulting, of these the keys are carved chestnut wood of exquisite design. The windows are remarkable curved triangles, and the walls are beautifully restored and decorated in polychrome after the faint traces discovered beneath the plaster. There are thirty-four very curious tombstones in the paved floor covering the remains of the ancient canons of Saint-Chapelle, among which is that of Boileau. Fournier (Paris démoli) says that the remains of his brother Jacques was removed after the Revolution to St. Germain des Prés.

Viollet le Duc says that "it cost 800,000 Livres-Tournois," and that "the greatest unity of architecture and ornamentation reigns in this building." There is a curious "oratory" beneath the fourth window, (the fifth bay at the right) constructed to the order of Louis XI, so that he might attend Mass without being seen by those present. The great flamboyant rose window was added by Charles VIII, in 1495, this is surmounted by an exquisite balustrade of fleurs-de-lys and by turrets on each side of the gable which contains a smaller rose window. On the balustrade two angels crown the "Chiffre" of King Charles, and on the pinnacles hangs the Crown of Thorns.

"The Tomb of Jacques in St. Chapelle was just below that 'Lutrin,' which he sang in such comic strains." (Fournier. "Paris Démoli.")

The reliquary shown is a restoration; the original was destroyed during the Revolution. In one of the small tourelles, that at the side toward the north contains the original wooden staircase ascended on occasions by St. Louis, where the curious may see them, "but only on Fridays during Lent."

Described in the History of Saint-Chapelle by Jérome Morand: "It is a grand ark of bronze gilt and ornamented with some figures on the front and raised on a gothic vault placed behind the high altar at the apse of the church, and is closed by ten keys with different

wards, six of which close the two exterior doors, and the other four an interior trellis work of two leaves."

The gothic baldaquin is of sculptured wood and rises to a great height. Beneath this the casket of holy relics used to be shown, glittering with precious jewels set in gold it dominated the whole chapel from the summit to the platform.

According to the Chronicles, when St. Louis was here he used to rise from his bed three times each night and approach the altar on his bare knees.

The most precious relics are now in the treasury of Notre Dame, together with the head of St. Louis brought here from St. Denis. Each year the opening of the lard formerly was celebrated in Sainte-Chapelle by a "Messe rouge," at which the members of Parliament attended in full dress, making reverences and obeisances as they proceeded to the great altar. This was under the Kings of France when the Palace was the seat of Parliament, and the treasurer wore a mitre and officially represented the Pope, and was recognized as Pope of Sainte-Chapelle.

The rue de la Cité crosses the Ile from the Pont Notre Dame to the Petit Pont. This street according to the old maps was named the rue de la Lanterne, and every stone of it is of historic interest, and was lined in early times by picturesque old gabled houses and open shops in the ponts beneath. The bridges, now rather bare and devoid of character, lead one to the vast modern build-

Notre Dame at night

ings of the Hotel Dieu, which was known in the Middle Ages as the Maison Dieu. The present building dates only from 1877. The wide open space of the Parvis (Paradisus) is the spot where the scaffold was placed upon which the Knights Templar loudly proclaimed their innocence the night before their execution. The Hotel Dieu stands upon the site of the Hospital of "Enfants Trouvés," and a house called "La Couche" for the rescue of foundlings, who had been previously sold openly in the rue St. Landry for a franc each to professional mendicants and street acrobats. This building was torn down in order to disclose the uninteresting detail of the south side of the Hotel Dieu. It was here that the shrine of St. Geneviève was venerated by a great multitude during an epidemic called "des Ardents," which carried off thousands of the people of Paris.

The French Woman and Her Position

THERE is a very marked difference between the status of women in France and in America. According to French law for years, man has been omnipotent in the home. Only recently the question of extending suffrage to women was brought before the French Senate, only to be immediately howled down. The French would have none of it. From this, one might think the Frenchman tyrannous, and that the women must be timid slaves, but such is far from fact. True, the Frenchman is not willing to hand over the ballot, but on the other hand the French woman not only is not anxious to receive it, but is entirely indifferent in the matter. If officially thought inferior to man in France, as a matter of fact there is no other country where the sexes are so nearly equal mentally, and this equality, intellectual in the upper classes, becomes functional where economic activities are concerned in the middle class, and extends among the proletariat to

the physiological plane. In the upper class the French woman is expected to have wit, understanding, and "savoir faire" of a high order aside from affection, and these qualities not only cultivated but instinctive.

In the country among the peasants the women labor terribly hard beside the men in the fields, and elsewhere in other pursuits where manual labor is required they seem to hold their own without difficulty or complaint. French women are wonderful in many ways. The observant traveler must have noticed the great proportion of French women, products of generations of toil, who are such magnificent specimens of humanity, with broad shoulders and hips—veritable Amazons, who return your "bon jour" in the throaty deep voices of men, and has noted also that the division of labor has endowed the French working man with certain distinct feminine cast—whose conversation is more sprightly than hers, his laughter gayer, his whole manner indeed less indicative of trouble and worry. Such examples one finds on the Norman and Breton coasts, where often it is the male who is the more romantic, while it is the woman who has an equipment of the hard common sense and knowledge of life, the product of her hard existence.

Among the shopkeepers her responsibilities are greatly increased, for beside her household cares and duties, at least half of the business of the shop is under her manage-

ment, and well does she discharge these duties. She usually keeps the accounts and acts as cashier as well as supervising the details of the daily business, which progresses under her watchful eye. And how polite the customers are to her. It is a distinctively French attitude—an achievement, this trait of theirs; this diffusion of good manners.

In a land where such remarkable courtesy is the rule, one comes to expect graciousness and politeness from servants, waiters, the railway employees, and the shop girls "demoiselles of the magazines," and this uniform civility and courtesy so different from what we have here at home is what makes a sojourn in France so delightful. They are so appreciative of the small courtesies that if you observe them in your daily intercourse, you find that the result is not only better service but a really genuine and often devoted loyalty to your comfort and interests. They are naturally kind and tolerant to the foreigner. Very likely this attitude springs from the promptings of their inherent artistic sense. It has been said that they are polite because it pays, but I have experienced so much real friendliness and interest in France that I cannot bring myself to attribute the charming geniality I have found among them to other than simple hearted motives. I might relate many instances of good will towards myself in support of this statement. Let one point suffice; that is, the remarkably

The Fountain of St. Sulpice

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patient, considerate, and sympathetic delicacy with which the French refrain from laughing at one attempting to speak their delightful language, and the patient interest with which they endeavor to discover just what in the world one means to say. For instance: an American lady who wanted some salted pork looked up the word in the dictionary, finding salé (salted) then the words porc and cochon. This seemed easy, so she demanded earnestly and confidently of the amazed shopkeeper "Sale cochon." Imagine the feelings of the proprietor to be called "Dirty pig" by a stranger before all the customers in his shop. Did he betray embarrassment or even amusement? Not at all. He bowed to her most gravely and politely, and gave her exactly what she wanted. Ah, the manners of these French!

And is the stranger cheated in the shops of Paris? One has heard stories to that effect, but I doubt their truth. There may be some places where they "look you over and charge you whatever they think you cannot afford," but there are not many of them to be sure.

The Life of the People

AMERICANS are always astonished and usually delighted with the cafés of Paris, which spill themselves all over the sidewalks, and speculate upon the forces which have brought about this curious and charming social institution. The saying that friendship does not exist in France has been so fixed in their minds that together with other equally absurd and false information, they are willing to accept and believe almost anything about the people no matter how extravagant it may seem.

They are told that there is no such word as Home in the French language, and that instead the people have to content themselves at night with the (of course) immoral hilarities of the cafés on the iniquitous boule vards,—cafés all painted and gilded and walled with mirrors wherein they can see themselves drinking bocks and cognacs and absinthes and various other liquid bedevilments, the very names of which seem provocative.

As a matter of fact, the French "père de famille" rarely indulges in this form of dissipation, for in France, perhaps more so than elsewhere, the sphere of man is in

his home, however humble or pretentious it may be. His "cercle" or club is used only on certain occasions for political or social gatherings, when he meets there men only known to him formally or in business whom he would not think of asking to his home. These "cercles" are in truth rather dismal if not shabby organizations as far as my own researches have disclosed, and they no way correspond to our palatial clubs, so it is no wonder that they are as a rule languishing or moribund. There are Masonic Fraternities also in France, but I have never been in one of the lodge rooms, so that I cannot speak of these lodges from personal experience. But some Frenchmen have spoken of them in my presence as "organizations of devilish wickedness," but without further qualifications, perhaps because I am a foreigner taking notes. And as a rule, a Frenchman is distrustful and on his guard when a foreigner, however well-known to him he may be, begins to ask ingenious questions. Perhaps he fears what he calls "blague"—ridicule. There is little he detests more.

Therefore, as there are no really comfortable clubs for him, the cafés supply exactly the opportunities for such sociability as the Frenchman may seek outside his home circle. At the café he may transact his business over a "mazagran' of coffee" or a bock, and exercise his liking for confidential talk, or even practice something like oratory without giving offense to anyone. In

a word, it is in the café that your Frenchman relaxes, forgets his troubles, and talks—and *talks*—often most delightfully too. Of course there are many cafés of another sort, for instance in the Montmartre district, and over in the "Quartier Latin," some of them of wretched character which may be imagined, and which have been described "ad nauseum" with picturesque, if factitious, details by some newspaper writers. These are the "booby traps" set by astute showmen to catch the expectant and willing tourist who is out for what he calls a "good time." These are labeled "Rat Morts," "Enfer," "Château du Diable," or what not. All cheap and vicious and not all French. On the contrary, they are mainly, as before stated, kept by Russians, Bavarians, or Jews. There are in some of them hired dancing girls, whose specialty is high kicking and sitting in the laps of the boobies who will pay for such favors.

There are cafés chantants galore and of all sorts. There are Chicken Shows with beer and "Beefalo-Bills," where one is expected to order champagne. There are too the "Concerts Rouge" where fine chamber music may be heard and enjoyed for the price of whatever "consommation" one wishes to order. But all this has nothing whatever to do with French home life.

These crowded cafés on the Boulevard are a strange and delightful combination of club, hotel lobby, restaurant and saloon, spilling outside along the sidewalk.

When one enters one touches one's hat out of courtesy to those who are there assembled. The seats along the banquette are often cushioned in red leather, and behind is a continuous mirror reflecting all that passes. One orders from the attentive waiter, and thence on the place is yours. There are the daily papers, chess, or dominoes and pen, ink and paper for the asking. There one is welcome together with one's wife or family, and other relations as well; one may even receive one's personal mail, or have it forwarded at will free of charge.

There are all over Paris cheaper forms of the café, less lavishly mirrored and furnished, where the food and drink is of a high order and of surprising cheapness. There are also the "salons pour noces," where very good concerts are given twice daily, for in Paris it is astonishingly easy to hire a good orchestra, with real trained musical "artistes" such as would perhaps attract large audiences here in America.

There are other and more improper cafés which masquerade under the sign of "American Bar," frequented by half-grown youths of the town hoodlum type and frowsy painted "girls," who sit on tall stools and consume through long straws cocktails, which they pronounce "cocked-eye." But these are no more French than they are English, and they are both sordid and silly.

One may find all over Paris cafés which tolerate the

appearance of mischief and vice, but very rarely indeed do they promote it. One might visit scores of them without finding enough friskiness or so called bohemianism to shock a New England church warden. On the contrary, some of them bear striking resemblance to the parlor ice cream saloon on one of our main streets.

In one of the cafés is exploited a huge beer mug called "Clémenceau" which is very popular and filled with "Beer of the Lion," formerly sent from Munich by "Grand quickness," and there is even a larger mug, twice the size, called "Fallière's," which has its admirers. Here great quantities of beer are consumed, but I never saw any evidence of drunkenness, although some of the drinkers seemed to have lost the faculty of speech and merely waved the huge mug or pitcher at the waiter when they wanted more. Two kinds of "bière" were served, "blonde" and "brune," but I noted that some of the patrons drank that curious liquid called "Grenadine," which is a thick red syrup, and is diluted with iceless soda water. The café then, at its best, is for sociability outside, and is not, as foreigners think, a resort for bibulousness and vice. It is similar in character to the "store" in an American village, and is quite as innocent, where our embryo congressmen "chew the cud" about a red-hot stove.

Finally, a French friend informed me as a fact, that Protestants are rarely if ever seen in a Parisian café, and

that with them it is a matter of conscience. He told me also that women of the higher class are never seen sitting before a café; that those so seen are of the grisette class. If this be so they are unusually well behaved, and are treated with consideration.

The Parisians are very fond of outdoor life. Even in the cold days of winter, and oh! how cold and damp it is in Paris in the winter!—there will be customers seated outside at the round zinc or sheet iron tables. Sometimes the proprietor puts out among the tables an absurd looking cylinder of shiny black sheet iron which seems to have no chimney and stands often on high legs against the wall, from it comes noisome gassy smells of burning soft coal. I have never known one of these to give out any appreciable amount of heat but the custom prevails. Outdoor life is much enjoyed by the people. The buses and trams in my student days all used to have seats on the roofs of the vehicles, and these, called ironically the "Imperials," were popular even in the cold days of winter.

There are many trades performed out of doors: the marketing and vending of seeds for birds; chocolate water peddling; the fish and eel women who have a most musical call; old junk sellers; and the flower girls who frequent the Rivoli with their baskets of sweet peas or violets—there are the menders of coal sacks; the washers of dogs on banks of the Seine; and one must not forget

to mention the out-of-door barbers who shave the beggars under the arches of the bridges—all of these are most picturesque and unusual. And let us not forget the antiquity merchants all along the quays, usually old, and keen-eyed women all bundled up in wraps and nondescript shawls, who sit on stools, with their feet on charcoal stoves, awaiting "messieurs," the amateurs who always come to her for bargains. Nor the old book stalls which do really sometimes give forth treasure trove, and for "a song of sixpence."

But once indoors just see how a chance draft of air alarms the occupants. "Shut the door! Who has left it open?" Usually a foreigner.

In the compartment of a French railway carriage in spring, summer, autumn or winter, the windows are never, never to be opened no matter how close the air may be inside. Ventilation as we regard it is considered suicidal. This trait of ours together with our use of ice water as a beverage is considered barbarous. I think that this fear of the effects of fresh air is largely due to the so called French window which opens inward like a door from floor to ceiling. It is well nigh impossible to let in a little air, there is either a great deal—or none at all, so the French solve the matter by closing it tight. They express amazement when they find that you sleep with both of your windows wide open, and consider it a miracle that in consequence one has not passed away

The Arch of Triumph

The Arch of Triumph

during the night. During the winter in Paris if perchance comes a day when the drizzle stops, and a dim watery sun appears for a brief interval ere it sinks away behind the chimney stacks on the mansards between three and three-thirty P. M. the French are in raptures. "Quel bonheur, is it not that it does most beautiful time this after midday?" They seem happy—what more would you have? Delightful French people.

And how tolerantly amused the superior minded traveler is when he beholds, for the first time, the baker's boy sauntering along the street among the crowd with several long thin wrapperless poles of bread under his arm, that delicious bread which is served everywhere in France for the asking, and is of uniform quality. And the café au lait in the morning with the wonderful rolls and the unsalted butter,—how one longs for it afterwards if one has once tasted it.

And the carts going through the streets in the morning carrying tin bath tubs for rent, for in the older houses there are rarely if ever bath rooms. "Marchand d'eau—de l'eau!" calls out the man drawling the final syllable most melodiously. Incredible—even ridiculous. But nowadays there are bathing establishments all over the town, almost, in which you can get a good clean bath at whatever hour you choose for two francs, with of course fifty centimes or more for the efficient and polite lady who presides over the towels and soap.

There are now here and there on the Boulevards and sometimes on the small streets near at hand, many tea rooms in the English style. Imagine tea rooms in Paris! And they are popular too, and crowded in the afternoon. Behold the signs on the Boulevard—one of them reads, "Five o'clock at All Hours," and no one apparently but myself sees anything strange in it.

But gone are those creatures that one used to see occasionally in the streets who sought and found oblivion in the "Green Muse,"—found it at what a terrible cost. The absinthe drinker is now rarely seen. Those writers and actors, bohemians in the extreme, who fancied that their muse demanded absinthe seem no longer to exist. Statistics show that alcohol is being more and more shunned by brain workers. The comic papers charge that the French no longer fear water as a beverage, but Parisians have not yet adopted the soda fountain, and no drug store in Paris is equipped with one—at least to my knowledge. The tourist in Paris is amazed at the number of drug stores, which are chemist shops, and these do not have on sale either post-cards, chewing gum, candy or cigars, nor any of the nic-nacs so common with us. Nothing but pills and powdered drugs—absolutely nothing else. And Monsieur the Druggist is usually a most grave and dignified savant who often will have the purple rosette or purple ribbon of the Acadèmie in his button hole, and perhaps even be a lecturer at some one

of the "Ècoles de Medecin," with a string of letters after his name.

They are such a tolerant and easy-going lot of people, these Parisians, and yet they make such a fuss over small things and matters that we consider of no importance whatever. You cannot hurry them, do not try, else you will regret it. The Frenchman may be "pressé," but he will never be too much in haste about anything, nor will he show impatience at the slow, complicated and often awkward way the public servants have of doing things. That is the way it has always been done. It is their way —and they do not care to hear about your way. I have already detailed some of the complications with which one is confronted who is desirous of expediting affairs. Let him beware of showing impatience. They are wasteful of time according to American standards, but on the other hand they have an uncanny talent, nay, genius, for economy in the saving, collecting and utilizing of old clothes, hats, shoes and other human flotsam and jetsam. They make certain remarkable use of bread crumbs retrieved from the ash cans or garbage pails, so I am told, and as for cigar and cigarette butts cast on the streets and boulevards, fortunes have been made in their collection and utilization. It has been said that the French could support the nation on the waste of America. But while Paris is incredibly economical in all other matters, the waste of time in all walks of life is

incredible and exasperating to a Yankee. One clever writer has said of the French: "Here everything easy to do is done badly—while everything difficult and all but impossible is done superbly well."

My own name, I soon found, was almost unpronounceable by my French fellow students, to whom the *w* and *h* together presented unsurmountable difficulties, and was usually pronounced if attempted at all as though spelled Varthon, and I was thenceforth addressed as "M'sieur Georges," and I took some satisfaction in the knowledge thus acquired that English was as difficult for them as French was for me—that there were words in my language the sound of which gave my companions something like nervous prostration to imitate, the "th" for instance. When some of them essayed this they ran out their tongues in the effort, and ended by exclaiming "Sapristi!" or "Nom de nom de nom!" "H" sounds something like "hash" when a Frenchman pronounces it.

Although I saw strange faces in the streets, and the streets were more crowded than when I was in Paris before the great war, I felt curiously at home, for the buildings were the same and the signs upon them seemed not to have changed, but now these teeming noisy boulevards are crowded with Americans; where there were formerly tens there are nowadays hundreds of them. Paris welcomes the Americans; makes fun of them, of course, and for all of that—likes them,—at

The Trocadero and the Base of the Eiffel Tower

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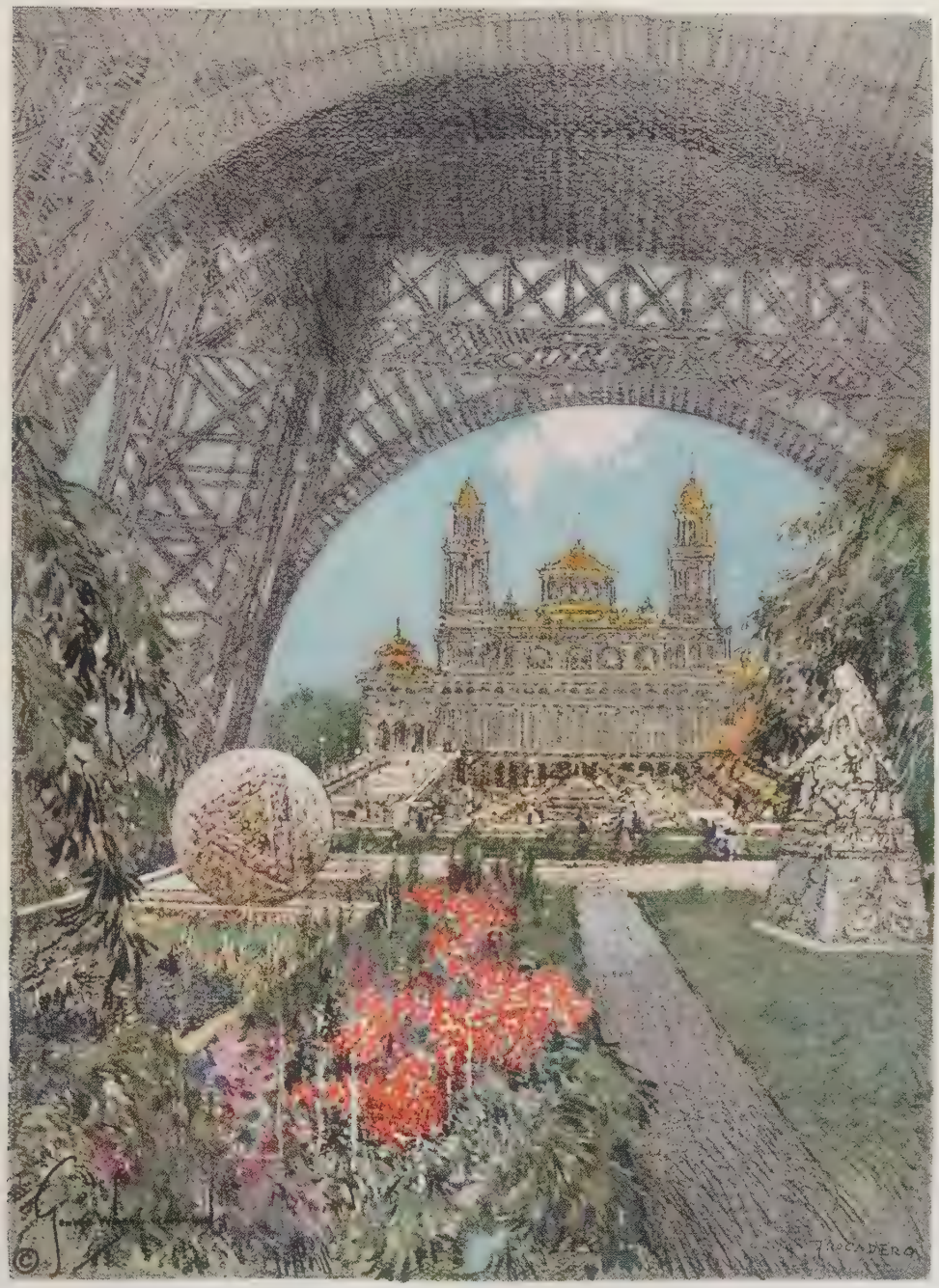

TROCADERO

least, as well as the French can like any foreigner. Certainly much better than the English, their ancient enemy, who never could, and never will understand them. Really the Americans have had a greater effect upon Paris than any other people. I found a tremendous interest in Isadora Duncan and her dances, and the Palais de Trocadero thronged with lovers of the dance. Parisians told me that the success of the Russian Ballet and the Swedish Ballet were both due to her as after effects of her representations at the Palais de Trocadero. One enthusiast told me how the American dancer went to St. Petersburg in 1905, and there so thrilled and inspired Fokine, Nijinski, and others in the old Imperial Ballet that they broke away, and with the help of wealthy amateurs such as M. Serge Diaghlieff, formed the Ballets Russes. I went to the Trocadero on two consecutive Sunday evenings and was in the packed hall, which rang with cheers when she danced and afterwards spoke to the great audience. And what a strange and motley audience it was! In one part of the hall was a group of sandaled disciples of Raymond Duncan, and not far off a handful of French soldiers in uniform. In the various boxes of the colorful semi-circle one could see an ex-minister of Fine Arts, some well-known politicians, several editors of papers, a group of members of the Comédie Francais; three French poets, one of whom had published a whole book about the dancer, with drawings

by the great Bourdelle; several painters, and two sculptors of international repute, and some well-known theatrical people surrounded by a host of others known and unknown in the artistic and social world of Paris.

By the time these lines are in print, the Russian Ballet will have passed into the realm of legend. There will be a young generation growing up who will never see the vigorous dances of the warriors in Prince Igor, nor the fantastic fairy tale that no words can relate: Petrouchka: nor the moonlit grace of Les Sylphides; nor the tripping fun of the good-humored Ladies; nor all the myriad beauties of color, sound, and rhythmic movement that were in Thamar, Le Sacré du Printemps, L'Oiseau de Feu, Carnaval, Scheherezade, Spectre de la Rose, and the others—why mention them here? Everyone who loves color and rhythmic movement knows them, or has read of them. Why even as I write these names I feel again the thrill I experienced when first I saw them,—that same thrill so often repeated.

The old order passes and gives place to new.

It was announced that the Swedish Ballet before going to America would give a series of performances at the Champs-Elysées Theatre, Paris thus seeing the Cause, the Effect, and the After-Effect.

The Swedish Company of Rolf de Mare and his principal dancer, Jean Borlin, has nothing about it of the savage éclat and barbaric vigor of its predecessors.

The Russian Company might be likened to a sunburnt male Tartar, all blazing with crude scarlets, blues and yellows, and rude and smashingly vigorous in rhythmic movement. The Swedish Ballet on the other hand, might be likened to a pale, flaxen-haired person from the north, telling an interesting story culled from the sagas, and in a colorless and monotonous voice with a strange accent. The repertoire includes the Poem Ballet L'Homme et son Désir, by Paul Claudel, eminent French poet and diplomat, with music by Darius Milhaud, leading member of the group of musicians known as "The Six," decorations and costumes by Ferdinand Léger, one of the best known of the cubists.

It was Claude Debussy who supplied the music for the ballet "La Boite à Joujoux," while the young French artist Andre Helle designed the costumes and scenery. One of the most famous of the ballets presented is "La Marié de la Tour Eiffel," the work of the pyrotechnic Jean Cocteau, with music by five members of the "Six." The eminent French master Maurice Ravel is the composer of the music for the slight ballet "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and it was the great Steinlin who supplied the designs for the "décors" and the costumes of the ballet "Iberia," set to the music of the Spanish composer, Albaniz. The purely Swedish part of the repertoire is composed of only three ballets, but all of undeniable charm and interest.

Old Days and New

THE morning after my arrival in Paris last year (1923) I went out into the street before eight o'clock. This is really an unearthly hour in Paris, and is a most unseemly one for a stranger to be abroad, for none but working people venture forth much before the hour of ten. Paris, clean and fresh, sparkled in the bright sunlight, and the sight of the wide, clean, tree-lined streets, and the great gray bulk of the Arc de Triomphe at the tops of the Champs-Elysées, against the blue of the morning sky was inspiring and exhilarating. I climbed into one of the long, low lumbering auto buses that have displaced those picturesque and comfortable old horse-drawn ones of my student days, paid the conductor my fifteen centimes for a second class place, and was off for downtown, turning into and through the old and well-known rue St. Honoré, and passing the old familiar cross streets, with the quaint advertisements in red and blue emblazoned on the house gables, and the mansards topped with the well remembered tall black hooded swinging iron pipes of strange shapes, and the sooty red brick chimney pots where the colonies of

sparrows nest and chatter. Where else, I wonder, are the advertisements so picturesquely, so artistically done as in Paris on the house walls? There was the same old ceaseless stream of life edging and flowing through the street of Saint Honoré as when I last lived there, but mingled with it now were long lines of automobiles and auto trucks, and among these there were but few horses to be seen. Glancing through the window of the auto bus as we rolled swiftly, much more swiftly than in the old horse-drawn bus of pre-war days, through the crowded street, I tried to imagine Paris as it was during the war; the people preparing to leave the city as the Germans came nearer and nearer to the outer fortifications and the "big Bertha" sent its great shells with unerring aim into the city's very heart.

All traces of its efficiency have been cleared away, and the people seem to have wiped out its very memory. "God be thanked for France," I whispered, under my breath, as I thought, but it was not so, for my neighbor in the seat heard and turned and smiled at me, and we saluted each other. These French are so polite and engaging and attentive to the small happenings of life. Will it be credited when I write here that a moment later we were chatting as old friends do when they meet, and when the bus stopped at the station before we parted we shook hands, not knowing each other's names, nor asking even, but in common love for France? . . . .

Paris seemed in a blaze of glory beneath the fresh May sky. The windows in the lines of housetops seemed like quivering, flashing diamonds, and the roofs like a checker board pattern. There was a conglomeration of signs lettered, a leaping of gables heavenward. It was Paris—new yet old. My heart beat and responded to its character and charm. I halted at ancient St. Philipe du Roule near the market, and saw a wedding party come out, early as it was in the day. The bridegroom seemed frightened out of his wits and dazed. His silk hat "of seven reflections" was ruffled at one side, and the bouquet of flowers in his hand was shaking. Not so the bride, for women, as is well-known, order these matters quite calmly—the result, I suppose of long pondering upon the subject. She beamed happily on every one, from a veritable cloud, or fog, of gauze, and the festoon of white blossoms of some sort on her head became her well. She too carried a bouquet in embroidered edged white paper, and happiness shone in her eyes like tears. The party entered horse-drawn carriages, the old time "fiacres"—no automobiles mind you—and drove off as I watched them in company with a baker's boy who bore a basket of long loaves on his head, and three Monsieurs in blue shiny blouses who perhaps belonged in the neighboring market. Strangely enough, before the bridal party was out of sight, a hearse laden with wreaths of flowers beneath which was a pathetically

Entrance to the Carrousel

Paris. 1923.
Entrance to the
Carrousel

small white draped coffin, drove up before the old church.

It was the funeral of a child, and in France the ceremonies over little ones who pass into the beyond are touchingly simple. Two men in black and bareheaded came down the steps to the hearse, and in a businesslike manner took out the wreaths of flowers which they placed upon the sidewalk in a pile. They then removed the small coffin which was covered with a white pall. A few people had stopped to watch, like myself, and of these the men all had uncovered their heads, while the women crossed themselves. I did not see any of the mourners; it may be that they were already in the church. Even as the men bore the small burden up the worn steps of the old gray church, the crowd melted away; the hearse drove off down the thronged street and on went the "Comédie Humaine." I bethought me of those eloquent lines of Chataubriand—"Religion has rocked us in the cradle of life, and her maternal hand shall close our eyes, while her holiest melodies soothe us to rest in the cradle of death." . . . . . .

On my way, I stopped mechanically before the entrance of one of the old dusty courtyards where the walls are a yellowish brown, and the tiers of windows are open to the morning air. I must have lost myself in contemplation, and in retrospection, for this particular courtyard was typical of that one upon which my small mansard window gave in the early days when I was a

student in this very locality. My room in the mansard was about twelve feet square, it was not by any means handsomely furnished, but it had a large wardrobe of varnished birchwood, beside the bed, and it had too a large handsome mirror, the relic of some former occupant perhaps, which reflected most artistically the opposite slanting wall and the small white curtained window and the fantastically shaped black iron hoods of the chimney pots of the opposite house and the sky beyond and above. The light was splendid for me, the rent was astonishingly small, and I was as happy as one could be who was working hard at his chosen occupation, and far away from his loving mother who never failed to write him a weekly letter of cheer and advice. Down at the end of the court I could see the concierge who was blacking the boots as of yore. It might have been the same old man for all that I knew; he was too far away for me to see, and his back was turned to me. Time had turned back and I was lost in reflection. Three doors away in those days had been the small eating house of Monsieur Couille, which bore the name of "Deux Frères Provençaux," the sign for which Féron, the Swede, Billings the Canadian, and the writer of this had painted and magnificently emblazoned for the proprietor "con amoré." I fancied at the moment that if I turned and looked I should see it swinging there. It was an establishment of the first order, so the proprietor claimed with pride, and no one

had ever contradicted him as far as I knew. It was indeed a small place, furnished with three round tables and one square one; a sideboard on which was a display of bottles and glasses; several spare chairs were against the wall, as well as those placed at the round tables. Entering you made the acquaintance of the excellent Monsieur Couille, who was always carefully dressed in immaculate black clothes and clean linen, whose manners were what is called of the old school, and who never had been known to ask a regular patron to pay his account. For this reason said patrons had formed themselves into a committee of honor, and saw to it that all bills due were paid on the first of each month. The "Deux Frères Provençaux" was of a dingy yellow inside, and often it is true the table cloths needed cleaning, particularly at the end of the month, but we thought that not all mirrors and magnificence of crimson plush of the Café de Paris, or Very's on the Boulevard, could equal its coziness and quiet comfort. The frayed cuffs of the scholar were as welcome there as the broadcloth of the banker, perhaps more so. At any rate, Literature and Art, honest toil, and Science and Medicine met at its tables upon terms of cordiality and equality. We all felt that the people of the neighborhood were our sworn friends, and this extended around the corner into the rue St. Hyacinth and the other direction as well. For of the people there, all had a pleasant smile and word

of greeting for us.—I hope that none who read these lines will be so misled as to go there now expecting to find the "Deux Frères Provençaux." Many summer suns have glared down upon the old street day after day without winking, and the asphalt on the mansards has melted and run under the fierce hot rays of the summer sun. And many winter sleets have frozen the meagre, pallid, potted plants on the dingy window sills since those days. The "Deux Frères Provençaux" has been swept away and of it not a vestige remains. M. Couille has long since been gathered to his fathers, likewise my fellow students Féron and Billings. . . . . .

My own taste in food is quite catholic if somewhat discriminating—I can enjoy the English mutton chop and kidney, sweetbread and garlic with my friends the French, spaghetti and maccaroni with the Italians; the spicy Pilaf of the Turks, and the Chile con Carne of the Mexicans. I can even (occasionally) eat green corn, running with melted butter and besprinkled with pepper and salt among my own people in New England. I cannot say that I like it—the corn—but the pepper and salted melted butter would render papier mache palatable, and (maybe) nutritious. I think that I am, as a matter of fact, becoming more and more of an Anchorite in these matters of eating. So when I am hungry, which is every day regularly before dinner, I crave nothing more than a tender and thick grilled chop, or a sweetbread

cooked in the French fashion "bien entendu," with vegetables such as green peas, and a Romaine salad. With any of these I want—but why specify this part of one's need or desire—My BENISON (!) upon Mr. Volstead . . . . . .

I was lost in thought standing there at the entrance to the courtyard, when all at once—"Was it that Monsieur desired something?" a gentle voice sounded in my ears. The past fell away—vanished—I was in the present. The "Deux Frères Provençaux" was gone forever. A huge auto bus crowded with people thundered past. There were no clattering old shabby fiacres rattling by driven by ancient red-faced tin hatted "cochérs." The people in the streets too seemed quite as different in character. Yes, Paris was changed. I thanked the sweet voiced woman who stood in the doorway at my side regarding me curiously, and I passed on my way. I did not stop again until I reached the old Palais Royal. Alas, how ragged and deserted it seems today, and how fallen the standard of the shops since the war. This old garden with its splashing fountains, built originally for the great cardinal Richelieu during the reign of Louis VIII, was called the Palais Cardinal. The lines of small shops around the garden were built by Duke Philippe Egalité, and rented out to merchants so that the Duke, who was ever in debt might get funds to satisfy them. It was here in the garden beneath the

old gnarled tree that the fiery and eloquent Camille Desmoulins in 1789 mounted on a chair delivered that impassioned oration urging those within hearing to band themselves together with the symbol of a green leaf to fight for and achieve freedom for France. The old palace was partly burned down by the communist mob in 1871. Under the Restoration it was leased out as headquarters for the gambling houses that were recognized and taxed by the State, and the place had an evil reputation from which it long suffered. Finally these dens of iniquity were abolished and the garden purged of the unsavory crowd which had occupied it, and it once more regained respectability, being noted for its resplendent jewelry shops and a great number of restaurants of quality and astonishingly low prices, such as Tavernier's and some others. It became a very popular resort, but even long before the war the tide of fashion turned, the Palace once so fashionable, was neglected, the grass and flowers were dusty and faded, and the shops and restaurants, once so excellent and crowded, became deserted and forlorn. So they were "venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus."

We are all associationists, for I am convinced that the man does not exist who does not cherish and believe in the association which brings tears to his eyes at the sound of a familiar tune heard suddenly and in some strange place, however harsh or out of tune it may be.

The Elysée Palace

George Wharton Edwards
Paris
1923
©
Elysée Palace

We have, I fancy, all experienced the feeling. It was here in this old garden, near the fountain which, by the way was not yet playing, for it was not yet nine o'clock, that I heard the sound of a flute played by some lonely fellow, I presume, somewhere up in one of the lodgings of the place. The air was Ben Bolt, and I listened and mused about it. Ben Bolt, and in the old Palais Royal of Paris!

I sat down on a bench near the statue of Balzac and the tree, the very one perhaps under which Demoulins mounted upon a chair called the crowd to arms, and bade them wear the cockade of green leaves as a sign of hope. The balconies above are those of the theatre where Richelieu produced his play of Mirame at a cost of 200,000 crowns, and was infuriated because it was scorned and laughed at.

The great Cardinal died here December 4, 1642, and it is related that for four days after his death his dead body muffled and cloaked was wheeled about the garden by those who did not desire his death to become known, so that the loitering people outside in the street might see him, apparently as usual enjoying the air. It was called the Palais Cardinal, and the name was not changed until Queen Anne of Austria came to live in it. Duke Philippe Egalité who was the remorseless enemy of Marie Antoinette, stood on the balcony above and gazed unmoved upon the assassins who brought him the

head of his own sister-in-law, the lovely Princess of Lamballe from the prison of La Force.

The duke himself was arrested here April 4, 1793 with his third son, the Comte de Beaujolais, and beheaded on November 6th, following. The once beautiful garden is now dusty and littered with rubbish.

Karamsine in 1790 described it in these glowing words: "Imagine a magnificent château with the lower story composed of arcades, and beneath these arcades magazines in which gleam the treasures of India and America, gold, silver, diamonds, etc.: the most exquisite productions that industry has brought forth to satisfy and charm our senses; all this arranged in the most picturesque manner, and illuminated by magic fires that dazzle the eyes of the spectator! Imagine these galleries filled with a crowd that comes to see and above all to be seen! There are cafés well frequented where you read the papers, talk, discuss, etc. I felt giddy; we went into the garden of the Palace: there calm obscurity reigned. The dim light from the arcades falling on these green leaves and the green alleys, was absorbed by the density and motion of their foliage. We heard in the distance the languishing sounds of enchanting music. I seemed to be transported to the isle of Calypso or the palace of Armida." The house, number 21 place Royale was the house of Richelieu. The place has never changed its ancient aspect. The once magnificent street which the

great cardinal created in order to indemnify himself for the large expense in building the Palais Cardinal (Palais Royal) is thus named rue de Richelieu.

Almost every inch of soil in this old garden is either of fragrant memory or soaked with blood. To a foreigner, especially to a stranger who comes to Paris for the first time and is something of a student of life and affairs, there is nothing so entertaining and profitable as a half hour spent in these old haunts, or on the Boulevard before one of the numerous cafés, one is as good as another, or on one of the chairs in the Gardens of the Tuileries. Balzac in his "Esquisses Parisiennes" says: "All find here (in Paris) what they have come to seek, and the shock of conflicting interests, and the contact of varied industries, of numerous talents in a thousand different branches, of countless imaginations devoted to labor and to research of all kinds gives vent to this activity, this continual movement of fabrications, these prodigies of art and science, these daily improvements, these learned and ingenious conceptions, these surprising discoveries, and these admirable marvels which seize and astonish, and captivate us, and render Paris without an equal in the world."

To the stranger, even the most cursory observer, it seems as if the great object of the French men and women of all classes is to make life as pleasant and as easy as possible, to ignore the shortcomings of the present and

to forget the troubles of the past. I mused upon these matters, and at length fell into conversation with a kindly faced old Frenchman in the garden, asking him to tell me something of Paris during the war. He told me of the air raids and the means the authorities took to detect the raiders by microphones. So efficacious was the defense that the German raiders rarely reached the centre of Paris, and even on these rare occasions only succeeded once in hitting a public building, and this was the bomb dropped upon Notre Dame which glanced off the roof at the rear, with only slight damage.

The shells from the big Berthas did more damage. On the afternoon of Good Friday, March 29, 1918, a shell struck the Church of St. Gervais which was filled with people, killing eighty-four of them and wounding many others. The Church of the Madeleine also was struck by a shell, but the only damage there was the beheading of one of the saints and smashing some of the steps. Afterwards I tried to find evidences of this without success.

Although some of the private houses were hit, the damage was always slight, and the loss of life very small. The people treated the threatened danger lightly.

The Berthas were never fired after sunset, so that the flash could not be seen by the observers aloft. Undoubtedly the Germans counted more upon the moral effect of the great Berthas than the actual damage to life

Fountain and statue of Balzac in the Palais Royal

Fountain and statue of Bacchus in the Palais Royal

Fountain and
Statue of Balzac - In the
Palais Royal -
Paris -
George Wharton Edwards -
1923.
©

and property, but the result was practically nil and must have woefully disappointed them. Paris, he told me, was as bright and cheerful during the war as one could imagine. There were of course, pessimists and croakers who circulated distressing and disturbing rumors. Food, he told me, was plentiful and living was much cheaper than now. The morale of the Parisians was undisturbed, although many of the banks took the precaution of removing securities to the south. The great pawnbroking business of Mont de Piété sent away for safety 600,000 pledged articles.

He told me of the worst of the raids, that of March 1918, when a bomb fell with tremendous noise near a theatre soon after the beginning of the performance. The curtain was dropped and the manager announced that the performance would go on if the audience so desired, but that anyone who wished his money back could get it at the door. One of the actors, he said, fainted from fright, and it was a man. The women remained calm. The audience cheered; a few left, but the performance was resumed after they found an understudy of the timid actor.

He was most enthusiastic over the courage of the French women, and their splendid capability and cheerfulness under the most unusual and trying circumstances.

Sometimes, he related, the long distance guns were silent for days at a time, only to burst forth suddenly

with shell after shell continuing the whole day long. This was nerve-racking, and only the darkness of night brought relief, but usually night was made hideous by the fire engines which would rattle and thunder through the streets usually after midnight, when one wanted most to sleep, with that long drawn out wail or howl which once heard is ever remembered. Then the people huddled on their clothes in the darkness, for light was prohibited, and rushed down into the cellar or wherever there was a vault which had been posted and classed by the police as an "Abri."

In these vaults the unfortunate people, men, women and children, had to remain shivering with the cold, often standing for lack of room to lie down, on earthen or cement floors in spaces half filled with huge casks or boxes, dimly lighted by small candles stuck often in bottles, or in holes in the brick walls. Each of these "Abris" were furnished with picks and shovels, so that the inmates might dig themselves out if buried by a shell beneath the ruins of the house. Such was often the case too, for according to published record "From May 27 to June 3, 1918, there were six alarms in eight nights. From June 26 to July 1, five alarms in six nights." This lasted until September 15. After a while the terror ceased and Paris made light of the alarms. Some of the wealthy people, he said, had their "Abris" luxuriously fitted up, and in them gave card parties and suppers.

My informant stated that the total number of casualties in the Department of the Seine was 441 killed, and 910 wounded.

On Montmartre the concert singers turned a wine cellar far underground into a temporary theatre which they named "The Sanctuary" and gave there a most artistic and amusing performance free of charge. I afterwards tried to find this, but without success.

During the most serious raid of all, the gamins hunted the streets for souvenirs such as bits of exploded barage shells which they afterwards sold for good prices.

The welcome sound of the "bréloque" during the early morning always brought out a crowd of enthusiasts who rushed into the open squares for a glimpse of the great dim shapes of the sausage balloons, which attached to long steel cables soared aloft on the watch for the raiders. These were armed with powerful guns which the airmen used to attack and bring down the enemy airplanes which had to run the gauntlet of the searchlights, and constant fire from the anti-aircraft guns.

Thus, I had an account of Paris during the bombardment, from the lips of one who had remained there from the beginning. We exchanged cards and on parting shook hands. I thought I had put his card carefully in my pocket, but when I looked for it, I could not find it. Searching my memory I could remember nothing of it

but the first name, Emilie, and the fact that he was Ancien Commissaire of something or other, and that he wore the small narrow red ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur in his lapel.

I recalled that the commune was conquered in a week of horror, the "bloody week," the very name of which still makes every Parisian to quake with fear. The communards at bay carried out the threats of universal conflagration and destruction which have always haunted the conquered and downtrodden.

The lieutenants of MacMahon shot seventeen thousand men in cold blood after the struggle was won. Forty-five thousand people were arrested, herded in the camp of Satory, cooped up in hulks for many weary months. Eight thousand five hundred men were sentenced to imprisonment or death by drum head tribunals, as illegal as the Provosts' courts of 1816, or the mixed Commissions of 1852, shot, imprisoned, transported to the colonies. The Terror of 1794 was mild compared with the repression of the commune. Theirs could boast that he had "bled democracy for a generation." It is curious to recall, as a matter of fact that the buildings and property burnt and destroyed by the commune was chiefly those in which the financial and administrave records of the empire were kept; such as, the Tuileries, Cour des Comptes, prefecture de Police, and Ministry of Finances. This gave rise to the suspicion that the in-

cendiaries had been the toots of the financiers and politicians interested in the suppression of damning evidence. But there is no other proof that the maxim "Id fecit cui prodest."

"The apocalyptic horror of the 'bloody week' made a profound impression upon the French mind," said my erudite and thoughtful companion on one occasion during our exploration and wanderings over post-war Paris, "but," he continued, "the day is over, fortunately for us, when it was not safe, even for such a man as Victor Hugo, to breathe a word of sympathy and pity for the communards."

It was the trivial incident of the seizure of some cannon from the soldiers who had been sent to remove them from the Place Pigalle, that led to the civil war of the commune.

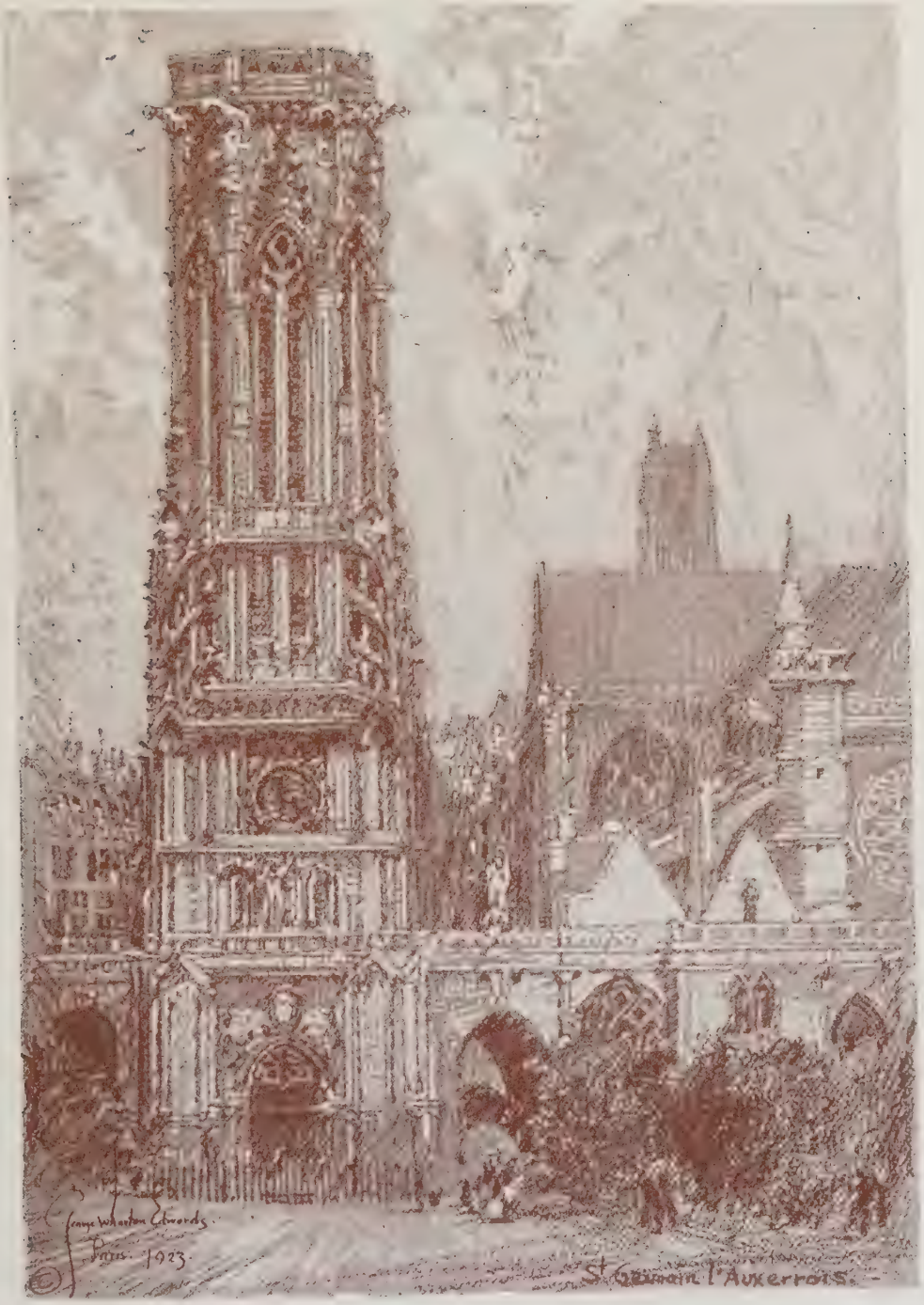
In the rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré at the corner of the Place Beauzeau is the Palais de L'Elysée, built in 1718 by Molet for the Comte d'Evreux. Mme. de Pompadour lived here until her death, and afterwards her brother the Marquis de Marigny inhabited it. It was purchased from him for a residence of Ambassadors Extraordinary by Louis XV, afterwards. Until her emigration in 1790 it was the residence of the Duchesse de Bourbon-Condé when it was confiscated in the Revolution and sold in 1803 to Murat who dwelt here as governor of Paris. The Elysée, as it is now called, was

the favorite residence of Napoleon I. And it was here that he remained after the Battle of Waterloo until he abdicated. The Duke of Wellington resided in it from 1814 to the following year, when the Emperor of Russia came to Paris. The Palace has known many masters, and has been the scene of many changes in the history of France. The Duke de Berry named it the Elysée Bourbon while he lived in it at the time of the Restoration. It was here that he was murdered in front of the Opéra in February 1820.

Louis Napoléon, as President of the Republic resided in it from December 1849, until after the Proclamation of the second empire in 1851 when he removed to the Tuileries. In the room called the "Salle du Conseil de l'Elysée" he prepared and promulgated the "coup d'Etat" of 1851. Until the election of M. Carnot as President of the French Republic, this quaint looking building bore the Imperial Arms over the entrance gate now replaced by the letters R. F. on the shield, and the Tri-color of France.

At the rear of the very ordinary looking and dingy buildings there is a beautifully kept garden in which, it is related by Thiers, in his book "L'Empire," Napoléon I was walking with his brother Lucien after the defeat at Waterloo, while the crowd thronged the street outside. "The walk which separated the garden from the Avenue Marigny was then much lower than it is today, and the

St. Germain L'Auxerrois


George Wharton Edwards
Paris 1923
St Germain l'Auxerrois

crowd was separated from Napoleon by only a slight barrier. On seeing the Emperor the people burst into frenzied cries of 'Vive L'Empereur!' Many approached the garden wall and extending their hands to him beseechingly, begged to be led against the enemy. The Emperor raised his hand in salute, giving them at the same time a sad and affectionate glance, and signing to them to be calm, he resumed his walk with his brother Lucien."

Had Waterloo been as brilliant a victory as it was an utter rout, the fate of the world would have been essentially the same. Waterloo might have happened several years earlier and gone by the name of Pultusk or Lobau: it might have been delayed by a few years if luck had served Bonaparte. The final result was inevitable. He was waging war, not even for his own sake, but for "*its*" sake, against the interest of Europe—against the interests of France and of his dynasty. The wonder is that the collapse did not come earlier. Most intimately connected with him were the "Guides," his constant companions whose uniform was the green livery of the household; and most picturesque were the "Mamelukes," with green turbans, a most devoted band of worshippers of the "man of destiny," who fought bravely through all the wars beside him and were finally massacred in 1815 by the fanatical populace of Marseilles.

I cannot resist including here my opinion, which may

be taken for what it is worth. The present Republic has endured more than any other regime, because for many years it was frankly provisional. But since 1880, it has fallen into the same error as its predecessors. It has banished the pretenders, whose presence in France was an element of national reconciliation. It is opposed to the direct election of the Chief Magistrate, to the referendum and plebiscite, to woman suffrage, and even to proportional representation, because forsooth, these methods of consulting the people might endanger the stability of existing institutions.

In other words, the Republic places itself above democracy, whereas it ought to be the truest embodiment of democracy.

The ghosts of legitimacy and absolutism have not yet been exorcised: Marianne believes in her divine right as sincerely as Louis XIV.

France has been governed by many parties: she has not yet tried, unreservedly, the government of the people by the people, even though the people should elect to be ruled by a d'Orléans or a Napoléon.

French Artists

THE painters in former days were conspicuous because of their marvelous beards, and their long hair, the black slouch hats, the collarless jackets, low cut shirts, and the baggy trousers big at the hips and all wrinkled at the ankles. In many of the "pensions" are paintings and drawings done "con amoré," as one can see, and doubtless left in payment for the morning "café complét." Nearly every French family harbors, or has harbored at some time, a son, brother, or cousin who is, or has been, an art student. Not only does one find some sort of an art school in nearly every street near the Luxembourg Gardens, but there are Ateliers, encouraged by the Government, and visited by the greatest of French painters, who give their time and ability for nothing to the earnest students, offering facilities not found elsewhere in the world to all who wish to learn to draw, paint, or model in clay, in addition to the government schools of the Beaux-Arts—a great temple furnished by the state, as well as the Palace in the Champs-Elysées for the exhibition of statues and paintings of proven merit, and where honors are conferred on

those who distinguish themselves in any branch of art without regard to color or nationality.

Through this fostering care, and the native talent, the art sentiment is consequently more highly and generally developed than in any other country, and the evidence of this is seen on every hand. The rule is, therefore, that every man aspires to be an artist in his profession, whether he be prime minister in the Chamber or Deputies, or chef in his kitchen. This artistic government commissions splendid groups of statuary before the opéra, and issues edicts as to the costumes of the danseuses: it had constructed a capital city which is a monument to Art. This cult of the beautiful is so stimulated that its fruits are visible in all departments of life, and it is plain to all that without this encouragement of art the city would never have attained its magnificent development.

The authorities have made the study of art in every day life a real business, and have applied its principles to the development and improvement of highways and bridges, and there is everywhere throughout the city intelligent and educated direction in the expenditure of great sums of money for art as well as for objects of practical use.

The poor man in the street has his share of the Art of Paris, the splendors of the Champs-Elysées, the fountains with their magnificent groups and the lovely green

The Grand Palace

Paris 1923

promenades and bordering alleys. The workman comes out to these in the early morning as soon as the sweepers and scavengers have finished their timely work. So whatever the poverty of his lodgings, the art in the street helps him to start his daily work right. This is how Paris educates her poor people. For nothing the poorest of the poor may enjoy the beauty of the statuary, the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the figures of the Luxembourg fountain; the great groups of the provinces in the Place de la Concorde and the magnificent compositions of the Arc de Triomphe. The long lines of electric street lamps at night light him home to his humble supper.

Compare all this beauty to what the workman sees in our own American cities; hideousness of form and color, and littered and unkempt streets with the stains of years, lined with the buildings most of which are totally devoid of either grace or imagination. Will we never profit by the example of Paris?

The French demand art in the street and it is given to them. Extend this difference between what we have in New York, and what Paris has had for years and one can understand why their streets are distinctive educators. The French workman has beheld great works of art from his infancy, he is born to a splendid tradition of culture in the principles of art, and he has his share of beauty for the millions spent by the State; this he

enjoys in his daily journey to his work from the shady Bois at one end of the city, to the small beflowered park that gives him an oasis of comfort on his way to the quarries, the fortifications, or the factories where he toils until close of day.

In America Art is an unimportant and negligible factor in our life. In France it is considered by the people and the state to be of enormous moment. When you visit the Louvre, or the Grand Palais and find them crowded with people plainly of the bourgeois class, you are amazed to find, as you certainly will, that they have come to see the pictures and sculptures because they really enjoy them. It is a fine thing when "the people" become convinced that art is necessary to the proper enjoyment of life!

Sport and Idleness

SUCH crowds, such swarms of people; one wonders at the sight! Not only are the Boulevards crowded from morning till far into the night, but the side streets as well. Of course, they are not all French people whom one meets on the great Boulevards, especially during the spring and summer, for then there are the hordes of Americans and English who come in thousands to Paris to see and to spend more than they can afford. Crowds . . . crowds . . . and yet again crowds! Swarming along the great highways, into the museums and the restaurants . . . in autos and taxis, and the great buses run by the touring companies. No such crowds were ever dreamed of in Paris before the great war. Nor such interminable processions of horn tooting automobiles. The miles of Boulevards are now choked with them from end to end, making it as difficult to cross them as it is at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

As for the demon cocher, he of the tin hat and the red waistcoat who, in my student days used to take such pleasure in riding down any unfortunate tourist who

came in his way—and with imprecations, gesticulations, and snapping of the whip. No longer is he the devilish ruffian of yore. In those earlier days he was known to drive his fiacre at a walk in seeming innocence until he had tempted his prey to try to cross the street before him,—and then he would lash his wretched "Rosinante" of a horse and charge down upon him furiously, laughing grimly at the panic he caused. For the law provided that if run down in the street by the "cocher" the unfortunate could be arrested by the "Gardien" and upon arraignment before M. le Commissaire, fined for obstructing the public highway, and one-half the money would be given to the cocher.

But now—"Regardez donc" the plight of this miscreant. He has almost vanished from the street. When one perchance comes upon one of these in some out of the way street, see how torpid and listless he has become, rarely venturing on the crowded boulevards, where the long lines of automobiles and huge long and low hung auto buses go tearing through the thoroughfares at a rate of speed that he never for a moment thought possible in his wildest dreams. He has thrown up his hands in despair—his job is done for. "Name of a name of a name!"

Even the rue de Rivoli, formerly so quiet and tranquil, is choked with traffic the live long day, and the long suffering Tuileries gardens are crowded with bands of

tourists, and when by chance there is a night fête such as the one that terminated the Grand Gymnastic Meeting of August (1923) the gardens are packed to suffocation from the Gambetta Statue to the Place de la Concorde. Paris loves "le sport" which has made great strides in France since the war, and "maman" who a few years ago trembled when her twelve year old "fils" went forth clad in cap and overshoes to school during a shower, now in all weathers speeds him on his way in boy scout uniform with perfect equanimity—"le sport" has quite reconciled her to the change.

To the French "le sport" means anything from standing for hours watching a bicycle race, or a lot of half naked men rowing on the river, to running along the Champs-Elysées in a pair of undergarments cut down to fit, or a run around the garden before breakfast. No wonder then that a great crowd greeted Pelissier at the Olympiades on his homeward run on the last day of the Tour de France, that most exhausting of cycle races which lasted one month, and was really a Tour of France on two wheels. Such dash! such enthusiasm has rarely been seen! Long before the first arrival the Velodrome of the Parc des Princes was fairly crammed with the crowd. And that concourse of people that gathered for the night fête in the Tuileries gardens, nowadays desecrated by those shanties given over to freak picture shows, and dog shows, and cat shows, and between

times dug up and trenched for the placing of marquees used for public banquets too large for any hotel, and for fireworks displays. These last threaten to finish the beautiful statuary, for the gamins mounted and festooned themselves the other day over Couston's magnificent groups that so beautifully adorn both sides of the Place de la Concorde entrance. They climbed the trees of which they have broken many of the great branches. Thousands of small rush bottomed chairs let out on this occasion by thrifty old women at exorbitant rates were smashed to bits, and strewed the way. But it was the statues that suffered most. The splendid figure of The Saône is sadly mutilated, her long plait of hair has been broken off at the end. The Loire is scratched and scored by clumsy heels, the wounds gleaming white against the stained marble! And all this damage for one evening's fireworks! The police did nothing.

One of the paradoxes of the French character is the combination with a democratic spirit of respect for authority which is manifested by, for example, the reverence of many Frenchmen for Government officials and for those holding any public position. A prefect, a senator or a deputy in France is a sort of minor deity who is feared and respected even though he may not be personally liked.

This attitude of reverence for authority is, I fancy, a legacy of catholicism—one of the many impressions

which centuries of catholic tradition have left upon the French character and which still survives in a France where catholicism has been abandoned by the majority of the people. I note that the French anti-clerical papers talk, for instance, of the necessity of preserving the "hierarchy" of the administration.

But the respect for authority has greatly diminished during the last quarter of a century, since I first went to live in Paris, especially among the proletariat; its decline dates from the secularisation of the national schools in 1882, which has had a great effect upon the French character in many ways. The French are prone to try to evade any law when they think they can do it with impunity, and it has been said that nothing pleases most Frenchmen more than the evading or the breaking of one, and "getting away with it." They feel that they are getting one back on their masters. Respect for authority also leads to a lack of civism. The reason why traffic is so well handled in London is explained as a realization on the part of the drivers that in obeying the signal of the "bobby" they do not simply show respect for the law, but their compliance makes the regulation of traffic easier for all. A few years ago measures were taken in Paris to regulate traffic in the streets, and has met with considerable success. The French policeman now wields a white baton, as a symbol of authority, and he is obeyed because disobedience involves a penalty, but I

noted that when the driver could manage to slip through without being noticed by the policeman, he did so. This is typical of a too common French attitude towards regulations, even when they are obviously to the general advantage. The attitude is not a symptom of love of individual liberty, but of lawlessness arising from a natural dislike of the authority to which submission is too readily given when it cannot be evaded.

It has a parallel in the anti-clericalism of mediaeval tales, the writers of which took their revenge against their hated despots in the only way open to them. I have said this in conversation with Frenchmen, and they have not disagreed with me, but they expressed wonder that I, a foreigner, had studied them so well.

The French have been too ready to put up with the exercise of authority and to submit to abuses and even oppression. This is the result of that remarkable patience and endurance so conspicuous during the war; they have perhaps more capacity for endurance than any other people.

One realizes how patient the French are when one sees them waiting for hours to see a minister, or deputy, or even a doctor. The impatient American, if he waited at all, would be frowning and indignant after the first few minutes. This patience is a quality which has stood the French in good stead, but it can be carried, and is so, to excess sometimes. A nervous American friend and I,

on one occasion, arrived at the Gare St. Lazare having sent on our luggage some time before, but when we got there it was still in the yard. A great number of people were in line waiting to have their luggage weighed and we soon saw that there was little or no chance of catching our train. My friend however, was a person of resource and went to the room where the weighing machines were being operated, and saw that of the four machines only one was being used, thus causing the delay. He protested so vigorously and to such purpose that the station master was sent for, and he at once ordered all four in use. The strange thing was that it took an American to move things, that to not one of the waiting Frenchman did it occur to protest or do anything whatever except grumble—and but for the impatience of my friend many of the people in line, including ourselves, would have missed the trains for which they had bought tickets.

Now it seems to me that this is typical of the French attitude towards authority—they will too often endure abuses for years without making any effective protest, and when at last the situation becomes absolutely unbearable they will break out and smash up everything. That is perhaps the reason why there have been so many revolutions in France. No one thinks of making reforms until it is too late and a clean sweep has become necessary and inevitable.

But the wise tourist, if he would be happy, will do well in Paris to close his eyes to these minor thorns in his pillow. It were well for him to eschew captious criticism and enjoy those blessings and benefits with which the French surround him. For Paris is certainly a city of comforts, and this seems a commonplace qualification of its attractions.

For me, well as I know the city, a daily ride through the colorful streets and the Boulevards in any one of the great lumbering auto busses is a never failing treat. For I can at will, descend at any point I choose haphazard, and join the throng on the wide pavements or linger before the brilliant shop windows displaying their treasures. Or I can watch the fountains play where the happy children romp with their nurses in the Luxembourg gardens, or the Tuileries, or I can loiter on any of the splendid bridges crossing the Seine enjoying the vistas of gardens, palaces and historic towers. It is all like a great theatre filled with a wondrous audience for whom it furnishes an unrivalled spectacle. This audience seems to enjoy itself to the fullest and each day the curtain rises and falls upon the "comédie humaine," with all its happenings and events; its lights and its shadows; its laughter and its tears, oblivious to the fact that there is no end to it as a drama. It is never ending. Its ever present underplot of viciousness, crime and poverty is only disclosed to those who seek it out.

For them: unhappiness. For the others who view it superficially and seek only distraction it is unrivalled.

In the abstract, Paris is the most perfect presentation the world can show. There are those, and indeed they are many, whose highest idea of enjoyment finds its ideal in the beauties of the Place de la Concorde by day and night, or the shops in the rue de la Paix or the great boulevards. Paris in some way captivates all. Its attractions do not gradually grow upon you; they are evident at once,—even before you recover from the effects of your journey. As you ride along the thronged historic streets from the station to your hotel, you are pleased to recognize the splendid buildings and the parks made familiar to you by the pictures you have seen of them. It is Paris, the Paris you have longed to see, the most splendid capital of Europe. It is a city by itself, overriding and dominating all standards of beauty and greatness, and it suits all tastes. For myself, I have visited and lived in the cities of other countries of Europe famed for their antiquities antedating by centuries the discovery of our own country; I have spent days in ancient strongholds redolent of the middle ages, with their histories of the wars of the nobles, and the going and coming of the Knights Templar; the clank of armor and days of picturesque chivalry; I have sat in the cloisters of the monastery of Saint Michel on the Norman-Breton coast, and I have wandered through the

tortuous passages and the great rooms of the Vatican in Rome, where Popes, Cardinals, and Kings conspired, triumphed, and passed on; I have sat in the Colosseum musing, surrounded by Cook's Tourists who knew not the why and wherefore any more than I; and I have watched the tarrying of the midnight sun within the Arctic Circle while seated upon the tomb of an ancient Viking, but I can say truthfully that I have never been so moved by any scene as that view of the ancient Cité of Paris, Lutetia, that small island in the Seine, with its old bridges and buildings shining like gold in the May sunshine with the twin towers of Notre Dame rising above the ancient gables, and the dark luxuriant clump of trees on the prow-like point of the Ile all reflected in the opalescent waters of the Seine.

One of the very best of the views of Paris, I think, is that from the old Pont des St. Pères. I have returned to it many times, whenever I have been in the city. The broad paved slope of the embankment with its heaped up piles of cement sacks, sand, and myriads of barrels, forms a sunny background. Here the workmen are swarming about a huge swinging derrick used to load the heavy lighters moored to the quay. Opposite is one of those quaint old bath houses, soon to be removed, with its green shuttered windows and tall iron smokestack against the pearly sky. The river Seine running swiftly here has a few boats on it, but its opalescent surface of

greenish blue is dotted with little dancing riplets of gold and rose color. The Pont des Arts standing high and delicate against the gold of the quay side, is like black lacework in its fragility: along its footway is a hurrying crowd of people passing and repassing, full of movement and color. The old Pont Neuf with its mellow toned arches of saffron and brown is beyond, and at the Ile de St. Louis is lost as in a mirror of blinding light reflected from the afternoon sun on the water where the dam of La Monnaie is shown by its bar of foam. Wagons, great lumbering auto busses, and black ant-like figures of people pass and repass on the old bridge with the regularity of a mechanical toy.

Framed in the perspective of the background of the massed houses of the two banks is the Cité, on the right half hidden by the luxuriant mass of the trees where stands out the corner of the Hotel de Ville, with the square tower of St. Gervais almost lost in the haze. At the left the Institute, and the facade of the Mint appear from the trees . . . The Cité, rising from the picture like the prow of a huge antique galley all golden in the sunlight, and topped by the dim towers of Notre Dame, is a sight never to be forgotten. The old gray houses on the Quai de Horloge were lost in the shadow, but those on the Quai des Orfévres shone a delicate salmon pink with their windows blazing spots of gold. The roofs were all hung and masked in violet with the old chimney

pots and gables picked out in orange. Two delicate spires soared into the heavens, that of the Sainte Chapelle, and the slender one of Notre Dame, the work of Viollet-le Duc, both so gossamer-like that they seemed pencilled against the sky.

There are always loungers on the quays, and the mystery is who supports these men and half-grown boys who evidently have all the time in the world on their hands—"They toil not, neither do they spin." They do no harm to the fish, if there are fish in the Seine, for I never yet have seen one caught. These fishermen are patience itself, evidently there is a large modicum of what may be called "passivity" in their make-up, as foil to their excitability. Here on the quays those who are not fishing or idly watching the swishing water or the floating corks are washing and shaving poodle dogs. I wonder if any other city can show so many alleged anglers to the mile of river bank as Paris?—They fish hopefully even in the soapy water about the large river washing-boats, and the Ecluse de la Monnaie at the Pont Neuf is fairly lined with them. How one would miss them if they were not there!

Or follow the river down in one of the small steamboats; outside the barriers of the city are broad river roads lined with luxuriantly foliaged trees and flowering old gardens, and there are quaint villages in the valleys where wayside inns provide accommodations typically

The Great Central Doorway of Notre Dame

The Great Central Doorway of Notre Dame

George Whitaker Edwards.
Paris.
June 1923.
©
The Great Central Doorway of Notre Dame.

French. One may engage a boat at the riverside and float lazily among the willows the whole day long in ideal surroundings, returning to the city in time for dinner at your favorite restaurant.

Restaurants

PARIS has restaurants of international fame with cuisine to tempt humanity beyond its strength; restaurants of many sorts, stylish, up-to-date ones with much display of gilt work and crystal, and of course many others quite the reverse, the first mentioned thronged with hordes of gourméts, and noted for special dishes or vintage wines. Of these there is for instance the Tour d'Argent in an out of the way corner, which attracts a distinguished clientéle by furnishing one special perfect dish perfectly served. And another sort like Ciro's, where one may dine to music and dance thereafter, meeting those people who are for the moment in the public eye. Then there is a long list of most romantically situated out of door places in that green region of artificiality, the Bois-de-Boulogne, all illuminated at nightfall with literally thousands of electric lamps like fairy palaces. In these places one dines very late; at nine o'clock or sometimes even later, and the habituées would not dream of insulting the "chef," by leaving the table to dance as his finest effort in the art of cooking is placed upon the table. So here the orchestra

rarely indulges in the elsewhere popular "Jazz," instead, soft melodies pulsing with passion flow through the greenery and really accompany and stimulate the enjoyment of the repast.

No city in Europe makes so much of its green breathing spaces as does Paris, and all about in addition to the beautiful restaurants of the Bois, there are the delightfully secluded and unsuspected places in the Champs-Elysées, where there is music but no dancing, or at Les Acacias, where there is a fine dancing parlor, and charmingly secluded tables for those who like for one reason or another to dine unobserved. For these Paris is the paradise of the diner. The consumption of wine is, of course, very large. Without it the business could not go on. Here then everybody drinks, and nobody is drunk. At least I never saw anything of the sort. The French claim that wine adds to the beauty and zest of existence—and France is seen warmed by sunny skies and mild wines where grape and grain both nourish and stimulate.

All about Paris, as before remarked, and down the winding river Seine are charming beauty spots,to which winding white roads embowered with trees lead the tired traveler seeking comfort and relaxation. He finds ideally placed wayside inns with romantic names in the shadow of ruined châteaux, with secluded gardens and terraces in which are tables set with snowy cloths await-

ing him, where expert and attentive chèfs are eager to serve him with choice food and vintage wines, and where he can take his ease overlooking the winding river in tapestried bowers of roses which overhang the wooden railings and lend their glow and scent to his repast. What does he care about the facts and figures of prohibition? . . . . . He feels that an Apéritif is necessary to his comfort, and he orders it. Here is blessed relief from noise, motion and glare. There is a golden dust hanging in the air from the long white winding road. On the bank of the river rows of small boats rise and fall swinging gently at their moorings. Under the willows overhanging the bank some laborers are eating their luncheon of splendid bread, the golden and creamy cheese of Pont l'Evêque and a cup of wine.

Now comes his Apéritif to the tired traveler, one of those delicious French ones of gold, or ruby, or clear amber, that all miraculously serve to spread rest, comfort, and appetite through his jaded body, and he is then ready for whatever the skilled chéf has to offer him.

Perchance first comes the rosy little radishes grown in the garden beyond the kitchen; slices of pink Normandy sausages; the hearts of splendid artichokes; salade of crimson tomatoes, and with these a platter smoking hot of encrisped little fish caught an hour ago in the river shinging beyond.

The attentive elderly waiter, with the manners of a

Deputy of France, serves a small bottle of Pouilly which is as dry and light as the sunshine itself. Then he brings him with the roast and its salade a generous glass of Bordeaux or Burgundy from the mouldy cellar beneath the inn: the bottle all crusted with dust and cobwebs, and of an age which one can believe in or not as he chooses.

Then there are apples and cheese from the farm above, and a "mazagran" of coffee the color of old amber and as fragrant as it is strong. To this the attentive waiter adds a small glass of Calvados, which completes the memorable repast.—And all this within, almost, the sight of the towers of Paris. The countryside is filled with inns of this sort, each village has its cafés with awnings and shrubs behind which are rows of small round iron tables where one may order and be well served.

In the villages beneath the large trees, and on the splendid green grass of the river side the children romp and play, while the clean looking mothers knit, or peel vegetables and gossip. There are here and there today as I sit in the Café of the "Couronne d'Or" and write these appreciative lines, bands of school children from the school beyond, on the river bank below eating the "gouter" (luncheon) of chocolate and fresh bread brought to them by the mothers so that they may not lose any time. They are just far enough away from where I sit for their chattering voices to add melody to the scene . . "How charming is all this," exclaims B—-, my friend and

companion, the eminent painter, "How gracious, how easy is life made here in France, and to think that all this is to be had in a week's sail from New York." Alas! for the "Land of the Free."

The "déjeuner au restaurant" is certainly a Paris institution than which there is nothing better anywhere in the world. I have eaten midday meals in London, Rome, Florence, Constantinople, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, (which the people there pronounce Shepenham), Goteborg (Yette-bor) and many other famous cities in Europe, in restaurants famed for their cooking, but I can truthfully say that France is the only country which has the realized ideal in which the courses succeed one another with ever richer promise both to the eye and the palate, and the final "petit-verre" is the crowning touch. Whether in the Champs-Elysées under the trees with manufactured surroundings imitating nature, or at one of the great establishments on the boulevard, the celebrated chéf in any one of them rarely fails to charm and interest you with the magic of his art. If you take the trouble to choose your particular restaurant with judgment you will find the fare always dependable, and certainly good enough, in even the humblest of them, for human nature's daily food. The proprietor will make it his business to please you. Be sure that you approach him in the right spirit, and he meets you more than half way.

RESTAURANTS

No one, I think, ever heard a Frenchman apologize for enjoying his food. Our forms of asking grace before meat does not either interest him, or impress him. I never yet heard a Frenchman pray that his food might be sanctified to his use. He would claim that the discussion of a fine fat capon with Burgundy is certainly as commendable as the Socratic system. The main arguments of his scheme of life are agreeable conversation, things of beauty to see, especially beautiful women; music with its sensuous appeal, but not too much of it, and good food.

"Let us eat and drink and be merry," say the French, "For tomorrow we die;" so life here advances and proceeds with the least possible friction. And let us by no means forget the waiters—those humble and efficient friends of mankind without whose offices—civility and counsel—in matters gastronomic, something at least of the enjoyment of the repast would be lacking.

Most amusing to the appreciative foreigner is the joyous chattering and apparently irresponsible frivolity of the habituees.

Questions of great moment are often brought up and settled in these resorts, by diplomats, who otherwise might continue to misunderstand each other. Lawyers discuss and prepare their briefs at dejeuner, and, of course, the "eternal question" is ever present and plainly visible. Blessed indeed are these seemingly carefree people. Everything is harmonious in beautiful Paris.

Streets, Names, Etc.

MANY of the old streets of Paris are named from the noble families, as for instance: De Rohan, from the Ducal line; d'Antin Garancière; de Duras, and du Roi de Sicile; de Grammont; Lesdiguières; Ventadour; and de Choiseul.

Those from the religious and monastic orders are named "des Grands Augustins; des Mathurins; des Blancs Manteaux; Récollets; Petits-Pères; Filles du Calvaire; Nonnains d'Yeres; Filles-St. Thomas; Ursulines. From the abbesses of Montmartre: Bellefond; St. Anne; Rôchechouart.

In the strange region of the Marais, one finds the rue St. Paul, named from the Palace and the ancient gardens.

The rue Figuier-St. Paul is so called from the great and famous fig tree which was long its pride. The rue Beautrellis was named from the garden trellis.

The rue Cérisaie, from the famous grove of cherry trees, and the Lions-St.-Paul after the collection of wild beasts sent from Africa to the Holy Abbot and there kept.

The rue dé'Enfer, contrary to popular belief, was in

early times the rue Inferior; the name was corrupted and changed in the time of the Restoration when it was gravely alleged that the ancient château of the de Vauverts was occupied by the devil and his crew of demons.

A large number of the old streets were named from the sign boards of the various shops and inns, such as: du Coq-Héron; de l'Hirondelle; du Sabot; du Cherche-Midi; du Ciseau; du Coq-St. Jean; de l'Arbalète; de l'Arbre Sec; des Deux-Ecus; du Chaudron; and such.

The Coquelaire; Simon-le-Franc; Git-le-Coeur were named from merchant princes of the time, as were The Tiquetonne and Aubry-le-Boucher; the Popincourt and Meslay as well as rue Bailleu were named for members of Parliament.

A great many of the streets were named in celebration of historical events or to commemorate legends, or to mark the location of monuments. For instance, the rue Pierre-Levée takes its name from a Druidical Menhir or Dolmen which formerly stood in the field.

The rue des Frondeurs was the location of the barricades erected in the war.

The rue des Martyrs was where Sts. Rusticus, Denis and Eleutherius were put to death at Montmartre.

The Vide-Gousset, Mauvais Garçôns, Mauconseil, and Matthieu denoted the evil character of the inhabitants.

The military victories were celebrated in such names as Castiglione, Rivoli, des Pyramides and Victoire.

For administrative purposes Paris is divided into twenty parishes or "arrondissements," of which fourteen are on the north bank of the river Seine, and six on the south. As a hint to the form of the city, they form a spiral, the first four grouped in a square on the north bank in the center of the city: the fifth, sixth and seventh lie on the south bank. Crossing the Seine again one finds the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth encircling the first four. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth are the south side, and the remaining five form an outer ring on the north side.

In the streets parallel with the river the numbers of the houses run in the direction of the river. In streets at right angles to the river No. 1, it is remarked, is always the house nearest to the Seine.

The rue St. Jacques is a very picturesque and crooked street through the most ancient part of Paris, with very old houses of charming character to the painter and antiquary, and filled with life and movement, and this close to a quarter which is quietude itself, described by Balzac in Le Pére Goriot. "In the close packed streets between the dome of the Val de Grace and the dome of the Pantheon. . . .the pavements are dry, the gutters have neither mud nor water, and the grass grows along the walls. Silence reigns . . . the noise of a carriage is an event, the houses are gloomy, the walls like those of a prison . . . no quarter of Paris is less known." This old

winding street is now, and has been for years noted for its Book Shops, the resort of antiquaries. In Coryat's "Crudities" published in 1611 is the following mention of it. "The Via Jacobaea is very full of booke-sellers that have faire shoppes most plentifully furnished with bookes." In the silent and deserted square, Place St. Jacques, the two infamous conspirators who plotted against Louis Philippe, Morey and Pepin, were publicly put to death in 1835. Curiously enough in this melancholy locality is situated the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Institution des Sourds-Muêts.

The rue Cockatrix, which ran west close behind the church of St. Pierre, was named from the "fief" of a great family which existed in the XIII Century. Opposite the Madeleine was formerly the famous tavern named the Pomme de Pin, a great resort for wits and such in the seventeenth century, and Rabelais speaks of them as "Tavernes Méritoires ou causonisoient joyousement les escholieres du Lutece."

In the rue de la Calancre was a house called from its sign, "du Grand Coq." Here in 1630 was printed the first newspaper in Paris, "La Gazette de France."

The rue de la Cité was formerly Rue de la Lanterne—de la Juiverie, where congregated the Jew money changers and du Marché-Palu.

In the rue Chanoinesse, it is said, was found the Epistles of Pliny by the Jocunde Monk.

The Faubourg St. Marcel takes its name from the old collegiate church of St. Marcel, destroyed in the Revolution.

The Quay des Miramionnes was named for a nunnery built by Mme. de Miramion in the reign of Henry IV.

The rue du Puits l'Hermite was named for the well near the notorious Prison of Ste. Pélagie where Josephine, the future Empress was imprisoned, and where Mme. Roland wrote her Memoirs.

The Marché aux Chevaux is the spot where Rose Bonheur painted one of her great pictures, The Horse Fair.

On the Place de Italie is the Mairie of the XIII arrondissement which has a great frieze painted by Gustave Boulanger with portraits of Bougereau, Cabanel, Guillaume, Dumas fils, Arago, Charles Garnier, and many other celebrities of Art and Literature.

The rue Scipion was named for the rich Scipion Sardini during the reign of Henry III, who built here "a most splendid residence" of which no trace now remains.

The Boulevard St. Marcel leads to the Avenue des Gobelins where the "Manufacture Générale des Gobelins" is situated. Here Gilles Gobelin acquired a fortune in the XV century by the manufacture of tapestries, in which the members of his family assisted. It is said that an average of six square inches is the daily task of an expert workman. Many priceless pieces of the ancient

tapestries preserved here up to that time were destroyed by the Communists in 1871. One now shown, executed in 1501, represents Louis XI, at the siege of Dole and Salins.

Two of the best examples were stolen by thieves in September 1923, but were recovered by the police, one large piece having been cut into several parts. The police found a small piece of shoe lace under one of the windows of the factory after the theft and this they cleverly used to track the thief, who had purchased a new shoe lace in a little shop near where he lived, leaving part of the old one with the proprietor, who turned it over to the police agent of the district—who happened to be the very man who had found the corresponding fragment under the window. The rest was easy work for these followers of the methods of the "Grand Lecocq." The two thieves are now in jail.

The old church of St. Mèdard was founded before the XII Century. The small walled churchyard adjoining is where the enthusiastic Jansenists came in great numbers to pray in 1727, believing that miracles were wrought there, and exhibiting such frenzy that many were in convulsions gathered about the tomb of Deacon Paris, the "bienheureux." Delaure, in his "Hist. de Paris sous Louis XV," describes at great length the frenzy of the people gathered there.

"Then commenced the practice of what was called in

the language of the convulsionists, the 'Grands Secours, les secours Meurtriers,' and the cemetery was converted into a place of torture, the succorers became executioners, and the crises of a real or fictitious malady were succeeded by fits of madness. The young women convulsionists asked for blows and bad usage, and demanded punishment as a benefit. They wanted to be beaten, tortured and punished and put to martyrdom. It seemed as if the excitement of the brain had produced a total revolution in their sensory system: the keenest pain gave them voluptuous enjoyment. The 'succorers,' strong young fellows struck them violent blows of the fist upon their backs, chests or shoulders, as the patient pleased. The wretched girls asked their executioners for still more cruel treatment. The 'succorers' then leaped on them as they lay extended on the ground, and trampled and danced upon their bodies until they were tired."

In vain did the authorities try to put an end to these scenes. Imprisonment and punishment failed to end the matter, until at length by an ordinance of January 1732, the graveyard was closed and a placard placed on the gate bearing the sacreligious lines:

"De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu."

The churchyard of St. Medard is now a charmingly embowered and beflowered greenery, with pretty walks, and seats daily thronged by children and nursemaids.

Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel

The rue Mouffetard (picture) is named for Mons Cetardus (Montcetard, Mouffetard) a picturesque street with quaint old buildings, many of which are soon to come down. The rue de l'Epée de Bois near here is where the beloved and famous Sister Rosalie lived as Superior of the Sisters of Charity, dying in February 1856.

I came upon the old chapel of Les Carmes of which the monastery was destroyed during the Revolution. It was in the garden that Mme. de Longueville, "who was even then old and blasée" saw and met the lovely and angelic Mme. Guyon, who was so beautiful that she said she "never in her life had beheld so lovely a girl."

The carrefour de l'Observatoire on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays in the place formerly known as Closerie de Lilas, is where the notorious Bals Bullier invite innocent strangers to behold "Bohemian Paris" at its best or worst, showing them sights only to be seen "derrière les coulisses de la société."

It is said that the name Bicêtre, given to the great hospital outside the old Barriere de Fontainebleau which was founded by Richelieu for insane people, was corrupted from the name Winchester, the site being the ancient palace or castle of John, Bishop of Winchester, erected in 1290.

Behind the Garden of the Luxembourg is the Allée de l'Observatoire, wherein Marshal Michael Ney, whom Napoleon I called "le brave des braves," was executed for

treason on November 21, 1815. His crime being that, when in the service of Louis XVIII, by whom he had been created a peer of France, he had deserted with his army in order to join Napoleon after his escape from Elba.

Louis Blanc, in his "Hist. de dix Ans," records that "Michel Ney, Marshal of France, Prince of the Moscowa, Duke of Elchingen, was shot in a dumb, deserted spot at the foot of a wall by soldiers in concealment, by order of a government afraid of its own violence."

The principal entrance to the Catacombs of Paris is just beyond the Barrière d'Enfer. These Catacombs are in the ancient quarries underlying about two hundred acres of the city between the Barrière and the Jardin des Plantes. Since 1786 they have been used as an ossuary, and contain the bones brought hither from the cemetery of the Innocents. The bones also of the victims of the massacre of 1789 are said to be preserved here. The place is said to be overrun by huge rats, and in the past, accidents having occurred to explorers, visitors are now forbidden excepting at stated periods, and for which, permission must be obtained from the authorities. My curiosity did not lead me there.

Nadar, the historian, says "All that has lived in Paris sleeps here, undistinguishable crowds and great men, canonized saints, and the victims of the gibbets of Montfaucon and the Greve, ... and two thousand Protestants whom the bell of Saint Bartholomew sent to death."

The Streets, Morality and Art

IT has been said that all the word feels at home in Paris, for mankind in general has always had a sentimental feeling of Patriotism for France.

Has any reader perchance been in Paris during a holiday, such for instance as mi-carême when the people are at play?—and they do play like children. Great in work—great in play are the people of France. The streets are filled with the whole population of the city playing with a veritable barrage fire of brilliant colored confetti. Such a fête could not happen in our matter-of-fact U. S. We don't know how to play.

On the Boulevard des Italians a corps of policemen this year endeavored to arrange for the passage of omnibusses and vehicles at one of the intersections and ordered the stream of people to halt. They might as well have tried to halt Niagara. The result was that the police were swept away by that laughing good-natured crowd of both sexes that thronged the great thoroughfare

from curb to curb like a brimming torrent of battling, struggling, shouting merry-makers—all grown up children. Can one imagine such a thing happening in our country—without rowdyism? No—as a people we Americans do not know how to play.

And the French are so friendly. They will chat with a perfect stranger as if they had known each other for years, and will part often without asking one's name. They have a delightfully sounding name for this—"Causer," meaning to chat—furthermore it means to chat amiably and delightfully. When they "causer" with you (pretty word that), you feel as if they regarded you as a friend.

It may be indeed that they really do not so regard you, for there is really "au fond" something hard and very shrewd in the French character, and perhaps at the end of the conversation they may regard you not at all as a friend, but they do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves, as the saying is, and they conceal their dislikes when it suits them to do so. And the French do know how to talk. They are as artistic in conversation as they are in painting and sculpture, which is only another way of saying that conversation is an art with them. Whoever has traveled through France and lived at the provincial hotels will recall the hospitality of the table d'hôte where at the table the people will answer you and laugh back without surprise or constraint. This is delightful

indeed, but to the American abroad for the first time who knows little about the French or their customs, it is most disturbing, and it takes some time for him to adjust himself to the new conditions that surround him. He begins by thinking the people frivolous and light-minded, but ends by understanding that this frank easiness of theirs is simply good breeding.

Also the Frenchman entertains himself with studying human kind; he is a born gentleman himself, therefore he credits those whom he meets casually with like quality, until he proves the contrary. Nevertheless, with all this openness and frankness the Frenchman is reserved in his own way and hedges himself in where occasion demands it.

The American's house may be his castle, but the Frenchman's is an armored turret. "On ne donne pas la clef de sa maison" is an old saying in France. An American will invite a new acquaintance to his house to dinner often as a matter of course, but a Frenchman may know one for years, and never think of such a thing. At furthest he will invite one to luncheon or dinner at some famous restaurant, and one may know a Frenchman for years without getting beyond that stage of Gallic sociability. Americans are an extremely hospitable people, especially southerners. The French are just the reverse. Chance acquaintance with them then is therefore limited to short formal calls in which every-

body acts a part in repeating polite commonplaces, leaving any sort of mutual knowledge or intimacy exactly where it was before.

Thus the Frenchman defends himself against intimacy by an excessive show of politeness, and this is why he is so misunderstood by Americans. The latter is frequently noisy, abtrusive and contradictory, and positive —does not always try to please his listener. The Frenchman, on the contrary, is agreeable, amusing and tolerantely amiable, and tries his best to be brilliant and witty as well. Both are sincere, and when they understand one another often become close friends and tolerant of each other's peculiarities.

Some critics have told me that in writing of what I know about France and the French—I have not been patriotic; —that it is evident that I prefer the French to my own countrymen,—and that thus it is not possible for me to be impartial, as I should be. I may be mistaken, but it is my conviction that the best patriotism does not consist in writing what is untrue about the French. The plain duty of a writer, it seems to me, is above all to tell the truth, and not to so dress his facts as to deceive his readers even when they are inclined to accept his views as truths. I know that some writers are very patriotic in the narrow meaning of the term, and their books and articles are full of mis-statements, contrasting our customs, practices and institutions with those of the

foreigner, to the latter's disadvantage, and that they show the foreigner as a being who is either degenerate or downtrodden, or one who has neither merit nor proper feelings. I believe then that a writer should write truly and justly, with all consideration for the subject's different point of view and position, and a full recognition of his feelings. I am aware that just writing does not amuse, and that malevolence in describing the foreigner's pecularities may be very entertaining, and that he may be displayed and disposed of as either wicked or ridiculous, or both. Satire may be bitter and severe or humorous. And it is fine indeed to have such an opportunity for condemning a people in one artfully, terrible, comprehensive sentence.

"The unco guid" hugs himself in reading about those terrible French people of the Boulevards and their immoral Folies Bergères and such resorts, rolls up his eyes and thanks his stars that there is nothing of that sort in his country. So the whole French people are stamped as degenerates given over to the practice and worship of lubricity. And the literary moralist puts on his most dignified manner and uses his art to expose and deplore the wickedness of some thirty-two millions of fellow beings. The French have always been too proud to defend themselves against these mis-statements, and few foreigners have attempted to deny them—for the tales are amusing.

Who among us cares, for instance, that the Art of America is due to the tuition, given freely mind you, to our men, who for years have studied in the Beaux-Arts School in Paris both in architecture, sculpture and painting. When the question is asked, the answer is, "Well, what of it? What has that to do with the morality of the French people?"

Art education may be summed up briefly as an attempt to consciously return to traditions of life which long ago were attained unconsciously and afterwards departed from. These traditions were Beauty and Morality. The French cannot be said to be immoral in their acquisition of these traditions, nor are they frivolous in imparting their knowledge of these traditions to the world. Art is with them a most serious pursuit. The seriousness of their teaching may be said to be disciplinary—a culture that has extended far beyond the artist class. The serious character of this teaching has been,—is—accompanied by marked and most admirable disinterestedness. In great institutions supported by the Government artists of the highest reputation direct schools of painting, open to all foreigners who can qualify, free of charge, and from whom they expect nothing but good work and a little gratitude, and the reflected honor of having aided and brought forth one or two geniuses among a multitude of mediocrities. The result of this culture is plainly visible. Paris is the maintainer of Art.

It would seem as though we Americans can never be an artistic people, as are the French, for we subordinate the fine arts. As a matter of fact, we do not understand art at all. The French do and are content to accept with satisfaction what art has to give without troubling about what it cannot give. They believe too, in a special providence which has favored their country. But no one, I venture to affirm, has ever heard a Frenchman boast of his country. It is not necessary.

In answer to the charge of tolerance of literary, artistic and dramatic improprieties, I should say that one must remember that to the French people few things are indecent. I think too that the charge is more often made by the over squeamish and the "holier than thou's" who have gone forth on a search for just such things. True, there are "awful" books and publications on sale in the "Kiosks" on the Boulevards, but most of these are of importation and exploitation by foreigners. (This is a fact, as I have said before, and has been proved by investigation.) The foreigner in Paris sees what he calls immorality and profligacy all around him as he walks the brilliantly lighted streets after nightfall. He thinks he sees it in every café, and it brushes against him in the passing of every woman who seems to beckon and invite him to the "promenoir" of the brilliantly lighted music hall with its display of artistic posters, and the wretched travesties of men who sidle up to him, displaying photo-

graphs half concealed with tissue paper alluringly offered convince him of the immorality of the French people. Thus he stamps them.

And apparently it is only recently that they—the French people—have learned that the outside world considers them immoral. They have never before troubled themselves as to what foreigners thought of them. They *know* that they are not immoral and that has hitherto sufficed. They now are ready to consider public opinion as of importance, and they have established a bureau in New York City to instruct the Americans among other things that it is the pleasure seekers in Paris who purchase the indecent post-cards and photographs (made and printed in Austria) and who crowd the numerous "Bals," music halls, and the "shady" cafés. Everyone who has been in Paris knows of the hordes of English rakes, scamps, and ticket of leave men which infest these resorts and prey upon the foreigner. The Parisians know little about these matters save by hearsay, for Parisians do not patronize these resorts. It surprises tourists to be told this fact, for fact it is.

Of course, the charge that the people of Paris are impulsive, emotional and frivolous is borne out by these tales. There is indeed here a large population dominated by all three of these characteristics, but likewise, of course, there is a large class of conservatives which forms a counterbalance. Paris has always been more bellicose

and chauvanistic than any of the other cities, and is perhaps chiefly responsible for the wars since 1815. The boulevardiers before the world war were fiercely militaristic—what the French call "cocardier." However, in the last decade of the nineteenth century a marked change seems to have taken place in the attitude of the proletariat, which was ever ready and clamorous for spirited foreign policy. The influence of socialism has changed this, but the bourgeoisie is still more "chauvanist" than any other. In Paris, of course, the proportion of bourgeois, and particularly the rich and idle class, to population is larger than elsewhere in France, and thus dominates. The influence of the press is great, but without going very deeply into the matter here, it may be said truthfully the news published is not always reliable, indeed, it is claimed that some of the papers do not hesitate to invent news to support some particular policy of the moment. Thus, although they are quoted abroad, they do not really represent the opinion of the people, and for this reason France is wrongfully judged abroad, and suffers accordingly.

One should beware of generalizing too much about the democratic spirit of the French people. Under the Empire the bourgeoisie was distinguished from the nobles, but these latter have been merged in what is called the "grande bourgeoisie," the wealthy industrial and financial class. I am assured by high authority that

a large proportion of those who claim to be of the old "noblesse," are merely descendants of "bourgeois" who had received titles under the Empire or the Restoration, or have purchased them from the Pope, or perhaps even conferred them upon themselves.—There is nothing to prevent them from so doing, now that no titles are recognized in France by law. There are really three classes of bourgeoisie, the upper, middle, and lower. The first comprises the great financiers, remnant of the noblesse; the second, officials of the Government, artist—painters and sculptors, scientists and professors, and "rentiers"; the third or lower class the trades people, small capitalists, minor government officials and shopkeepers. It may be remarked that as a curious fact, there is still in France a marked prejudice against commerce and trade, for the ambition of every Frenchman is to scrape together and save enough money to invest in "rentes," thereby becoming a "rentier," and able to live on his money.

As to the attitude of France towards a constitutional monarchy, the fate of Louis Philippe shows conclusively that such form of government has no chance of success. The Monarchy of July was in many respects the best and most pacific regime that France had during the nineteenth century,—but the people pronounced a constitutional monarchy an absurdity, and Louis Philippe was held up to ridicule in the comic papers as a fat bourgeois

St. Etienne du Mont

Paris 1923.
St Etienne du Mont.

with an umbrella as a scepter. The present Royalist party is now headed by M. Léon Daudet, and his life is not a happy one, for the well-known Mademoiselle Berthon "in the scarlet velvet waist" and the student "béret," lay in wait to kill him the other day (January 22, 1923) and it was not her fault that she did not succeed, but Daudet had gone elsewhere. The young woman, chagrined, then shot herself. She was arrested, taken to the hospital, recovered, brought up for trial, and was acquitted. All France was horrified at this, and as a sequel the young son of Daudet is said to have committed suicide because of love for Germaine Berthon who had repulsed him. The young woman, released from jail, celebrated the event at cafés of Montmartre. The Royalists denounced reports designed to discredit them and incite other anarchists to continue the guerrilla warfare against the "Camelot du Roi" leaders.

It is claimed that the present surprising activity of the "Camelots du Roi," (the Hawkers of the King) is due to the fact that they fancy the time to be propitious for a "coup," since the Government is now occupied with the troubles in the Ruhr, and has no time to devote to them. The name was given to them, it appears, when they first invaded the streets around the Opera House at the head of the Avenue, with the initial number of the Royalist paper "L'Action-Française." Since then the police have repeatedly chased them away because they have no

license to peddle. Since the war, the members of the Camelots have become so strong and numerous and so well disciplined, that they are now recognized throughout France as the fighting phalanx of the French Royalist Organization.

They subscribe to an oath which binds them to "fight every Republican régime and to pursue the work of restoring the Monarchy."

M. Léon Daudet, whose life was sought by the female anarchist, who killed his secretary M. Marius Plateau, when Daudet did not appear, is the moving spirit of the organization and each day in his paper "L'Action Française," he attacks with a vitriolic pen the institutions and men of the Third Republic, using all the literary ability which he inherits from his illustrious father, Alphonse Daudet. During the son's career he has fought many duels, but of late he has refused to meet those whom he has attacked, except in courts of law for libel. After the assassination of his secretary, Daudet organized a force with great ceremony and descended upon the office and plant of a radical newspaper, which they wrecked with enthusiasm.

Of course no one in France believes for a moment in the possibility of putting the Duc de Orléans on the throne, but strangely enough the Royalist party seems to be growing stronger in political influence since the success of Mussolini's revolution, and this in spite of the fact that

the Royalist movement, unlike that of the Fascisti, is entirely illegal, since its avowed purpose is the overthrow of the whole republican régime of France.

Its acknowledged aim is the destruction of democracy in favor of aristocracy and the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic church in France. At the head of the Royalist band is one Charles Mauras, a brilliant scholar, who is very deaf, but manages in spite of his affliction to know all that transpires. Daudet relies upon him for support.

Some twenty years ago Madame Steinheil leaped into notoriety disclosing the terrible corruption underlying politics, and hardly more than ten years ago Madame Caillaux shot down Gaston Calmette, editor of the "Figaro."

And now the "Affaire" Daudet, which bids fair to become one of the greatest and most baffling mysteries Paris has ever known. The young man, or rather boy, for he was little more than a lad, was the son of Léon Daudet, and grandson of Alphonse, the illustrious novelist, whose charmingly simple tale of the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans in 1870 is a well-known classic in the school books. Leon, the head of the Royalist party in France is the author of many brilliant if disapproved novels, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

The lad Philippe was educated at the Lycée Louis le

Grand,and proved himself a brilliant pupil, an inheritor of the genius of both his father and grandfather, producing poems of a high order at the age of fourteen, and giving evidence of being what is known in the jargon of psychology as an "Introvert." He frequently ran away from home, remaining away for several days at a time, but always returning to his studies, and resuming his life at home without explanation of his conduct. He was the chosen companion of Georges Vidal, a pallid fellow of twenty or thereabouts, who was employed in the office of the "Libertaire," and both frequented small cabarets such as the "Gringoire" on the Rive Gauche, where gather the coterie known as the "extremists."

All that is known of the suicide of the young lad is that one afternoon in December last, a revolver shot was heard on the Boulevard Magenta coming from a taxi-cab driven by one Barjol, who on opening the door found the boy on the floor with blood streaming from a wound in his head. The police rushed the cab with the boy to the Laribosiéire Hospital where he died in a few hours. The driver Barjol was arrested and locked up. He claims that he knows nothing at all of the matter. The boy's pockets contained a list of addresses of extremist leaders and a card of the Spanish Embassy with 83 francs in coin and bills.

The elder Daudet knew nothing of the whereabouts of his son until the next morning at breakfast he read a

small item in the newspaper, saying that an "inconnu" had shot himself in a taxicab the day before and had died in the hospital already named. He went hurriedly to the hospital, with forebodings, and identified the body as that of his son. There was a funeral at the Daudet home and the body was buried in Père Lachaise in consecrated ground with ceremonies by the Royalist friends of the Daudets, but there was little publicity attached to the matter.

A week later, however, appeared the "Libértaire" relating the whole affair written in infinite detail by Georges Vidal together with prose poems written by young Daudet, and a letter to his mother which the lad had intrusted to Vidal to be sent at once. This letter asked forgiveness for the trouble he had caused her, confessed to being an anarchist, ending by saying that he was "summoned" and that his duty was to accomplish what he had set out to do. The lad's father at once went to the authorities at the Palais de Justice and entered formal charges against the anarchists as murderers of his son. He was informed that formal accusation with proof against some one named person was necessary. Daudet put the matter in charge of the great detective Faralicq, who became famous in the Caillaux case, as well as in the prosecution of Landru, the murderer of young girls, and the "Libértaire" and "Action Française," as I write this account, are both daily pub-

lishing vehemently worded articles containing hypotheses and recriminations beclouding the matter. Nothing definite to explain the murder or suicide of the lad has resulted so far. These questions are continually asked:

Where did he get the revolver?
Was he on his way from the office of the "Libertaire" to kill his father?
Was he murdered, or did he commit suicide?
Was he in love with the Berton girl?
What connection had Vidal, who has been called a "Svengali," with the crime?
Was it Barjol, the taxicab driver, who shot the lad?

Faralicq and his men are working upon the case. They say nothing.

The paper "L'Action Française" has steadily grown in circulation from 20,000 before the war, to nearly if not quite 200,000 last year, due perhaps also to the reaction in favor of religion in the provinces, and the growth of the conviction widely expressed in many Parisian circles, that France won the war not so much because of, but in spite of the republican régime. Then too, the failures of the Government in obtaining the money due in reparations from Germany has attracted supporters to the violent methods of Daudet, so the Camelots are proving a very potent factor in Paris today. Astonishment has been expressed that the paper has been allowed to continue publication, but there may be wisdom in this

course on the part of the successive governments during the war and since. France then has a Royalist Constitution and a Bonapartist administration. The proverb may be quoted again: "Plus ca change, plus c'est le meme chose."

A prominent French journalist calls attention to the curious fact that every ten years Paris has an "affaire" of import. Thirty years ago it was the Dreyfus affair, a cause celèbre, in which religious intolerance and crime involving the highest and most important personages in the land constituted the most scandalous and celebrated case on record.

The "Action Française" remarks sententiously: "Plateau will be avenged."

Germaine, in the meanwhile, is unperturbed, and is the recipient of over forty offers of marriage. The end is not yet in sight. Daudet is a very determined man.

To return to the subject of Art, France is proud of her artists. (By artists I mean painters, not musicians; not the concert hall singers who have stolen the title.) The government never loses an opportunity to do honor to the members of the profession, and the people consequently have a deep seated respect for exhibitions of works of art. Indeed the intelligence manifested by the "people in the street" in aesthetic matters is considered by the French authorities as of genuinely practical value to the State, and the Cabinet of France includes an under

Secretary of State for Fine Arts. The popularization of artistic taste has resulted in making Paris the official play ground of the world. There is then an intimate relation in Paris between art and life, and the government regards the artists not as weaklings and bohemians but as men whose life long professional toil and study and experience has equipped them with the power for authoritative judgment. The United States ignores art officially.

The French are obsessed with the opinion that artists have better taste than aldermen, whose knowledge of "art artists" and their work is confessedly limited. So that whenever a monument for a public square is contemplated the journals and newspapers publish symposiums of expert opinion over their signatures, gravely considering the qualifications of the sculptors who are best fitted for the competition. Why is not this plan adopted by the United States? Because art with us is a happening. It has no place in the public mind.

Art is taken seriously in France. There is money in it for the country. So the state inaugurates and establishes commissions for the embellishment of public buildings such for instance as the Hotel de Ville, and the Panthéon, with paintings and statuary,—new streets are opened and there are squares to be ornamented with groups and fountains, and become a means of bringing beauty before the eyes of the people. Even out near the

haunts of "Apaches," anarchists and criminals, such as the "Buttes" of Chaumont, there are exquisite and noble pieces of sculpture by the great statuaries of France, which cannot fail in the end to civilize and humanize them, and what the municipality does for the city, the national government does on a more magnificent scale throughout the land.

The under secretary of state for Beaux-Arts is a member of the Cabinet and presides over the National Art Schools, the National Conservatory and the National Opera. Under his charge is the conservation of the ancient churches and buildings all over France, which are designated as National Monuments. The purchase of works of art for the Government (Acquis par l'Etat) which are shown first in the Luxembourg, and then, on the death of the artist, are sent to either the Louvre or to some one of the provincial galleries. Even the plans for the houses that line the streets have to be passed upon by the municipality. One may build as one pleases only within certain established limits, and the right of purchase includes no license to erect an eyesore, as with us. The very signs advertising the name and business of the principal thoroughfares must conform in character and size and be in gold leaf. On the Boulevards are stately frontaged shops filled with beauty of texture and color and fine craftsmanship in a myriad of articles of luxury and common use. What wonder then

that the French are an artistic people? . . . Everything they do partakes of the art quality.

I sat at the Jockey Club on the great day of the greatest of all the races. The President of the Republic occupied one of the small houses next to the Club. The Ambassadors and officials, and Generals of the Army, and Commanders of the Navy all in resplendant uniform along with their ladies and invited guests, sat with him, and below, he was surrounded by the "Guarde Républicaine on well groomed horses that pranced and curvetted proudly. The great throng of people pulsed nervously throbbing as a great unit in the excitement of the moment. The guards were in brilliant uniform of scarlet breeches and blue coats, on their heads were gleaming helmets with flowing plums of horsehair. Their swords shone in the sunshine. Around this miniature grand stand ran wooden boxes filled with crimson geraniums, and rhododendrons growing at the base of it over a fringe of green sod. This seemed a frame for the brilliant tableau. Art again!

The French know instinctively how to arrange and block their colors. They use their primary colors in all purity, with the blue of the sky as a foil. All Paris seemed gathered here to do homage to the occasion. The roads leading to the same were like slowly moving glacial streams of motor cars flowing towards the pageant. For miles leading away from it all the lanes

were banked with two compact lines of motors and taxis, arranged in neat order too, and their occupants leaving them turned them to face the Jockey Club and the President's stand. It may be that Louis le Grand, had he been there on this occasion, might have recalled a certain race held before the Revolution with which this one could in no way compare for magnificence, but for us moderns who date history from the World War there has been nothing like it, in this epoch.

The dramatic thing about it was that the big week of the Parisian year started rather sadly, and it appeared as if we were going to have a wet "grand Semaine" celebration. But Nature, the great dramatist, drew the curtain, and lo, sunshine! Everyone took heart, and the Jockey Club blossomed. Here was fashionable Paris —everybody who was anybody attended, promenaded, admired, envied, loved, and hated too for that matter. And the women—what a display of costumes—enough to take the breath away from a mere man onlooker, and as for describing it adequately, it cannot be done by my pen.

Of course, there were races in between the fashion displays; in one of these a little self made horse, sans name or family swept all before him—or her—I did not learn which. I am told that it is here that fashions are born, and that the birth of a fashion is really a very simple thing—as different as possible from the way one

would fancy, with its publicity. If, for example something startling appears in a costume, that is the thing to avoid. The really significant "coup" slips by quietly on some noted woman of the world, who slowly passes on the greensward, accompanied by a distinguished looking man in gray with a top hat to match.

Under the great chestnut tree at the rear of the Club, the really chic people leave their boxes and gather to take refreshments served by attentive waiters. All about are men with cameras snapping everybody and everything, and no one seems to be in any way self conscious—or aware of it. Very curious and entertaining it was to me. It was all so different from anything we have in America, and consummately artistic.

The French Academy occupies prominent space in the newspapers of Paris, for when a member dies a new one is immediately selected from the group of literary men for election, and a great gathering takes place at the Institute with two ceremonious addresses; one of tribute to the late departed, and one of welcome to the new Academician. Both of these speeches are printed "verbatim" in the leading Journals together with letters of sympathy and protest from correspondents. The candidates for "Immortality" are chosen from the list of prominent writers and also from other outstanding personages of the day.

As before stated, the function of the French Academy

is the creation and preservation of the French language. This was the stated purpose of the founder, Cardinal Richelieu, who, according to M. Pierre de Lanux was "The Author of a few mediocre tragedies, and feeling the need for collaboration with some skilled workmen in poetical production surrounded himself with good grammarians and prosodists." At the time this is written (February, 1924) there are five seats vacant and speculation is rife as to who shall fill them. It is said to be a popular pastime in some literary circles in Paris to try to write down the names of the magical "Forty" now living. Not every one by any means knows them. Indeed it is said few can name more than half of the members without the help of the printed list in "Who's Who." It seems that there is also a Legendary "Forty-first Chair"—an imaginary seat in the magic front row, where the illustrious writers, who never were elected to the Academy, are supposed to sit. These writers are Molière, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Descartes, Vauvenargues, Abbé Prévost, J. J. Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Balzac, Béranger, Dumas (elder), Théophile Gautier, Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Paul Adam, P-L Courier, Rivarol, Chamfort, and others. Some of the most famous of these were ineligible or considered undesirable on religious or moral grounds. At any rate for whatever reasons they were never honored by admission. The list of writers of undisputed fame now before the Tribune

numbers Anatole France, Henri Bergson, Bourget, Henri de Régnier, Georges de Porto-Riche, J. Bédier.

In 1923 the Academy lost by death, Pierre Loti, and Maurice Barrès. Some of the members of the Academy of more or less literary notoriety are Mgr. Baudrillart and Abbé Brémond of the Roman Catholic Church, the novelists Boylesve, Bordeaux, Bazin, Prévost, the playwrights, de Curel, Donnay, (who was here last year at the Molière celebration), Robert de Flers, Brieux, Lavedan, the critics, historians, M. M. Goyau, de Nolhac, Chevrillon, de la Gorce, Doumic, Richepin. The two members elected in January 1924 are Edouard Estaunié, novelist, and the lawyer Henri-Robert. To sum up, among the Immortals are eight novelists, nine philosophers, critics and historians, six playwrights, six statesmen, three soldiers, and two poets and a lawyer.

A number of prizes, bequests by people interested in Art, Science and Literature, are distributed yearly by the Academy. There are as well awards for virtue, courage, and moral qualities. The very prominent part played by women in the diplomacy of France is said to be missing in the Academy elections, but already there are signs that Madame de Noailles, the beautiful and tragic author of "Le Coeur Innombrable," "Les Eblouissements," "Les Vivants et les Morts," and "Les Forces Eternelles" may be presented for one of the seats. She ranks as one of the greatest French poets of all times.

The Fountain of St. Michel

Portal of St Michel-

To quote again M. de Lanux: "Above everything else the French Academy is a conservatory, a greenhouse for the language and its rules. It does not govern the language, because it couldn't, but it moderates and controls the changes that inevitably occur; it registers the official modifications. Cardinal Richelieu, the statesman who paved the way for Louis XIV, the builder of French centralized Monarchy in the seventeenth century, showed a peculiar interest in literature. Informal meetings had been taking place at the house of Conrart, the King's secretary, since the year 1626; Richelieu offered or imposed his protection, and in 1635 the statutes of the 'French Academy' were promulgated." This was its beginning.

One of the greatest and most characteristic qualities of the French is their intellectual sincerity; there is no people more willing to recognize facts. This perhaps is one of the chief differences between Americans and the French: our acceptation of what may be called "bunk," for want of a more understandable word. The French demand proof always, being essentially rationalists who will not take for granted even the most generally accepted beliefs. Whatever may be their temporary aberrations, they, in the majority remain skeptical; their sense of realities keeps them from sentimentalism although they certainly do not lack sentiment. They are also less emotional than is sometimes supposed. Paris is more impulsive and

emotional than any other part of France; hence the mistake on the part of foreigners who pass judgment on the people as a whole.

The influence of Voltaire is over all, and returns after every reaction, though temporarily checked from time to time by such movements as Bergsonism and Romanticism. They possess imagination in a marked degree: that most necessary of qualities. There is too perhaps more clear thinking in France than in any other country; witness the wonderful lucidity of French prose, which is the logical result of this clear thinking. An eminent French literary man has written a brilliant essay claiming that the greatest masters of prose fiction are to be found in France; that from Molière on, French comedy has no rival. In poetry France produced in the nineteenth century at least three masters—Victor Hugo, Baudelaire and Verlaine. The French language of the present day is much less poetical than that of the sixteenth century, and this, he said, is due to the action of the French Academy in purging and impoverishing the language of words supposed to be insufficiently classical. It is this that makes modern French the more difficult language of all for the foreigner to write well.

Regarding Voltaire, an interesting discovery has just been made. I quote the following from a recent dispatch from Paris in the "Tribune:"

Wandering through the Bibliothèque Nationale, the

new chief librarian, M. Roland Marcel, noticed in a neglected corner of the building a striking cast of Voltaire. It was, in fact, the original plaster cast of Houdon's celebrated statue which is familiar to frequenters of the Comédie Francaise. Beside it was a pedestal on the front panel of which was found a metal plate bearing the following inscription: "Here lies the heart of Voltaire, bequeathed by the heirs of M. de Villette, December 18, 1864." Like the portrait of Jaurès, found recently in a storeroom of the Chambre des Députés, heart and cast had been entirely forgotten and neglected. Voltaire's heart was embalmed by an apothecary named Mitourt, who left it to the Marquis de Villette, in whose house Voltaire died on May 30, 1778. Pressing a button in the metal plate, M. Marcel opened the front panel of the pedestal and found within a locked casket. A key to this casket was made (the original key having disappeared) and in it was found a further box, in which reposes the heart of the greatest pamphleteer the world has ever known.

Paris is really a nation in itself. Often upon momentous occasions the City has acted quite independently of the country, and did actually proclaim its right to autonomy under the commune, as is a well-known fact.

Indeed ever since that occasion, it has been the constant effort of the Municipal Council of Paris to erect itself into a Parliament at the Hôtel de Ville, often

flouting the assemblies at the Palais Bourbon or the Luxembourg.

It has been said before that Paris is France. Yet one must point out the fact that it is utterly unlike the cities of the Provinces. The error undoubtedly lies in the habit of the foreigners in remaining in Paris, so that Paris is the only city in France that they know at all well, and thus to them it is all of France, and the only France that exists for them.

As a matter of fact the character of Paris is as local as that of Ancient Rome, and quite as contemptuous of all or anything lying outside its boundaires.

In the cities of the Provinces of France the people as far as I could discover during my frequent visits, care very little about Art or indeed know anything about it. There are often very fine collections of paintings in the provincial museums, well displayed but rarely visited save by the chance visiting painter or collector, whereas Paris is acknowledged to be the most artistic city in the world, not simply the City where great works of art in painting and sculpture are brought forth under patronage of the authorities, but the City where the true feeling and sentiment of art is so fostered and encouraged and developed that the people unconsciously have become and are a part of the development. This is what makes Paris the art center of the world, and its people the most artistic of all.

Parisians tell me that provincial life is even more hopelessly dull and stupid than I think, and I have spent months at a time in some of the large provincial towns and cities of France. I did not find the people stupid; on the contrary they are alert and quick and not uneducated in matters removed from art. But all intellectual Frenchmen certainly gravitate to Paris, and this drains the provincial cities of their men of brains and ability. It may be an exaggeration of vanity on the part of Parisians to claim, as they do, Paris as the Light of the world, but it cannot be denied that it is the chief luminary of France.

The educated provincial always speaks of Paris as that Paradise from which he is, by force of circumstance, not by choice, an exile. All his endeavors are centered in ambition to reach it. No Frenchman is stupid. That is an impossibility. But many provincials are of narrow mentality owing to environment and isolation. Their surroundings are stultifying, and thus they believe themselves much more serious minded and moral. But when opportunity offers, they lose no time in hastening to Paris. Once there they become the most loyal of Parisians.

In the provincial cities aristocracy is now, as it always has been, of immense importance even though wealth be lacking, whereas in Paris aristocracy and pride of birth with title counts for little especially since the World

War, unless accompanied by wealth. Paris has become very democratic, and there one is accepted for his ability and attributes, be he witty, artistic, wealthy, or conspicuously talented. Few really care about his ancestors. Modern tendencies are at work to level differences of locality. The public education is the same all over France, and externally the French are all alike to the superficial observer, for while the French nature is one of toleration of individuality in character, the tendency is to reduce it to the level of uniformity. Practical sense and prudence is now the watchword.

America is hampered by the two antagonistic forces: Art and Puritanism. France is all Art, and is without Puritanism.

Traveling in May 1923 by train from Calais to Paris, in the same compartment, I fell into conversation with a cultured Frenchman, a resident of Paris, and after satisfying his curiosity as to myself and my object in taking such a long journey, I asked him, among other leading questions, as to Bergsonism. He answered me very candidly, and told me that there is already an intellectualist and rationalist revival in France. It was, he said, always inevitable, the French character being what it is. Bergsonism is essentially un-French, although the propaganda during the war has been circulating pamphlets at the public expense, written in order to prove that M. Bergson is the only true philosophical

descendant of Descartes, and his philosophy is the final expression of French philosophical tradition.

Before the war there had been, he said, a philosophical as well as a religious reaction among the "bourgeoisie," M. Bergson's philosophy it was that attracted and influenced so many of the young men in the upper "bourgeoisie," and there was a widespread reaction against the rationalism and intellectualism of the previous generation on the part of these young men which was still growing.

My informant believed in the practical results of Bergsonism as it made for political and religious reaction but he intimated that the results may have been quite other than M. Bergson intended or desired.

Pragmatism, he continued, had been exploited in France to bolster up all and every sort of theory and superstition, and for many people the term meant that anything is true which they find it comfortable to accept. Thus the Roman Catholics have maintained that the question of the existence of Jesus Christ or his crucifixion is not a matter of historical evidence. The followers of Bergson, he said, claimed that the course of the present economic system was not to the advantage of the Proletariat, but that it was to the interest of society that they should be made to believe that it was.

He said that Rome knows perfectly well that even if Bergsonism keeps some intellectuals in the Church at

present, it will never be able to keep the masses of the people in it. These remain because they believe the whole of Christian mythology to be literally true. Rome knows that Bergsonism is only a fashion and will soon go out.

He told me of the pamphlets written and published to prove that M. Bergson is the true and lineal philosophical descendant of Descartes and that his philosophy is the complete synthesis of and expression of French philosophical tradition.

He added that M. Bergson had shown great skill in connection with his candidature for membership in the French Academy, which, he said, was a "bien-pensant" and reactionary body, which attaches great importance to the opinions of its members, and he was most severe in his characterization of the members with the exception of a brilliant few which he named such as Bergson, Mgr. Duchesne and Anatole France. The war has, he said finally, produced in those who have survived, a sense of stern reality which is impatient of metaphysical discussions. Patriotism is a true Religion. He said that it was as a man of letters, noted for his beautiful and remarkable lucidity of expression, and his literary style, that Bergson would live.

I greatly enjoyed this gentleman's company, and I was sorry indeed when he left the train at Amiens. He told me much more during our conversation which per-

haps it were unwise it set down in a book of this sort, so I have omitted it. The matter above I deemed of great import as tending to a better understanding of affairs in Paris, so I have included it as a reporter.

The Table d'Hôte (the host's table) down to the reign of Louis XIV was the only public dining place known in France, and was the table set at a regular hour in the public inn, or, as it was then called, the "ordinary." The first so-called "restaurant" in Paris was opened during the reign of the "Grand Monarque," near the Louvre, and was almost instantly a success, becoming the favorite resort of the town dandies. According to report it was in one of the ancient houses on the rue de Rivoli, overlooking the river, and soon the most prominent citizens of the town gathered in the room every afternoon to learn of, and discuss the news, for the "Diligences," or daily coaches carrying the mails made the nearby inn the terminal or the starting point of the journey. So popular did the restaurant become that the idea spread to the other towns, and was adopted throughout France. Vatel, that great chef, rose to fame through his ability to broil and roast. He was a born cook. Brillat Savarin says "one may become cook but must be born roaster." Vatel was such.

It is a far cry from those dim days to the present time, but certainly the French today are past masters in the culinary art as well as in all other arts. The bourgeois

compatriots of Alphonse and Marie, and of the "Grand Vatel," are the inventors of the art of preparing toothsome dishes, and the serving of fragrant wine. The glories of the French cuisine came down from the Romans to the Gauls, and though the Imperial Eagle of France is no longer in the ascendant, the Republican "spit" and the "grill" is the emblem of superiority.

The "Grand Vatel" under the patronage of Louis XIV developed that pride in his craft which later became so keen that he killed himself with his own sword in chagrin because he saw the king reach across the table for a pinch of salt to be-sprinkle his salmon; dying thus like a Roman Centurion, and embalmed forever in the annals of the time.

Under Louis XIV, and during the Regency, Culinary Art in France reached an extraordinary state of perfection. Both men and women of fashion competed with professional cooks to invent strange new dishes and concoct new spicy sauces. Vatel, the recipient of the "Cordon Bleu" drove each afternoon behind his splendidly comparisoned team of horses, with a pair of haughty betasseled footmen on the carriage seat behind him; his society was sought by noblemen anxious to learn of new dishes with which to regale their guests. Dining was then indeed an art even as cooking was a profession. Prodigality prevailed and intellectual and literary pursuits were scorned. But the kitchen lord of the Regency

The Porte Saint Martin

Porte Saint Martin
Paris

days overdid the matter. Wars and the overthrow of dynasties put an end to his rule, and France sobered by the terrors of the guillotine lost interest in cooking. But this lost interest was only temporary, and soon Paris returned to its muttons and the cooking thereof.

Nevertheless, one's thoughts revert constantly to those tales of triumphs of the "Grand Vatel," and his mortification at the act of Louis, the story of whose liking for salt spread all over France, so that when the Monarch's head fell in the Place de la Concorde, (they show you the very spot where it happened) a red shirted citizen stooped over the rivulet of blood that trickled down from the platform of the machine, and dipping a finger in it he tasted, and spat it out with a grimace, saying, "Too damn salt."

Paris alas! has changed much since the great war. One by one the great restaurants have vanished from the Boulevards, and banks and ticket offices, Americanized department stores or dressmaking shops have taken their places. The resplendent Maison Dorée, Tortoni's, the Café Anglais, Le Véron, Les Nouveauties, and the Café Riche are no more—their long and glorious careers are at an end. Viel, so beloved by gourméts is now a banking house. Of all the famous cafés and "Café de la Terrasse," the Café de la Paix now thronged by foreigners is alone an example of pre-war restaurants.

The splendid tree-lined thoroughfares stretching from

the Madeleine to the Place de l'Opéra and to the Place de la République has rapidly changed its former character, and the "flaneurs" no longer haunt them as of yore. One by one the palatial resorts have closed their doors, driven out by the trend of commerce, and thus the Café de la Paix alone remains to remind one of their glories, and is said to be doomed like the others.

The Jockey Club in the great windows of which the idlers used to loll watching the crowds passing and repassing during the afternoon, is now occupied by business firms. In consequence of the projected widening of the Boulevard Haussmann the celebrated Taverne Pousset is destined to removal, and even the elaborately furnished "Duval" restaurant where one could get an astonishingly well-cooked meal for a trifling sum in American money is to move on elsewhere. Paillard's "the great" closed its doors some months ago, and its splendid rooms with their elaborate decorations are now occupied by a bank. The habituees, or at least some of them, linger disconsolately under the tree shaded "trottoirs," where the brilliantly postered "Kiosks" still display their trays of suggestively illustrated journals to attract the foreigner, but the old time spirit of the Boulevard is strangely missing. Youthful Paris does not seem to realize it however, and it is a confession of age to refer to the attractions of the city "before the war."

The greater restaurants of Paris of today are too well-

known by "bon vivants" to need description here, but there are embowered retreats not so well-known where the palate is titilated by masterpieces of the art of cooking, and where the ear is charmed with the music of trickling fountains. These quaint spots are the daily resort of certain celebrities and their attendants, so that often it is difficult to obtain tables, unless one has taken the precaution to engage the places in advance. It may be said too that the price is proportionately high. But not all the good cooking is confined to such establishments as these. There are others of extreme simplicity in furnishings where one may dine well and quite cheaply even nowadays. The cloth is coarse here in any one of these humble places but it is snowy white, and the soup is of the ancient formula which will always obtain in France; that is, the "pot au feu," which will always be in demand, and there are fresh radishes of extraordinary tenderness, and "les haricots" with a brie cheese of just the right consistency, and all topped off with the inevitable "p'tit verre." What more could one desire.

Paris loves to dine in the open air, so between six and seven P. M. the charming garden restaurants are full to overflowing. To eat, drink and be merry is the gospel of the Parisian. Over the deliciously cooked viands grizzled old soldiers fight their battles over again, and bald-pated beaux relate tales of youthful conquests. The picture presented is a combination of Watteau and

Boldini, and there is a very Babel of tongues to the accompaniment of clattering dishes and the uncorking of wine bottles, punctuated by impatient cries of "Garcon," and the responsive, long drawn out "Bon" of the hurrying waiter.

The Frenchman regards eating as a function, and not for the purpose of merely satisfying his hunger. Dining with him is a veritable symposium in which the sensuous and psychological are combined. According to the French aphorism, "Animals feed, Man eats." The Frenchman understands and cultivates the pleasure of anticipation in the selection of his food; to him the ménu is of tremendous interest. He regards English and Americans as barbarians because they have so little knowledge or regard for the pleasures of the table. Therefore, he says, "Animals feed, (The French)man eats." He is not in a hurry to finish his food. He exclaims "Let us eat at leisure, for we are not pressed." Parblieu!

He belongs to the very highest guild of gastronomes. There are Frenchmen who claim to know by the flavor of the meat upon which leg the partridge has slept standing, —or if you will not believe this, in just what department of France the grape, the fermented juice of which they are savoring, has grown to ripeness. Born Epicures and Gourmets, they experience three acute sensations; the sensation of judgment, the sensation of direction or de-

rivation, and that of completeness or satisfaction. Here is, for example, a menu selected by a "bon vivant" for the writer:

Soup: a bouillon. Carp à la chambord.
Capon stuffed with truffles Perigord.
Pheasant à la Sainte Alliance.
Asparagus sauce à l'amazonne.
Ortolans à la Provençale.
Méringues Vanille.
Fromage de Brie.
Wine. Vieux Moulin.
Coffee, for coffee pushes the dinner, and a very small glass of cognac to push the coffee.

Quoth my friend: "Thus you see, Monsieur, the dinner marches correctly from soup to cognac, and thence to content."

The foreigner coming to Paris for the first time, is impressed with the cheerfulness of the people. Climate and race may have much to do with this, but one is convinced at length that it is due to their knowledge of hygienic nourishment, and their possession of excellent digestion. The foundation of the health of the French may be laid to the fact that they have the best bread to eat, and the most nourishing wine to drink, and the greatest knowledge of cooking in the world. With this is the universal jocularity and leisure enjoyed by the people at their meals. Dyspepsia is almost unknown for the French do not—will not, eat hot biscuits, nor do they drink strong bitter tea at breakfast; as for ice

water, no Frenchman would think for a moment of drinking it.

Nor does the Frenchman care for fasting, although, as a rule, the lenten season is observed in spite of the fact that church and state are at loggerheads. Religious ones there are who affect the Friday fast, but who can help being amused at the "repas maigre," of which the following is a specimen: Vegetable soup, fish with mayonnaise, salad of lettuce, eggs, and cheese, wine and coffee. Few Frenchmen are vegetarians from choice. It is said the poet Lamartine, the most celebrated of vegetarians, owed his abstinence from meat to his mother, who brought him to the public slaughter house so that he might see the animals butchered. The sight so disgusted and horrified him, it is said, that he foreswore all meat until grown to manhood, when he at length came to realize that the general custom of eating flesh was founded upon the most reasonable view of living and well being.

In no other city in the world, perhaps, is really good nourishing food so within the reach of the poor. The Quartier Saint Antoine, for example, is one of the very poorest and dingiest of Paris, and crowded with people of every degree of poverty, yet there are restaurants in nearly every block each fairly reeking with the appetizing odors of the bubbling "pot-au-feu," and placed on almost every corner is a sort of cylinder of sheet iron filled with blazing

charcoal on the top of which is a pan of fried potatoes, a large paper of which may be bought from the "marchande" for two or three sous. In some of these restaurants frequented by Brètons and Auvergnats, who are drivers and porters in the markets, a meal may be had consisting of a bowl of thick soup, a generous piece of Brie Cheese, a morsel of garlic, five sous worth of wine, and a huge wedge of splendidly made bread, making a meal that is good enough for any hungry man, and all at the astonishingly low price of one franc.

There is one dish over which Thackeray raved and indeed not without reason. I know of no preparation of fish comparable to it save our own "clam chowder," and perhaps this is even better than the French because of the flavor of clams, the merits of which the French are as yet ignorant. This dish so celebrated by Thackeray, who certainly knew good cooking, is "Bouillabaisse," and may be had in almost any first class restaurant in Paris. But, of course, if one would eat real "Bouillabaisse," one must go to Marseilles, "the Phocian town." There at the end of the Corniche Road, he will find the restaurant "Réserve," which is still called Roubion's, and here he can sit outside on the well shaded terrace overlooking the bay, where the azure sea bathes the golden shore. Than this there are few fairer sights to be seen. The "Réserve" has its own "Parc aux Coquillages" and serves "Bouillabaisse" in perfection. However, if you do not like garlic,

oil, and saffron mixed together and added to a stew of eels, lobsters, and "girelle,"—better let Bouillabaiess alone, for these are the ingredients, of which Thackeray sang. The chef at the "Réserve" uses garlic with a lavish hand, and with this warning one unhesitatingly recommends his art.

As the French eat well and understandingly, so do they talk well. They are a nation of talkers, and if they do not always say that which is worth listening to, that which they do say is for the sake of talking and being agreeable, especially at table. They have the gift (which neither Americans nor English possess) of entering easily and with the least restraint into conversation with their neighbors at the table de hôte. This is a most characteristic and charming quality of theirs, and is often remarked upon and enjoyed by the foreigner traveling through the country. The merest trifle is made the pretext for entering into conversation, and as the meal progresses one's French neighbor has most adroitly turned the current of conversation from commonplaces into topics of interest, in which he seems to attach the utmost importance, listening with expressions of approval to one's impressions of French men and matters. All this is most flattering to the stranger, who finds his new-found acquaintance most winning, and parts from him with regret. Afterwards upon reflection he arrives at the conclusion that if, as he has been taught,

the French are not sincere, they certainly have "savoir faire," and are delightful chance companions.

The French people are above all imbued with the appreciation and talent for decorative effect. Their artistic sense is ever uppermost, and is employed in the smallest detail as well as in the more important matters. This decorative sense governs them in all walks of life, and at times is used to qualify most ordinary objects. A small room in the house will be dignified by the imposing name of "Salon." The bushy haired barber on the corner is an "Artiste"; the hard-working editor of the smallest country newspaper is "Rédacteur-en-chef." In the restaurant, no matter how humble it may be, one must be careful to ask for "du Vin de Champagne," in full, never simply "du Champagne." In everything pertaining to his daily life, the Frenchman invariably "puts his best forward." Should he ever have held a position in the Government he ever afterwards has it emblazoned beneath his name on his visiting card and his note paper. Such for instance as "Ancien Membre du Conseil Municipal," "Ancien Vice Président de l'Association Bretonne en Picardie," or "Ancien Colonel des Sapeurs et Mineurs." Should he have achieved the ribbon of the Academy, or that of the "Légion d'Honneur" or indeed the very least of the decorations with which France honors those who have earned such recognition, not to be able to wear the ribbon on all

occasions in his left hand coal lapel, would embitter his whole life.

Speaking of decoration, it is related that Gustav Doré the great French illustrator was observed by his friends to be in a state of gloomy distraction from which they could not arouse him. The reason was not known until his mother informed his intimates that he had ardently desired the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and as year after year went by and the coveted decoration did not reach him he feared that his country did not value his work. His friends at once notified the Minister of Beaux-Arts, who bestowed the cross upon him forthwith to his infinite content.

Upon all sides one sees things that make the eyes of an American stick out,—from the painted signs on the public buildings proclaiming Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, to the array of "queer" publications in the tall Kiosks on the boulevards. They call it the "republic," but certainly it is not a republic in the American sense, for it is stamped all over with the attributes of a monarchy. The French President is really a King, elected for seven years at Versailles by a special joint session of the Senate and the Deputies, but curiously enough, he enjoys only one really important prerogative —the appointment of the Premier; but the cautious French have carefully provided that even this appointment is subject to ratification by the Parliament. He is

The Institute of France

thus a more of less ornamental figure-head, and the only real right which he enjoys, and often puts in practice, is his right to withhold his signature from some important Act which has already been passed by the Senate and the Deputies. When this occurs, there is a tremendous row, and it seems as though the very foundations of the Republic are shaken and in danger of falling. But really nothing of the kind has ever happened and it soon blows over, so to speak.

It must be said however, in this connection, that a gifted and astute President such as M. Millerand, may, and does exert an enormous influence over the policy and success of the government. He lives in luxury in the fine Palace of the Elysée, with a generous salary which he spends with a lavish hand. The French love generous display, and the spectacle of their President extending the honors of France to a visiting foreign monarch. The American then beholds State hospitality such as he has perhaps never before seen. A city bedecked and fluttering with the flags of the nations; the Champs-Elysées lined with troops, and at regular intervals vast bodies of superbly mounted cavalry and squadrons of dragoons and gorgeously uniformed Cuirassiers with gleaming breastplates. Amid the booming of cannon and the music of splendid bands comes the State cortege down the crowded Champs-Elysées headed by the M. le Commissaire de Police. The President is in the official

carriage drawn by four splendid high stepping horses. As it passes one has a vision of M. le Président de la République, clad in black, with a silk hat "of high shape with eight reflections," and His Majesty the visitor from abroad seated at his side and all in full uniform. Then there is a mass of gleaming brass breastplates and plumed helmets of the Cuirassiers, followed by a military horde with bannerets and gleaming polished lances, and the crowd shouts and gesticulates, and everybody seems to cry out "Vive la France" with sincerity, and then go about his business without more ado.

The real President of France, as we understand it, is the French Premier, who is the head of the Cabinet, and holds the real power at least as long as he can hold his own with the Parliament. But the moment he disagrees with the Cabinet—Bang!—goes his power, and he with it. The French call this the "Chute de Ministere."

In spite of the honors bestowed upon "Literateurs" and painters, the greatest and most popular praise is for the "chéf." Witness the decoration bestowed by an appreciative government upon M. Marguery, whose "sauces" are so highly esteemed. Imagine our American government gravely awarding the highest decoration within its gift upon Oscar of the Waldorf. In Paris the people applauded when M. Marguery was thus honored for his creation of 'Sole Marguery,' and hailed him as at once "artist, poet, and national benefactor."

There is, of course, tremendous rivalry between the "chefs" of Paris, who each enjoy renown and are famed for their several specialties. Their adherents loudly proclaim their superiorities, and sometimes fierce quarrels have resulted in duels in which, however, little blood has been spilled. These duels have hitherto been taken quite seriously in France, to the great entertainment and amusement of the rest of the world.

The Duel is regarded by the hot heads of France as the only way out of certain questions affecting the honor of the parties, but the war has quite effectively put an end to this form of settlement. The remarkable Jeanne d'Arc duel between M. M. Déroulède and Jaurès of a few years ago is still recalled. A writer in "Figaro" had written an article in which he attacked the integrity of Jeanne d'Arc (not Joan of Arc, please note that there never was a Joan; her name was Jeanne) and when M. Jaurès brought up the matter for discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, the fiery tempered Déroulède in his retreat in Spain, reading the scornful words of Jaurès promptly challenged him to fight a duel.

The fact that he was in exile in Spain and forbidden to cross the frontier, did not feaze him for an instant. He had committed a crime against the State in his attempt to overthrow the Republic of France. Did this prevent the duel? Not at all. The matter was of such importance that the French Government is said to have

granted and issued a special edict which was sent to him properly signed on stamped paper, giving him protection from arrest at the frontier, and granting him permission to remain upon French territory until the affair was properly settled before witnesses. And this, when the French laws especially forbid duelling and provide penalties for any evasion of the law. The affair was conducted with great gravity by the seconds, and although there was an exchange of two shots, no blood was shed, and the matter thus passed into history.

The duel is taken so seriously that the French court has now (July, 1923) decreed that "only gentlemen" may fight duels. The definition of the word gentlemen is very clearly laid down. Ordinary citizens are denied the privilege by the Superior Seine Court. Here is an interesting story cribbed from the daily press, concerning an "affair" in the underworld of Paris:

> " 'Maurice The Terror' was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for slaying 'Charlie the Assassin' in a duel with knives 'a la loyale'—staged before witnesses and with both men getting an even break.
>
> "One of the loveliest girls in the Paris underworld—Loulu La Finarde—was the cause of the duel. 'Maurice the Terror' and 'Charlie the Assassin' had been rivals for her hand for years. She began by dividing her favors, but one day 'Charlie the Assassin' discovered Loulu in the arms of the Terror.
>
> "The dueling code provided that Charlie should forthwith withdraw his kid gloves and smite the Terror across the cheek with them. Not having ever worn a pair of kid

gloves, the Assassin used his fist. The Terror promptly challenged him to a duel with knives and the challenge was accepted.

"That night a dozen Parisian apaches formed a ring about the two men, who, stripped to the waist, flourished long knives. Loulu La Finarde was given a place of honor in the circle. Alternately she cried words of encouragement to each of the rivals.

"The rules of the duel—no pause, no quarter, a fight until one or other of the men was slain—made the finicky, courteous affairs of the Parc des Princes seem an afternoon tea by comparison. The rules were followed to the letter, and amidst the tense silence of the fierce audience 'Maurice the Terror' drove his knife into the heart of 'Charlie the Assassin.

"So far all had gone according to the code. By the unwritten rule of the underworld Loulu La Finarde was now the property of Maurice the Terror. But before she could declare her submissiveness a whistle sounded and a dozen policemen intervened.

" 'You are arrested for murder,' announced the sergeant.

" 'Murder? But it was "a la loyale"—it was perfectly fair. He could have killed me had he been just a bit quicker . . . .'

" 'Who do you think you are—a Senator or a Duke?' retorted the policeman. And 'Maurice the Terror' was locked up in the Sante.

"The trial lasted three days. A strange procession of denizens of the half-world passed in the witness box. They told of their code of honor—that a fair fight was a fair fight and that they could not be punished for doing what 'gentlemen' were allowed to do with impunity.

" 'But all dueling is forbidden,' observed the severe Judge Drioux.

" 'Yes, but when two counts fought last December they were not punished,' retorted 'Maurice the Terror.'

" 'This is a free republic. I have as much right to slay a man in a duel as a count or a duke.'

" 'Henceforth,' announced the court, in delivering judgment, 'there will be no more discrimination. Anyone who fights a duel, whether he wears a silk hat and fights with a rapier, or whether he wears a cloth cap and stabs with a knife, must go to prison.'

"But the Paris underworld is openly and scowlingly skeptical. They are awaiting the next affair at dawn in the traditional Parc des Princes to prove their contention that, even in a republic, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor—in duels as well as in love."

The men were apparently satisfied, for nothing more was heard of the matter. The duello has been popular with the French for many centuries, but there is little if any romance in it in these matter-of-fact days. Only one such encounter has occupied the public eye in Paris since the war, when two gentlemen, an Italian nobleman and the well-known Jacques Richepin, theatrical manager, met in the early morning and skilfully poked at each other with rapiers before witnesses, the result being some scratches, which were patched up with court-plaster, on the person of the Italian Duke.

According to accounts Paris refused to be interested in the affair. There was, however, a time when this form of settling difficulties was a very serious matter. In one decade in the reign of Henry IV four thousand Frenchmen lost their lives in the duello, and many books deal-

ing with codes of honor and rules of procedure were published and eagerly bought by gentlemen who never knew the moment when they might be called upon to defend their own or some one else's honor. One very popular volume bore the title "The only approved Guide Through All the Stages of a Quarrel, Containing the Royal Code of Honour," written by Joseph Hamilton in 1720. This stresses the necessity for attempting to heal the breach during the various steps leading up to the actual conflict, with elaborate rules and details, some of which are most quaint and amusing to present day readers and prescribing that the challenged party shall name the weapons, the place of meeting, and the conduct of the participants down to the most trivial details.

France has known of many strange duels, one such was the duel in balloons which actually took place inside the city of Paris in 1908.

Two well-known Boulevardiers claimed the affections of a famous stage beauty of the year. They quarreled over her, and the result was a challenge to fight in the air with blunderbusses. The principals with seconds met in a field where two gas balloons were inflated, and each ascended in baskets attached to them, and armed with loaded guns, all unknown to the crowd of spectators who had gathered thinking it an innocent scientific endeavor. "Judge their amazement," says in the account in the newspaper, "when at an altitude of over one

hundred feet in the air the two supposed aeronauts began firing at each other. One of the marksmen succeeded in puncturing the gas bag of his rival, sending the latter crashing to earth and killing him instantly."

There is another story of two French officers who once contracted to fight with swords whenever their military duties took them within one hundred miles of each other. This arrangement followed the unsatisfactory ending of their first duel. For over eighteen years they met repeatedly at different places, never settling the matter of their quarrel, until at last one of them received his death wound at the hands of his adversary. It is not recorded that any sort of punishment was ever meted out to the victor by the authorities.

One believes that the Americans, perhaps, understand the French better than do the English. The French do not think so. The French people feel generally that they are entirely misunderstood by the Americans especially since the great World War. This misunderstanding is mainly shown in our references not only to their attitude towards unrepentant Germany, and their naval and military activities, but in regard to their refusal to explain themselves. The French hate to explain. They feel that the world should understand that whatever they do is actuated by patriotism, and this is really the truth. They have been greatly hurt by things said or hinted at in the press of the U. S. and they especially

refer to the period of the Washington Conference when they realize that much of their former popularity with the American people was lost. They are both puzzled and pained by this, and they ask what it was that they should have done or said to hold the sympathy of Americans. When one ventured to say that perhaps it was due to the fact that their propaganda had been improperly handled in New York and Washington, they exclaimed that they had not believed that they needed any propaganda among friends, and therefore nothing of that sort had been provided for. "France," they exclaimed, "stands upon her record."

In vain did one try to explain that we consider it not only legitimate but necessary to properly publish and make known all that we are doing, that the public may support it in a moral or material way. They answer: "France cannot bring herself to make excuses for her acts." So the French, it may be said, are rarely seen at their best outside of their own land.

That astute statesman and splendidly equipped ambassador of France to the United States, J. J. Jusserand, has been frank in stating that in his estimation and opinion both the English and Americans misunderstood the necessities of France, "though they have rendered France such tremendous services throughout the war." And he has always been prompt to express his gratitude to us. Leaving us now to return to France to take up

other important duties, he carries with him our unbounded esteem and respect, as well as our congratulations upon his splendid achievements in the world of diplomacy in which he has been such a powerful factor.

After four years of gruelling war and military triumphs to have been able to make such recovery as she has accomplished teaches a lesson which the world has not failed to realize. The French were fortunate in having as their Premier during the war a man of the strength and character of Clemenceau. They are equally fortunate in having as President today a man of Millerand's integrity and patriotism. He has in many striking instances proved himself a leader of conspicuous judgment and great moral courage.

The French carry always a fear of Germany's vengeance in the future. Unless one has lived among them and knows their history it is hard to understand this fear. It is inherited, and has in the last centuries manifested itself in the conflicts that have again and again robbed and mutilated France: destroying her splendid youth and manhood and occupying her territory. Now they feel, in the present weakness and downfall of their enemy, that they can enforce redress for at least some of the wrongs they have suffered at her hands, and establish safeguards for a peaceful future, but this is only so long as a show of preponderating strength is maintained.

The French people are surprised at the attitude of the

Americans towards the League of Nations, as proposed and championed by Woodrow Wilson, even though these ideas had been accepted by the Europeans against their own desires. The French delighted in saying that since Mr. Wilson had come to the Conference as the President of the United States, other countries took it for granted that he represented the desires of his people. Americans find it difficult to explain this to them, and so the matter rests.

Meanwhile the French have taken the matter of collecting the reparations due from unrepentant Germany into their own hands, by occupying the Ruhr, and it certainly looks now as if they would be successful. All good Americans, and there are nearly one hundred millions loyal to France, hope that she may be successful.

One of my friends who spent his summer vacation in Engadine (Switzerland), said to me the other day that the patrons of the most luxurious hotels there could be classified this way: a few Frenchmen, some Americans and Englishmen, and many Germans. As the prices were quoted in Swiss francs, it is evident the Germans had in their pocket-books something else than worthless banknotes. I saw much of this myself in Sweden at the exhibition at Göteborg, where they were spending lavishly.

All foreigners traveling recently in Germany have observed that in spite of the mark's fall many people continued to spend money. The increasing cost of living

did not seem to bother them in the least. They crowded the restaurants, cabarets and theatres just as before. They bought the most expensive articles.

While the public finances were wrecked and while the State Treasury was empty, certain classes of people made scandalously big fortunes in dollars as well as in English pounds, Dutch guldens, Scandinavian crowns, Swiss francs, etc.

The German industrialists and merchants figured out the cost prices of their articles in marks and paid workers in depreciated currency, but they sold their goods and received good money which they took care not to repatriate, so that their deposits in foreign banks became more important every day.

The speculators, however, formed the most considerable element. Nearly every merchant and every industrialist has been a speculator, gambling without risk and making profits on the fall of the mark. Nearly everybody in Germany has speculated. Everybody, except the insane, has gained on the bear side and naturally everybody has made profits.

But, on the other hand, many people in England, in America, in Spain, in Scandinavia, have been ruined since the armistice because they bought German marks. I was told lately of a big Chicago packer who lost several million dollars in speculations on the mark, while many Germans got enormously rich in that game. The Ger-

mans knew positively that their mark was bound to fall, because everyone could see that the Berlin Government had just one financial policy; *i. e.*, to keep the printing press running.

So, the crash was unavoidable. One could afford to gamble, being sure to win. All one had to do was to borrow money at any price, even at the most usurious rate, and to borrow as big a sum as could be obtained. This sum was immediately exchanged for dollars or pounds sterling—and up to a recent date, nothing was easier in Berlin as well as in other big German cities where anyone could buy at will foreign currencies and bills of exchange. A few weeks later the speculator paid back his debt simply by selling a small part of the dollars bought previously, and as the mark had gone down 10, 20, 30 or 40 per cent, the profit was in proportion. Even when he borrowed money at a very high interest rate, the speculator made an enormous profit, which was immediately used for a new speculation, and so forth. All gamblers were constantly doubling the stakes, and they won every time. It was a most admirable game: you could never lose.

Were this story told by a non-German and especially a Frenchman, the Germans could challenge its truthfulness. But here is a German, not among the less distinguished ones, who makes revelations on the subject and supports them with proofs. A statesman and

economist, Dr. Julius Hirsch, former State Secretary in the Reich Government, published lately in the review "Plutus," an article with figures showing how easy it was to make considerable profits by borrowing marks and paying back a few weeks after.

He takes for instance a German merchant who, under pretext of purchases abroad or for any other reason, borrows from the Reichsbank a sufficient amount in marks to enable him to buy 100,000 dollars. Three months later, the German mark having gone down, selling some of his dollars gives him enough marks to pay his debt. Then he borrows again for three months the number of marks necessary to buy another 100,000 dollars. If he keeps buying and selling every three months, up to May 30, 1923, his profits, according to the German economist's figures, increase as follows:

April 1, 1922.....37,333 dollars
July 1, 1922.....25,871 dollars
October 1, 1922.....77,521 dollars
January 2, 1923.....75,306 dollars
April 3, 1923.....65,129 dollars

So, our German merchant would have made profits totalling 335,538 dollars, representing 15 billion marks, and as interests on loans the Reichsbank would have got from him a little less than 200 million paper marks.

I repeat that this figuring has been made by a German, formerly a member of the Cabinet.

It will not surprise anybody, that the most expensive "places" in Switzerland are largely patronized by Germans. The fact is that we can hardly realize what fabulous amounts of money have been made this way by the Germans. All that money is kept in foreign banks: in England, in Scandinavian countries, in the Netherlands, in Switzerland. It is good business for those banks, and that is the reason why some international financiers favor the German cause so warmly. If some means were found to reach the German deposits, those bankers would lose good business.

The various German Governments have done absolutely nothing, up to now, to lay their hand even on a small portion of the foreign currency held by Germans. The present Government decided finally to try and do something, but it is not a serious attempt. Some seizures have been made in hotels and high-class restaurants, with no great result. When the German Government will be seriously willing to act, it will be easy to reach the purses of those people who were so kindly accommodated by the Reichsbank and who have piled up so many dollars and pounds sterling at so little cost to themselves. Their names and the amount they borrowed ought to be found in the books of the Reichsbank. Many of them are well-known. They should be asked to put at the Government's disposal a certain portion of the money which said Government so complacently

allowed them to make, and Germany could start paying what she owes to France.

The papers are filled daily with such facts as these.

To the most casual and superficial observer there is a new order of things in Paris. Today is the day of the "Arriviste." While the Faubourg still dominates and carries on its little life, it is the man of affairs who has demonstrated his importance; his day has arrived: he occupies the centre of the picture. The descendants of the aristocrats have stepped aside, and from their retreats in the country, for many of them cannot afford now to live in Paris, they send letters to the papers with the warning that when the next revolution comes it will not be *their* heads that will decorate "la lanterne."

The franc being now at one quarter of its pre-war value, the families of inherited wealth find the purchasing power of their incomes just so much reduced. The taxes so heavy in former days, now absorb the greater portion, and thus the existence of this class is so impoverished as to be well nigh unbearable. For them the future is indeed dark. They are selling their inherited possession; their pictures and "Lares and Penates," and they long since reduced the standard of their living, which meant for them a virtual disappearance from the social functions and the life of fashion. Many of this class have gone to work at whatever they could get, feeling themselves lucky in being able to obtain employment.

It is below the social stratum composed of the families of the aristocratic "Emigrés," the nobility of old France, that one finds the real France of today. The France whose muscles and sinews are ready and strong and willing to labor. What has been done by these people since the world war is an amazing feat of accomplishment, and it is an earnest of the future of France. The picture can be presented in a few paragraphs.

Seven million acres of arable land were devastated, and already more than half has been again put under cultivation.

More than two thousand kilometers of railway destroyed by the invaders has been rebuilt and is now in operation.

Six hundred railway bridges were blown up and these have been restored.

Three hundred and seventy passenger railway stations were destroyed and have been rebuilt.

Eleven thousand great factories and mills were dismantled and completely destroyed with their machinery. Of these more than half have been rebuilt and are again in operation.

To be able to write of such splendid recovery by a nation which has not been able to collect the indemnity awarded her at the Peace Conference is an economic triumph, and teaches a lesson which the world cannot afford to ignore.

Politics

PARIS is divided up into "arrondissements," and in each of these, in the largest hall obtainable, the political meetings are held, and the electors meet to discuss, more or less informally, the questions of the moment, and to listen, more or less patiently, to the statements and opinions of their candidates.

One finds that, although these meetings are called "Public," and entire liberty of speech is most vehemently proclaimed and assured, that they really enjoy nothing of the kind. On the contrary no citizen is allowed to enter unless he can produce a paper properly stamped or a card upon which is set forth his right to vote in that particular "Arrondissement," all duly signed by the official therein presiding, and by himself as well, with his name and address, and various other details. Furthermore he cannot speak against the particular object for which the meeting is called, nor contrary to its political tenets. Should he venture to do so, I was told he would be at once silenced by the official in charge, or by the audience. Should a speaker venture to voice an opinion against the President of the Republic, or any of its

Ministers, the Commissioner of Police of the "arrondissement" who presides, would at once pronounce the meeting at an end and order the hall cleared. This is what *would* happen if it ever occured, but so I was informed no one ever heard of such an occurrence.

At the age of twenty-one a Frenchman becomes an elector, and provided he has resided for six months continuously in his "quarter," he has the right to proceed to the bureau of his commissaire and there cast his vote. "Réunions" are held in each "quarter to elect the candidate, but an elector can only take part when he publicly announces himself a candidate and posts his "profession of faith," printed upon placards and duly stamped by the state, on the places fixed by law for such display—and no where else.

Each grade of politics is marked by a special colored paper, so that there can be no mistake about it. Thus there is pure white for the Government, red for the radicals, pink for the moderates (so-called), and yellow for some other particular party. Considerable excitement was caused a few years ago by the appearance of an electoral poster on the walls beside the regular announcement of the Republic. This poster contained some extraordinary statements, and it was not until the readers had read the very last line, that it was discovered to be an advertisement by an up-to-date tailor.

The political meetings are most enthusiastically at-

tended. Long before the doors are opened a noisy crowd fills the street. The police walk up and down in couples, their white gloved hands clasped behind them. They have little to do, for the disputes are purely verbal. French elections always occur on Sunday, so that the voters can attend the polls without loss of time at their work. The crowd is a noisy one and there are strong odors of cheap tobacco and garlic. When the doors are at length opened the space in the hall is filled to overflowing. There are no seats, and smoking is allowed, so that soon the hall is filled with bluish hazes through which the platform and the speaker's desk, and the wall behind, decorated with the shield and flag of the Republic, is dimly seen.

Representative "citoyens" invariably wearing spade shaped beards are seated on this platform about a long table. The more radical and representative the political leader, the longer and more luxuriant the spade shaped beard. The meeting is opened by the election of Presiding Officer and a secretary. The President, after donning his "echarpe," or ribbon of office, takes the chair, and rings a bell. When silence is observed he addresses the crowd, thanking them for their enthusiasm; admonishes them to listen carefully to each speaker, whatever his statements, with patience and respect; reminds them that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity is the motto of France; that they are all free and enlightened citizens of

the Great Republic, and ends by asking if any citizen desires to present himself as a candidate for office under the law. One steps forward and, after placing his papers of identity before the President who quickly verifies them, mounts the platform and in a loud voice proclaims his name, his address and his political faith. He produces a large flaming red poster which he waves at the audience, then he hands it to an attendant who affixes it to board beside the platform where all who will may read.

The speaker harangues the audience vehemently, and they listen with more or less credulity to his professions. Often he waxes so eloquent that he bursts into tears, and brokenly asks the audience to excuse his emotion This one did so several times during his speech, which the present writer vainly endeavored to comprehend and follow but without much success. I ventured to ask a bystander, who shrugged his shoulders pessimistically and emitting a cloud of mingled tobacco smoke and garlic fumes from the side of his mouth, remarked "rien du tout, mon amie,"—so I was reassured.

He was followed by a scared looking little man who was somewhat unceremoniously hustled upon the platform, and commenced by saying that he was not an orator.

"Now then," exclaimed my neighbor vehemently, "who said you were?"—and there were cries of "louder."

The President rang his bell for silence, but the confusion increased, so he picked up another and larger sized one and tried it on them. No use! Then he called out in a loud voice "Vive la République." This was taken up by the whole audience with great enthusiasm and noise of stamping feet. Then followed a calm. The would-be orator however had hidden himself among the audience, so whatever it was all about was unexplained.

The President again rang the small bell and asked for other speakers. These came, orated on whatever seemed to trouble them, and passed on at the sound of the bell. Then the President stood up and said impressively, "There being, Messieurs, certain expenses connected with the great privelege enjoyed by the citizens of this quarter, expenses which are not provided for by law, and for which there are no funds, I pray that each when he leaves the hall will have the goodness to deposit the sum of two sous in the box at the door."

However, the box must have been out of commission, for the audience deposited their sous in a hat held by one of the officials who was adorned with a particularly long and very glossy, spade shaped beard.

On voting day, also Sunday, the citizen goes to the voting place to deposit his ballot in the urn, all dressed in his best. The ceremonies last from eight in the morning until six at night, generally in a school house. This one described was near the Church of Saint Philippe du

Roule, in the rue Saint Hyacinthe. There were several of the Municipal police and others with white bands on their caps standing about, and these distributed the ballots. The school room was rather large, and well lighted by large windows, and there were wide glazed doors. At one end the chairs and desks had been piled out of the way. There were large maps on the wall, and there was a large sheet iron stove of most quaint form surrounded by a heavy wire screen. The place was dingy and had that strange musty smell which is invariably associated with school rooms. At the entrance door was an official behind a table, with piles of stationery where those citizens who had no card of identity could procure one and after filling it out make proper oath. Without this card, which is absolutely necessary, no man is allowed to deposit a ballot.

In the center of this bare room stood the "Urn" on a table. It is not an "Urn" though so called. It is simply a large common wooden unpainted box, somewhat larger than the old bonnet boxes of our grandmothers' days. It had a lid fastened down with a ponderous iron hasp furnished with a staple through which is the ring of a large padlock. In the top of the box is cut a hole through which the ballots are dropped. In order to show that the box has no false bottom, it is unlocked with considerable ceremony by an official before the assessors and all others in authority, and those present are invited to step

up, examine, and testify that the box is, as it seems, an honest one. This accomplished the President, clad in his official sash or "echarpe," his insignia of authority, stands behind the box which is locked, and the voters are called upon to approach. They come singly, each hands his card to one of the assessors who reads its number to another, who examines the list of voters, and verifies it aloud. The card is then handed to the President who with a pair of scissors cuts away one corner, and returns it to the elector. The latter then hands him a ticket folded so that the name of the candidate is invisible, which the president then drops into the box or "urn."

Each voter, when handed his card by the President, removes his hat and keeps it off until he had deposited his vote. The French citizen understands his vote and all the rights thereof, but he nevertheless responds to the dignity of the Republic. Everything connected with the Government is done with dignity and understanding. The President of France is *his* President. The Government is *his* Government. The spectacle of of an administration at variance with the will of the people is really an impossibility in France. Should the President, who is really the Premièr and head of the Cabinet, by change lose its confidence, then he loses his position—out he goes together with the cabinet, and instantly another Premièr comes into power.

This responsiveness to the will of the people is what

contributes so much of dignity to the Government in France. As before stated, the import of the ballot he casts is understood and appreciated by the voter. He knows the names and characters of those for whom he is voting, and he sees to it that his candidate once elected shall properly represent his convictions.

After the election, the successful candidates have proclamations of thanks to their constituents printed and posted on the walls of the "Mairie." Promptly at the hour of six in the afternoon the polls close. As the hour approached a "commissaire" whispered in the ear of the President who rang his bell for attention, and called out in a loud voice—three times, "Has any one neglected to cast his ballot?" Silence. Then he called loudly, "Six o'clock!—Finis!" The ballot was thus officially closed.

All who could do so crowded about the table upon which was the "Urn." Several keen eyed men in a sort of undress uniform stationed themselves on either side of the President, and watched him unlock the "Urn" and throw back the lid. Some additional gas jets were lighted over head, and a official called out, "To your tables for the count, four electors to each table."—I endeavored to follow the procedure, but was unable to do intelligently so that this account will be of little use to anyone. I could see, however, that all of those present took the matter most seriously, and that everything seemed to be done according to rule.

When it was all over, although I am not a citizen, I had to give up a franc to the uniformed official who stands at the door demanding and receiving toll.

I certainly had difficulty in following the procedure, and, as I said before, I could not get an intelligent idea of the rules, but certainly I was impressed by the difference of methods especially as I recalled my own experiences at the polls in New York and vicinity. This was an experience of some years before the World War, and it may be that the procedure is now conducted differently, at any rate it was interesting and novel so I include it here.

The Madeleine and Notre Dame

IN the rue du Louvre, facing the great palace of Art, is the "parish church" of the Louvre, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, built originally in 560 by St. Germain of Paris in honor of his namesake of Auxerre. Destroyed by the Normans in 886 and turned into a fortress, it was rebuilt by Robert the Pius in 1031, according to the record by the Monk Helgaud.

As a royal church it ranked second only to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The present structure is of various dates, the earliest being the Tower, the Choir, and the principal entrance which are of the XIII Century. The chapels around the nave and the porch by Jean Gaussel, and the facade and choir chapels of the XV and XVI Centuries, are of great beauty and purity of style. Viollet-le-Duc indeed describes it as a perfect conception. However, the statues of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Mary are the only two figures, among the many, all of which now look so ancient and blackened by time, that are

really contemporary with it; all the rest are modern and the work of Marochetti and his aids. The effect of the whole, however, is most harmonious and artistic. The frescoes which seem so ancient are by Mottez, and are entirely in keeping with the other details of the porch.

The central portal is of great antiquity being early XIII Century, and its six remarkable statues, including that of St. Généviève holding a candle, over which there is a struggle between an angel and a demon, are of great character. The church, of cruciform construction with its encirclement of chapels and double aisles has been so restored from time to time that its ancient character has vanished together with the splendid Rood loft which was designed by Pierre Lescot, and the ancient tombs and most of the noble sculpture of Jean Goujon, has disappeared under the modernization by the architect Bacarit, who was intrusted with the "Restoration" in 1715. Even so, St. Germain is easily the finest example of antiquity in Paris. Most of the splendid stained glass windows are of modern workmanship with the exception of the rose windows which are of the XV Century, but the color is invariably harmonious and the whole effect most admirable. The pulpit and the stalls, and the fine state throne are the work of François Mercier, and the Grille of the Choir is pronounced by authority to be the finest example of metal work of the XVIII Century.

Here was buried under the original altar in the year

656 the ninth Bishop of Paris, the founder of the Hotel Dieu, who was noted for having sold the furniture of his home, during a famine, in order to feed the poor. The ancient bosses of the Chapels and the Nave are sculptured with the effigies of St. Germain, St. James, St. Vincent, and St. Christopher. The first two were the patron saints of the Church, and of these that of St. Germain is most remarkable with his bishop's robes of gilt and color against a splendid pierced background in the bay of the Chapel of the Virgin. There is the fine tomb of the court fool, or jester, of King Charles V, and those of the Poet Malherbe; the painters Stelle, Sauterre, and Coypel. There are others of such sculptors as Desjardins, Sarazin and Coysevox. Many others of great fame were buried here, but their tombs were broken open and destroyed, and their remains dragged about the streets by the Revolutionists who ended the orgie by roasting the bodies in huge fires in the square.

The bell in the tower, as is well known, sounded the the signal at 2 A. M. August 24, 1572, for The Massacre of St. Bartholemew, by order of King Charles IX, son of Catherine de Médicis. The signal from St. Germain was repeated by the bell in the Tour de l'Horloge and The Massacre began on the left bank of the river. St. Germain was the parish church of the Palace of the Louvre, and as such was attended by the King and the court, when they were in Paris, on the days of great

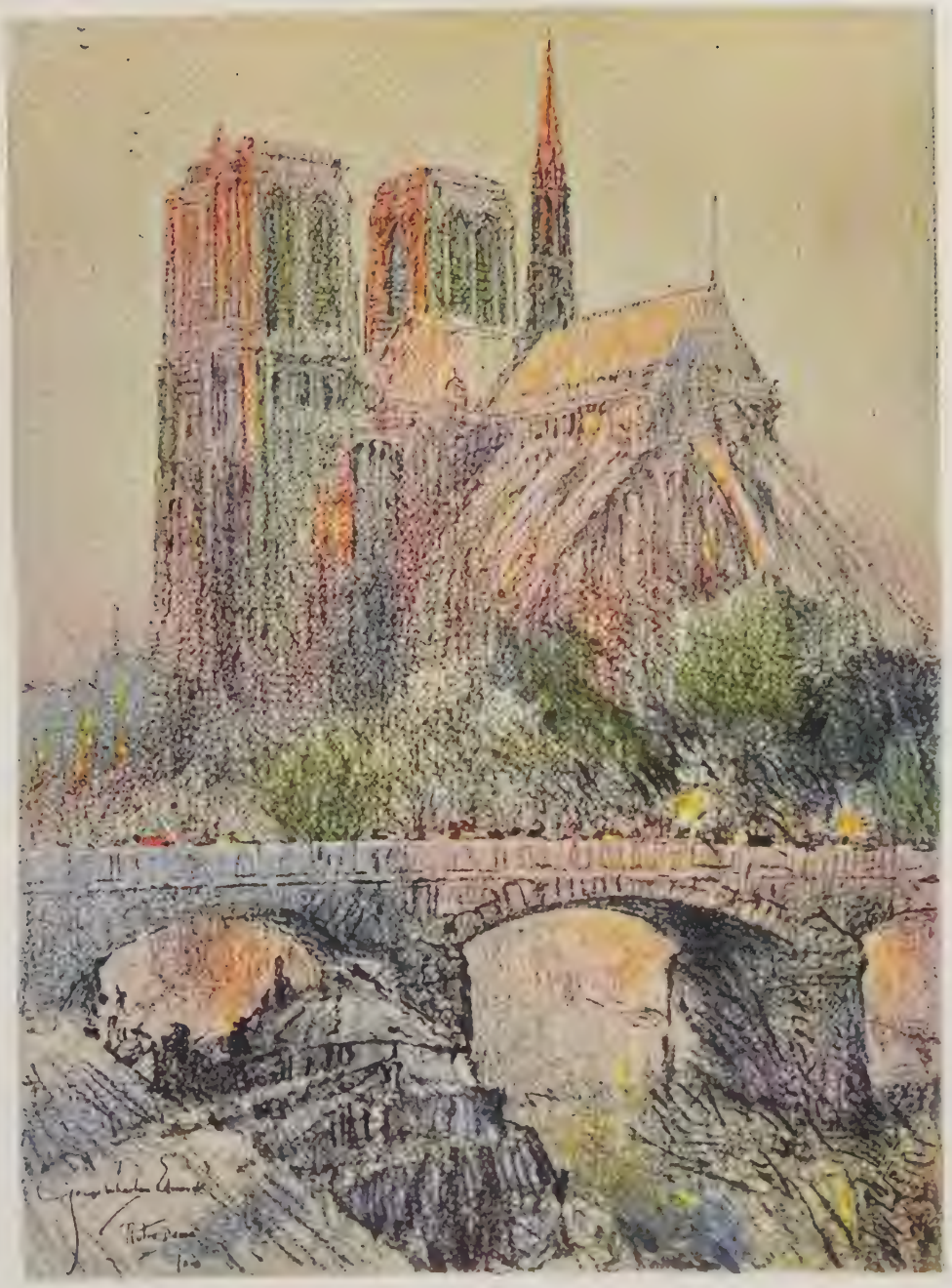
religious festivals such as the Fête Dieu. On these occasions it was the scene of remarkable splendor and pomp, down to the period of the revolution of July, 1830. Casimir Delavigne relates how the Church was then transformed into a hospital and the dead were buried in a trench before the entrance.

During the service of mass on the Anniversary of the death of the Duc de Berry in 1831 (February 14) the mob of revolutionists burst inthe doors, sacked the church, breaking the windows, overthrowing the statues and desecrating the tombs and altars. For years after this the ruined church was closed, and part of the edifice used as headquarters, or Mairie, by the revolutionists who wanted to tear it down. It is on record that it was finally saved by Chateaubriand who eloquently entreated them to spare "one of the greatest and most ancient monuments remaining in Paris, of an epoch of which almost nothing remained." Formerly the Prèvot of Paris, Etienne Marcel, chief of the Jacquerie, in the XVI Century lived in a house on this street, and Calvin as a boy occupied a small room near by with his Uncle Richard the Locksmith, when he was attending the College of La Marche.

The tower of gray stone with its delicate gothic tracery and details rising from the group of buildings is most satisfying to the artistic eye, and one can scarcely credit the antiquity of the Church, so clean and fresh it appears

Notre Dame seen from the left bank of the Seine

Notre Dame seen from the left bank of the Seine



until one enters the porch all blackened by time and mutilated by the fury of revolutionary mobs. This porch is most perfectly proportioned and conceived and admirably conveys the XV Century atmosphere. There are three principal arcades the whole breadth of the nave, with two lower and narrower arcades to the aisles, while on either side there are separate entrances. A balustrade encrowns the whole and forms a terrace beneath the central rose window, with a pointed gable at each side. Viollet-le-Duc however pronounces the sculpture and details of the porch "deficient in character, poor and weak." (VII 304.)

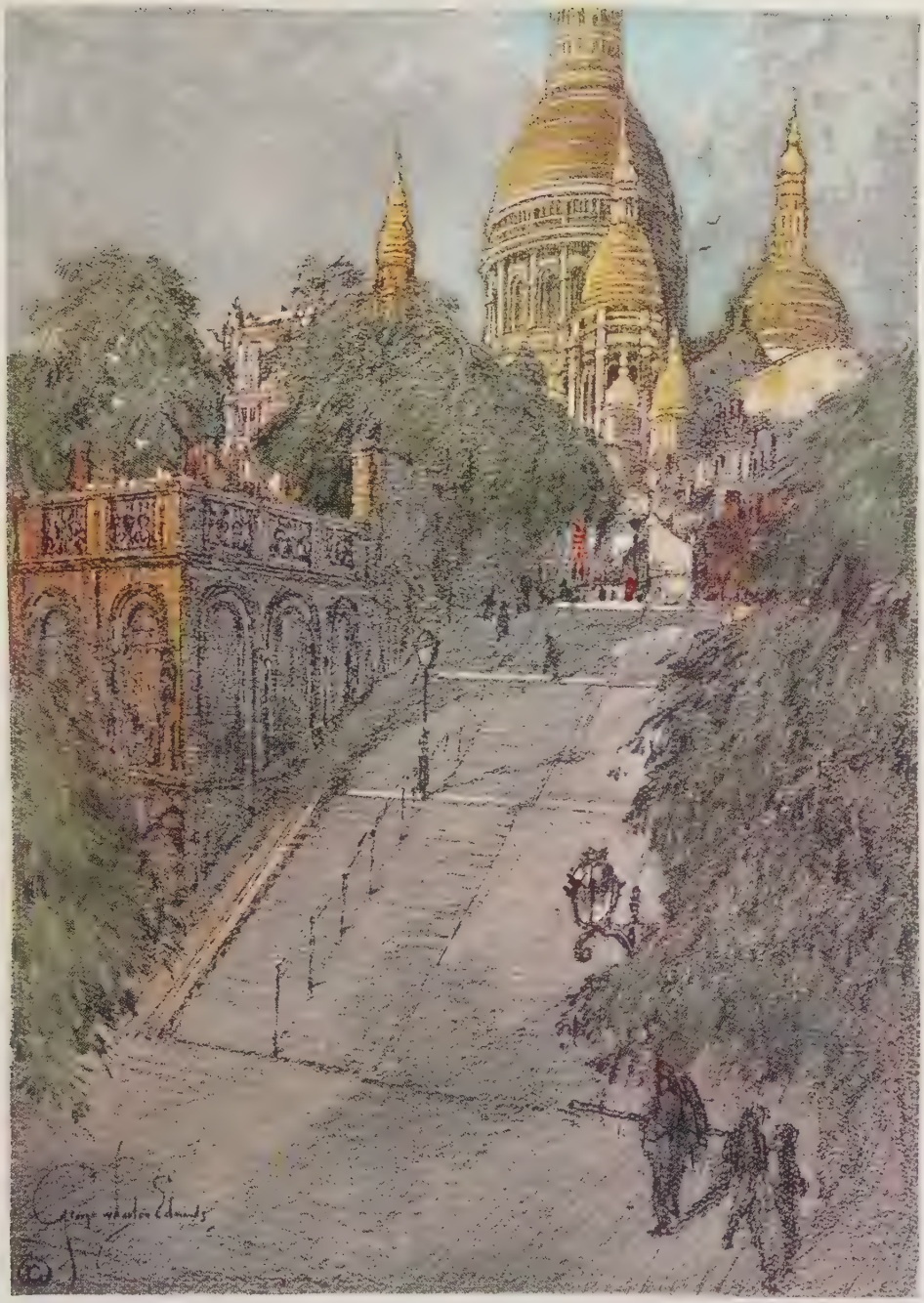
To me, however, as a layman the effect is most picturesque and altogether satisfying. The adjoining modern buildings of the Mayoralty seem quite worthy, and the rose window in the center is not of inferior workmanship. The right transept of the church contains a white marble holy water font designed by Madame Lamartine and sculptured by Jouffroi, and in the Chapel des Catéchismes is a most curious "tree of Jesse" of the XIV Century, and fresco paintings by Amaury Duval as well as a large window of magnificent glass the work of Viollet-le-Duc the great restorer.

Dominating the city the enormous structure of the Church of the Sacré Coeur is visible for many miles round Paris. It has been the fashion to decry and disdain this church from the very beginning as inartistic

and unworthy of Paris. Strangers are often amazed when strolling along the Grande Boulevards to catch a glimpse of these dazzling white cloudlike domes resembling a huge mosque on the distant hill of Montmartre. Nevertheless, I have heard it described as a masterpiece of architecture by competent authority. It seems to the writer to be more grandiose than beautiful, and engineers say that immense sums amounting to many millions of francs must have been spent upon the foundations of this enormous Catholic temple, which penetrate the "Butte" to a depth lower than the bed of the Seine. Many regard the Sacré-Coeur as a masterpiece of contemporary architecture. Viewed from the Boulevard Montparnasse it quite dominates its surroundings. From the distant terraces of Saint-Cloud it rises like a white cumulous cloud against the horizon altogether lovely in form and dignified in conception.

It has a large central dome with three smaller ones as support, and a square belfry containing an enormous bell named "Savoyarde," which I am told "weighs 26 tons and is 10 feet in diameter, the gift of noble ladies of Savoy." The interior of the Church is of splendid proportions and it is said will hold eight thousand people comfortably. I found this interior almost entirely devoid of decoration but certainly most impressive for its size. There are, so the custode said, immense crypts in the depths of the "Butte," and one is further informed

The Great Church of the Sacré Coeur, Montmartre



that "if the hill or 'Butte' were removed, the masonry of the structure would be left standing, for the soil was found incapable of bearing the weight of the structure."

There is said to be an absence of religion in France, which is called a Nation of Free Thinkers. I do not find this to be a fact. Indeed it seems to me that the French are really very religious at heart. They seem filled with an ardor of most passionate enthusiasm for their faith, as was evident when I last saw them on the occasion of a Church fête, when the streets were quite thronged with people on their way to church. All this is spite of the spirit that has monumentalized Free Thinking by erecting insults to Catholicism in bronze such as the Statue to Ernest Renan in the heart of Brittany, or the statue in front of the Sacré-Coeur to that obscure young man who was set upon and killed by a Catholic mob for refusing to kneel to the host.

One does not find that the national movement against the church has altered the pre-war appearance of the city, although religious street processions are forbidden yet seem as well observed as before. I find but one sacred building secularized—that of the former seminary of Saint-Sulpice, now occupied by and belonging to the Luxembourg. The great church holidays which lend such character to the streets of Paris are Reveillon, Noel, Micarême and Ascension Day, and these will ever remain as they are in the hearts of the people.

The Panthéon, that singular institution once a church is no longer such of course, yet it is surmounted by the cross which the authorities dared not remove from its splendid dome, nor did they venture to displace the mural paintings and statues within glorifying Saint Denis, Sainte Genéviève or the adored Jeanne Darc "la Pucelle." Indeed it will be remembered that when the Maid was to be canonized by the Holy Church, the French Free Thinkers established a national holiday in her honor. This apparently was patriotism pure and simple that took no thought of the advantage accruing to the Catholics by this National recognition.—Perhaps it is because they are so imbued with Art and all that pertains to it that they ignore all else. At any rate the fact remains. It is a fact too that while the Church has been "robbed and pillaged." (as the Catholics claim) by the French Secular power, that power allows it nearly two million pounds sterling per annum in compensation, and keeps the diocesan edifices in perfect repair.

The writer was in Paris when the decree of the French Government was published appointing the Canonization of the Maid a National holiday. In spite of the law there were religious processions in the streets, and the Catholics thronged the Place de Rivoli and so bedecked the Statue of Jeanne that only her head and the banner she carries were visible. There was a splendid service in Nôtre Dame, with a chorus and a great brass

band the like of which certainly was never before assembled in a Church, and the sound of which devoid of all "brassiness," seemed like unto that of a thousand cellos, so indescribably harmonious, tender and sweet were the vibrant tones, sounding through those resonant columns and vaultings of stone.

One remembers, too, some of those great festivals at St. Etienne-du-Mont, when the Place du Panthéon was quite thronged with pilgrims and the small portable booths lining the way furnished one of the remarkable sights of the city. This "fine and delicate marvel of French Art," is a most curious specimen of renaissance, and is really a Gothic Church disguised in classical details. Its high gabled frontage of three stories is flanked by a tall Gothic round tower. There is nothing like it in Paris. It has been reverenced as the depository of the ashes of the Patron Saint of Paris, and is most notable for its unique and splendid Jubé or altar screen, which is in the form of a flattened arch thrown boldly across the choir, with pierced turrets containing the stairs which rise in spirals on either hand. There are myriads of sculptured angels, masks, knots and wreaths, of exquisite detail. The rood loft is finished by open work cravings and two doors above the entablature, and on broken triangular pediments are two seated sculptured figures of great charm of design and execution.

Martin, in his History de France, says of this great

monument, "Religious Art died in St. Etienne du Mont." It was Queen Margaret the wife of Henri IV who laid the corner stone of this noble edifice, which contains some of the most beautiful painted glass windows of the masters Pinaigrier and Cousin who lived and flourished in the XV Century. The windows are illustrative of the legends of Paris, one of these depicts the story of the Jew Jonathus who in the year 1290, "compelled a poor woman who was in his power because of debt to give up to him the consecrated wafer which she received at communion, whereupon he pierced it through and through in various ways so that blood gushed forth from it. After he had boiled it in a pot of water over the fire the water was the color of blood. This he gave to a woman, and she telling of it from terror and remorse, the Jew was seized, tried and condemned to be burnt alive which sentence was carried out, his house razed to the ground and on its site a chapel called the 'Miracles' was erected."

Racine, Boileau and Pascal are buried in the choir aisles, and there is a great gilt shrine of modern workmanship in the Gothic style to St. Genèviéve, Patron Saint of Paris. The coffin of the saint was found empty in the crypt of the Abbey Church, for it is said that her bones were burnt by the mob in the Place de Gréve in 1801. Around about her shrine tall candles are always burning, for it is the custom for worshippers to purchase

a taper either large or small and remain in prayer as it is consumed, and each year at the "Neuvaine" there is a great crowd thronging the Church and about the empty stone sarcophagus in which the saint's body was laid on January 3, A. D. 511. She was "la Pucelette," a peasant girl and a shepherdess born at Nanterre, near Paris in A. D. 421, and early became consecrated to the service of God, by Bishop St. Germain of Auxerre. Her long life was marked by pious deeds, and dying at the age of eighty-nine, she was buried by the side of King Clovis and Queen Clotilde. As a popular local saint she quite outshines St. Stephen who was the original patron saint of the Church.

It was in this church, on the steps of the sanctuary that Archbishop Sibour was stabbed by a dissolute priest in 1857 "while he was in the act of blessing the congregation."

The "unco guid" may turn up their eyes and prate in jeremiads as they will about the wickedness of Paris. Let them but visit the churches here on the vigils of great religious feasts, or even on ordinary Sundays or Saturdays, and see for themselves the crowds that throng the confessionals and the aisles. Let them visit the Madeleine and see the freedom from social distinctions that prevails. The rich and the poor mingle freely on an equality unknown in our country.

There are few shops now in Paris that remain open on

the Sabbath. Of course, all of the great galleries, the gardens, and the amusement places are open for it is a great mistake to think that people can be made better by closing the sources of innocent amusement. The automobile is not yet so numerous in Paris as with us here in American cities, and one hopes that it never may be for the sake of order and peace. Instead the bands play in the public parks and the great fountains there in the squares are in operation for the people's pleasure. The French know how to make it a day to which they look forward with longing. The mechanic or laborer, instead of lounging away his Sunday, is ambitious to take his wife and children to hear good music where too he can have his litre of wine and his luncheon for a small price in their company. Wherein is the harm to society in this?

The Madeleine, which resembles a great and magnificent pagan temple much more than a Christian Church, is an impressive imitation of the Panthéon. Balzac strangely enough derided the sculptured figures on its front, calling them "coffee house decorations," but one ventures to disagree with him in this. The various groups as seen from below present a harmonious and most dignified pattern, occupying the space inclosed by the angle most satisfactorily. High Mass is here celebrated with splendid music at 11 A. M. and is the most imposing service in the city. On special occasions,

for instance the Fête Dieu in June, the whole building is draped most gorgeously in red cloth and gold embroidery. A great Altar is erected at the rear of the Church, to this a procession preceded by a Military band of many pieces winds its way through the corridors under the magnificent Corinthian columns with most impressive effect, the great organ meanwhile pealing forth its deep thunderous notes.

There are rich and rare marbles of various colors which contribute to the splendor of the interior. It was begun in 1764 under Louis XV, but the work was halted by the Revolution. In 1806 Napoleon ordered Pierre Vignon to complete the building as a Temple of Victory in honor of the soldiers of the Grand Army. The Restoration, however, put a stop to the work, and it remained unfinished until Louis Phillippe ordered it completed in 1832. The sculptured pediment on the south font, so scorned by Balzac, as before related, is the largest in existence. Hawthorne in his "Note Books" calls it "glorious and gorgeous." The paintings nearly all represent events in the life of Mary Magdalene, and the scultpures at the top of the broad flight of steps on the right hand is by Pradier, depicting the marriage of the Virgin.

I was interested in studying the attitude of my neighbors in this church during a celebration of the Mass. The women were certainly most devout and faithfully

followed the service, not so however, the men who accompanied them; these seemed I thought for the most part indifferent, and acted as though at a "function." The attitude of the average Frenchman towards religion seems to be that a ceremony of some sort is necessary on such important occasions as marriages, christenings and funerals, and that the Church of Rome understands and conducts such ceremonies in perfect good taste, and indeed, so well that she gives complete satisfaction in this instructive need for artistic effect. Quite independently of special theological tenets he feels that marriage requires some special kind of blessing or consecration, and that a most solemn pomp should accompany a dead man to his final resting place. He is in favor of established form whether in religion or politics: As one expressed it, "Religion and religious cermonies are in the hands of the women of the household; Men are neither devout believers, or convinced unbelievers."

It was Lacordaire who said,"I have a religious heart, but a very incredulous mind."

Entering the Boulevard Malesherbes one is struck by a view of what seems to be an artistic and resplendent ecclesiastical monument with a great arched portal embellished with noble statuary occupying a gallery beneath a large rose window and entered by three tall arched doorways approached by steps. Through the green of the trees, and lighted by the afternoon sun it

The Madeleine

Paris
1923
The Madeleine

presents a most impressive sight, and it is only when one comes nearer so that the details are clearer, that the real character of this church, with its lamentable lack of art distinction, is made evident.

That its plans could ever have been passed by such consummate artists as the French, surrounded as it is by splendid architectural masterpieces, is a marvel.

The Church of St. Augustin is pronounced by nearly everyone who examines it, to be "the very climax of vulgarity and bad taste." Built in 1860-8 by V. Ballard in a style which he fancied to be Renaissance, it forms a unique conglomeration of cast iron arabesques. Above the arcades of the façade is a gallery with figures of Christ and the Apostles by Jouffroy. It is the apotheosis of the galvanoplastic and cast iron period, and is surmounted by a great dome with a rather graceful lantern or cupola, its redeeming feature, the interior of which is embellished by figures of the evangelists painted by Signol. In the chapels are other paintings by Bougereau and Brisset. The glass, which is worthy of a better setting, is by Claudius Lavergne, Marechal, Lusson and Oudinot. Near this church, in the house at the angle of the Boulevard Malesherbes and Avenue de Villiers the painter Meissonnier was born. Lafayette died in house numbered 29.

The magnificent Gothic "Metropolitan Cathedral of Nôtre Dame," to give it its full title, "Ecclesia Pa-

risiaca," was designed by Jean de Chelles in 1257 according to an inscription on the south façade. Victor Hugo says that his famous book "Nôtre Dame de Paris," was inspired by his discovery on one of the towers of the Cathedral the Greek word "ANATKH." The most magnificent of the ceremonies in Nôtre Dame was the coronation of Napoleon I and Josephine, at a cost to the state of nearly one hundred million francs. There was also in later days the ceremonial of the marriage of Napoleon III to Eugenie, Countess of Teba, on January 24, 1859, and then the baptism of the unfortunate Prince Imperial, but neither of these equaled the first mentioned.

After the great Revolution broke out, Nôtre Dame suffered severely, when the greater part of the statues of the portals and choir were destroyed, and the Cathedral became "a temple of Reason," with Mlle. Millard enthroned as High Priestess or Goddess of Reason, attended by coryphées of the theatre.

Viollet-le-Duc restored the whole great fabric of the Cathedral excellent taste. In the days of the commune, however, it had a very narrow escape from destruction for the infuriated mob piled up chairs and benches in the choir, and pouring on these petrol set them afire happily without causing great damage, "for on account of the lack of air (so it is recorded) the fire soon died down and went out."

The splendid west front is in three "stories" with a

triple portal over which is the great "Gallerie des Rois," which is said to have been ordered destroyed by the Municipal Council of 1793, but the order was rescinded in response to the supplication of Dupuis, the astronomer. The great rose window in the second story is flanked by double windows in wide Gothic arches. In the niches of the towers are modern statues representing Religion, Faith, St. Denis and St. Stephen. Countless descriptions have been written of this remarkable edifice, of these the best is by Victor Hugo, in his "Notre Dame."

Entering from the great square, or Parvis, one is plunged into almost impressive darkness, and the effect of the interior, is infinitely imposing. The beautiful beams of colored light coming from the superb painted windows of the clerestory above light the aisles, with their lofty pillars forming most picturesque vistas. The central aisle is of great width—590 feet—width at transepts 144 feet; height of vaulting, 102 feet; height of west towers, 204 feet; width of west front, 128 feet; length of nave, 225 feet; width of nave, 39 feet.

In the magnificent choir, which retains some of its wood carving by Jean de Goujon, under Louis XIII, Henry VI of England, when only ten years of age was here crowned King of France in 1431. In the western end of the choir is a small part of the curious XIV Century screen sculptured by Jean Ravy, the remainder was destroyed during the reign of Louis XIV.

The frescoes in the ten chapels were executed at what is described as "tremendous expense" under Viollet-le-Duc. Whoever climbs the towers, as I did, will find the steps surprisingly easy. On the first platform or landing is an imposing room in one corner of which is a quaint spiral staircase by which one emerges on the roof of the church. In all, two hundred and ninety-seven steps are required to reach the top of the south tower (I did not count them myself). The climb is entirely worth while, for there is a glorious view of Paris from the gallery "around the tower"... the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapors, through which were indistinctly visible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. "All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills." (Victor Hugo, "Notre Dame de Paris.")

On the way up one passes the great bell of Notre Dame which from time immemorial has rung all the French victories on land and sea. One of the bells was named "Jacqueline" for Madame Jacqueline de la Grange, the wife of the donor (in 1400) who was the Sieur Jean de Montaigne, the brother of Bishop Gérard, who lost his head on the block at the "Halles" in 1409.

According to records, this bell was recast in 1686 and renamed "Louise Thérèse" for Louis XIV and his Queen.

One is thrilled with the realization that this is the very spot immortalized in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," in which Canon Claude, Frollo, and the dwarf Quasimodo played the chief parts.

The row of singular carved monsters on the platform, known as the Gargoyles of Notre Dame, and thought to be of great antiquity by most people, are as a matter of fact comparatively quite modern, only one or two of them are reproductions of the decayed originals, under the direction of Viollet-le-Duc, which were removed from the parapet about the middle of the last century when he restored the whole fabric of the Cathedral, but all of the others are the work of an English workman named James Frampton, a native of Beverley, who was employed by a contractor one George Myers at the time engaged in building the Rothschild Château near Paris. Viollet-le-Duc, struck by the artistic quality of Frampton's work, offered him the position of sculptor at the Cathedral, and it was under his supervision that the gargoyles, since so popular with the tourists, were designed and put in place. They have all the character and appearance of great antiquity; this story of their origin will greatly surprise antiquarians and architects, but is vouched for by no less an authority than the late Harry Hems of London—who often wrote in the Journals praising the work of his friend the sculptor, James Frampton, the designer of the Gargoyles of Notre Dame.

The Cathedral has always be celebrated for its great and eloquent preachers such as Bourdaloue and Bossuet, and the Carmelite Pére Hyacinthe, who have here addressed huge multitudes, appealing to the moral and intellectual rather than to the religious feelings. It is recalled that the Jesuit Pére de Ravignan on one occasion in this great church, "led eight thousand souls to a general communion."

Terrible scenes have occurred here in all the years of its existence, and the lives of many of the great preachers have been sacrificed to the fury of the mobs. In Edward Drumont's "Paris à travers les Ages," Mgr. de Quélan, according to the Chronicle, saw his Archepiscopal palace sacked; Mgr. Affre was mortally wounded in a barricade, victim of his heroic devotion; Mgr. Sibour was stabbed by Verger, and Mgr. Marlot and Mgr. Darboy fell under the balls of the "fédérés."

The steps to the summit of the South tower, which is 223 feet in height, number two hundred and ninety-seven, and those who have not climbed them have missed a wondrous sight of Paris "the incomparable."

The greatest treasure of Notre Dame is the Crown of Thorns given to St. Louis and brought hither from the Sainte Chapelle, together with a nail from the true Cross belonging formerly to the Abbey of St. Denis. These are exhibited to the people only on Fridays in Lent.

There are also many church vestments and services of

The Church of St. Augustin

The Church of St. Augustin

gold and silver plate presented by Napoleon I, and Napoleon III as thank offerings on occasions, baptisms or marriages, and the enormous paschal candlestick and the massive ostensoir of Napoleon I, on the occasion of his coronation. As before said, the most notable and magnificent ceremonials held at Nôtre Dame in recent times have been the marriage of Napoleon III to Countess Eugenie de Teba on January 29, 1853, and the baptism of the unfortunate Prince Imperial.

No one who has ever attended a great service in Nôtre Dame will ever forget the experience. I happened unknowingly upon one such and was surprised to find the enormous interior thronged, nave and aisles. How I got a place I don't know, it was sheer good fortune, and I was enjoying the charm of the experience, and the exquisite music of the great organ played by a master hand, which was marred by the clanking on the stone pavement of long staves shod with iron in the hands of of several tall and bearded "Swiss" as they are called, who were marching down the chancel, beating the iron "butts" of their staves on the stone as they proceeded. These figures clad in ornate mediaeval costumes preceded a procession of choir boys in scarlet and white, and rank after rank of tonsured monks and clergy, and very great dignitaries of the church whom I heard named by my neighbors on either hand, but whose names I promptly forgot to my present regret. These last were clad in

most gorgeous and lavishly embroidered gowns and vestments, and were accompanied by bearers of banners and emblems and embroidered canopies beneath which walked aged looking bishops, while the sweet strains of music from the hidden choirs of young boys rose to ecstacies, and all the whole the measured beating of the iron staves punctured the melody. Far down the nave this procession divided, turned, and, after proceeding through the side aisles, the two columns united at the steps of the Sanctuary where they filled the great space with a blaze and flame of splendid color. I never can hope to see the equal of that scene again—nor be thrilled by the religious ecstacy of such a gathering swayed by their feelings. No one can convince me that the French people are irreligious. That day in Nôtre Dame definitely settled my convictions upon that point.

The successor of Quasimodo, the bell ringer of Nôtre Dame, will give away in a short time now (if it has not already happened) to XX Century mechanical efficiency. Those large and small bells, which stir in all readers of Victor Hugo visions of the dwarf swinging madly through the air on the end of the great rope, will henceforth be rung not by hand, or by the clock work of the tambour, but by an electric motor. Three of the great bells are to be also controlled by the new device.

The introduction of electricity in the ancient Cathedral is due to the high after-the-war wages demanded by the

ringers. As a matter of fact the force of ringers was reduced during the war to one person, and that one of all incredible things, a woman, the daughter of the last head ringer, who had descended from a long line of bell ringers who from father to son had carried on the work of Quasimodo. This woman is Mme. Herbet, and she is the sole possessor of the tradition of the Cathedral's bells. Mme. Herbet as the last of the line is now writing and compiling from her ancestors' papers a manual for the guidance in the future of the electrical attendants who will have charge of the bells of Notre Dame. Thus one by one the traditions give way to the march of Modernity.

Mme. Herbet is famous as the only living representation of an old family of "Sonneurs" who has affectionately followed the traditions of the art. "Mme Sonneur," as the people call her, tells most interesting tales of the bells of Notre Dame to any one who will listen to her, and naturally does not seem pleased with the electric motors which have been installed in the tower. Now all that is necessary to set the great bells ringing is the pressure of a handle attached to a cog wheel, and the other bells are operated by electric magnets. This certainly is the age of Machinery. M. Herbet was only ten years old when his father permitted him to set his feet upon the pedals which rang the great bells. His father had been "Sonneur" of Notre Dame for more than half a century,

and the Herbets had taken part in every important ceremony during the last century when the Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral, and when amid the greatest pomp cardinals and bishops were consecrated there, royal infants baptised, and Kings assumed their crowns in imperial ceremonies.

When the ashes of the Great Napoleon were interred in the crypt at the Invalides in 1840, M. Herbet sounded a full peal on the great bell in the South Tower, which was cast in bronze more than 500 years ago, the gift of the King's Councillor, Jean de Montaigne. It has had many names during its famous history: Jacqueline; Emanuel; and finally Louise Marie Thérèse, its last sponsors being Louis XIV and Marie Thérèse of Austria, and bears upon its venerable sides the inscription (in French, of course) "I praise the Love of God. I call the People. I gather together the Clergy. I mourn the Dead. I keep away Pestilence. I add beauty to Festivals."

In the North Tower hang four other great and famous bells. Each of these, which may be examined by climbing flights of dusty and worm-eaten steps in the dim light, bears an honored name. "Angélique Francaise" "Antoinette Charlotte" "Hyacinthe Jeanne" and "Denise David." These replaced the famous bell named Babilette. Of this the following tale is told.

An unfortunate woman one day left her infant boy

at the church door, being unable to get food for him. She decided to give him into God's merciful care. The passersby tossed small coins into the basket in which he lay too weak to cry. The Great Bishop entering the door saw the child, and directed his attendant to take the poor child and care for him as if it were his own. Not finding any name in his clothing, the faithful scolastique called him Sirvain, and the child soon won the affection of all near him. He was taught to read and write, and when he was still very young he learned the secrets of the mechanism of all the great and the smaller bells in the old Cathedral, and the formula for ringing out the Angelus, which had just then been made part of the daily service. Soon he became so efficient in the work that he directed the ringers.

During the day between these tasks, he was accustomed to walk in the garden about the towers, and there, too, came regularly among others Jeanne the daughter of a draper, to the daily services. With this pretty young girl Sirvain soon became acquainted, and friendship ripened rapidly into love for each other. Unable to keep his great joy from the keen eyed scolastique, he confided to him the story of his love for Jeanne, who at once told the bishop, who being very fond of Sirvain because of his character and his industry, gave his consent and promised to perform himself the marriage ceremony uniting his charge and the draper's daughter whom he

knew to be entirely worthy of him. The two were very happy until Jeanne died in giving birth to a child, and Sirvain overcome and disconsolate with grief, shut himself up in the top of the tower and it is said never left the Cathedral from that moment. There among the great bells whose mellow tones helped to soften his great grief lived Sirvain, the bell ringer of Notre Dame, in his devotion, he persisted until God in his infinite goodness and mercy performed a miracle, and one of the bells, that named Babilette, received the sweet voice of his lost Jeanne. Thereafter whenever Sirvain rang that bell he heard the comforting voice of his beloved wife, and this remained a great consolation to him until he too passed into the beyond, to his reward, and once more Sirvain and Jeanne were united, in Paradise.

Just behind Notre Dame was that place of horror called the Morgue, of which such gruesome tales have filled the letters of correspondents. It is now a thing of the past, for months have elapsed since it was dismantled and the staff transferred to the Medico-Legal Institute on the opposite side of the River. For downright human tragedy nothing will surpass the old Morgue. Before this book is issued not a stone will be left to mark the horrible old spot. Soon there will be a new smooth patch of rich green grass bordered with flowers whereon the children of the Isle will gather, extending from the garden behind ancient Notre Dame.

The word Morgue is said to be derived from the old French word for face, for in all old French prisons was a chamber in which prisoners were chained for a period so that all might study their faces for future identification.

Nodier, Régnier et Champin, in Paris Historique XVIII Century writes, "Some days of the year the Morgue is too small, as on the day after a riot, the day after Shrove Tuesday, or the day following a national holiday. The Morgue is the lying in state of misfortune and crime."

Zola, in "Thèrése Raquin" writes: ". . . . A spectacle within the reach of every purse; be they poor or rich who pass, they pay nothing for admission. The door is open, enter who will . . . . Amateurs will go out of their way not to miss one of these representations of death. When the slabs are bare they go away disappointed . . and grumbling. When the slabs are well filled and there is a fine display of human flesh, visitors crowd it and get a cheap emotion; they are appalled, amused, applaud or hiss as at a theatre and retire satisfied, with the declaration that the Morgue is a success that day."

As I am writing this on a bench near the fountain, I can see a crowd of idlers about the three ragged arches of masonry which is all that is left of the grim structure, where the laborers are busy with pick and shovel demolishing the foundations. Thus will disappear a most famous spot identified with old Paris.

Perhaps never were so many people gathered there before taking a last look at this place of Horrors, even when it was filled with the human wreckage—the derelicts, flotsam and jetsam of a great city. The crowd seems irresistibly drawn by common impulse to this place of misery, which looks rather more like the ruins of Pompeii than a spot in the midst of the beautiful City of Paris. Then people are not all loafers either, many of them are of gentle mien and refinement, and curiously enough there are many women among them. They read and re-read the inscriptions of the tablets naming the various chambers and offices devoted to the business of the "Bureau." They are crowded about the steep stairway that formerly led to the cellar which was the depository of unnamable horrors, and the place of terrible scenes connected with the identification of the hapless ones brought in from the river. . . . . The sun shines brightly over Notre Dame; birds are singing in the trees about the fountain of Our Lady where the children and the nurse maids are gathered, and above all other sounds comes that of the workmen's hammers and picks demolishing the very foundations of that Chamber of Horrors, The Morgue of Paris.

The Tomb of Napoleon

Tour de St. Jacques and the Sewers of Paris

A CLEVER Frenchman has said that the best way to consign a celebrity to sure oblivion in Paris is to name a street for him, or to erect a statue or monument in his honor. I amused myself on one occasion by asking a citizen standing near the Tour de St. Jacques waiting for the arrival of an omnibus, to direct me to the statue of Pascal which was in plain sight from where we stood in the rue Mouffetard. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders after I had carefully repeated the name Pascal three times. . . . Pascal—Pascal. Pascal. He said that he knew not—and regarded me, I thought, with some suspicion. I next tried the young woman in the newspaper kiosk who was directly facing it. She too shrugged her shoulders at me.

Blaise Pascal was unknown to either.

Scientist, philosopher, honored by his countrymen for his barometrical researches and discoveries, who conducted his studies on the top of the tower of St.

Jacques in 1648, and whose statue was placed beneath the entrance in plain sight of the passersby, was unknown to them.

The statue is certainly not a good one artistically. It is a feeble performance, but it may be a good likeness. It is the work of one Cavelier, a French sculptor of some note, but it is unworthy of its splendid setting beneath the remarkable Tower which is only the remnant of that great church, St. Jacques de la Boucherie, once celebrated as a sanctuary for murderers, and destroyed during the Revolution. The present tower dates from the reign of Louis XII, 1508-22, and is pronounced by architectural authority to be the finest example of its kind in Paris. One of its pinnacles has a statue of St. James the Great by Rault. The others are the beasts or mystic animals of the Evangelists.

Blaise Pascal was a hermit with others at the old Abbey of Port Royal near the hamlet of Saint Lambert between the years 1643 and 1679. His cell in the Monastery, or what remains of it, is still shown in the Maison des Granges very much as it was when he pursued his researches there. Various fraternities formerly had chapels in the old church, such as the spur makers. and the saddlers, and there was then a large open work spire on the Tower "thirty feet in height."

The authorities are talking of erecting in the square St. Jacques a statue to the author Gerard de Nerval who

was born in the rue du Temple, and who after much suffering and poverty ended his life in an alleyway near the Place du Châtelet, where now stands the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. De Nerval's classical prose writings, it is claimed, entitle him to the honor of a monument, and it has been decided to place it near the scene of his death rather than in the Montmartre quarter at the base of the Butte where he spent the latter part of his unfortunate existence. De Nerval was discovered hanging to an iron railing in the alleyway called the Vielle-Lantern on January 26, 1855. It has taken the authorities a long time to recognize his claim to honors.

Théophile Gautier writing of these bohemians of the early XIX Century in Paris, says, "In the army of romanticists, as in the army of Italy, all the world was young."

Napoleon was only twenty-six when he led his ragged soldiers into the plains of Lombardy; Victor Hugo was under thirty when he rocked the literary world with "Hernani." Also, in the 1830's, youth was almost a synonym for extravagance. Gautier flaunted his crimson waistcoat. Gerard de Nerval courted attention in a manner even more astonishing. One morning he was found walking through the Palais Royal leading a lobster on the end of a long ribbon. Such was the age that his friends were not at all disturbed; did not regard the eccentricity as an indication of mental disorder.

What De Nerval wrote was sanity itself, and in his last years, when his poor brain was trembling on the edge, his literary restraint reached its high water mark. "If Mr. Chesterton should ever be tempted to write about Gerard de Nerval, we can imagine him stoutly maintaining the paradox that Gerard was actually sobered by madness."

"There is Villiers de l'Isle Adam."

He was a Micawber of the Paris Latin Quarter, always counting on something to turn up, believing to the end of his days that his strong boxes, full of deeds and testaments, of old charts and records of the Spanish main, contained the key to the family fortunes. For his claims to aristocratic birth were genuine. The length of his name, which was Jean Marie Mathias Philippe Auguste de Villiers de l'Isle Adam, was in keeping with the length of his lineage. On the score of his family he was extremely sensitive. When a historical drama was revived in which one of his ancestors was represented as being in league with the English against Jeanne d'Arc, Villiers appealed to the courts to have the play stopped. Yet this descendant of the Crusaders was perfectly comfortable with the shabbiest clothes, and perfectly satisfied in the dingiest restaurant and with the most indifferent red wine.

Bohemia just suited him. Anatole France once told of meeting Villiers during one of his nocturnal rambles

The Tower of Sainte Jacques

Paris 1923.
Saint Jacques

and feeling suddenly overcome with pity for the slovenly ill-kempt creature. But in a moment he realized that his pity was misplaced. A story illustrates Villiers's worldly incapacity. In 1875 an American offered a prize of 10,000 francs for the best play on the American Revolution. Villiers's "Le Nouveau Monde" was selected. But instead of receiving the 10,000 francs, the committee of judges, among them Victor Hugo, told him that he would get only 2,000. Villiers accused Hugo of embezzlement, snatched the manuscript of the play, and carried it to Bordeaux, where he found a theatrical manager who was ready to listen. Villiers was tremendously excited. The manager must get the spirit of the piece before he began to read, so Villiers began to dash off chords on the piano, and to hurl the furniture about the room while explaining the underlying principles. "Mais, lisez donc," said the manager, whereupon Villiers dropped the manuscript without another word.

In the Place du Châtelet is the entrance where whoever is curious about such matters may explore subterranean Paris. I did not do so at any time, for there was too much of interest to see above ground, and too little time in which to see properly the things that interest me. The vast sewers of Paris are called "égouts." I found in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" a splendid description of these enormous "entrails of Paris," as he calls them.

"Digging the Sewers of Paris was no small task. The last ten centuries have toiled at it without being able to finish, no more than they could finish Paris. . . . It is in the ground a species of dark Polype with a thousand antennae, which grows below as the city grows above. Each time that the city forms a street, the sewer stretches out an arm. . . . Napoleon built . . . four thousand eight hundred and four metres; Charles X, ten thousand, Louis Philippe, eighty-nine thousand and twenty; The Republic of 1848, twenty-three thousand five hundred; altogether two hundred and twenty-six thousand six hundred metres, or sixty leagues of sewer . . . an immense construction. . . . The sewer is clean, cold, straight, and almost realizes the ideal of what is understood in England by the word 'respectable.' It is neat and gray. . . . at the first glance you might be inclined to take it for one of those subterranean passages so common formerly and so useful for the flights of monarchs and princes 'in the good old times when the people loved its Kings.' . . . Each vomitory is an arcade, and the rue de Rivoli sets the fashion even in the 'cloaca.'. .The sewer has at the present day assumed a certain official aspect, and the police reports of which it is sometimes the object, are no longer deficient in respect to it. . . .This network of cellars still has its population of rodents, pullulating more than ever; from time to time a rat, an old 'moustache,' ventures his head at the opening of the drain and

examines (the visitor)—but even these vermin are growing tame. . . .The 'cloaca' no longer retains its primitive ferocity, and the rain which sullied the drain of olden times, washes that of the present day. . . . Still do not trust it too entirely, for Miasmas still inhabit it." I read thus far, and was so satisfied that I closed the book.

The Pantheon

THIS great temple which has had a divided existence between a pagan shrine and a Christian Church dedicated to the Patron Saint of Paris, S. Genéviève, occupies the site of a church of Saints Peter and Paul built by Clovis, who, together with the murdered children of Clodomir were buried within its walls. Louis XV, on his recovery from a serious illness, employed Jacques German Soufflot to prepare plans for a great new church to be dedicated to S. Geneviève to occupy its place and ordered the old Gothic church to be pulled down, but it was not until the year 1807 that this was carried out, and completed by Rondelet, pupil of Soufflot.

The inscription in large letters upon the facade "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante," was placed there after the death of Mirabeau. From 1851 to 1885 it was used as a church, and then by decree it became once more a Panthéon and is now "neither church, museum, nor funeral monument." It is a national civil temple, and contains the Tombs of French celebrities. In the crypt are the tombs of Victor Hugo, Moliére,

Voltaire and the architect Soufflot. During the revolution the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau were broken open and the remains thrown out and destroyed. The coffins of both Marat and Mirabeau were removed from the crypt soon after interment, and the latter placed in the cemetery of St. Etienne-du-Mont, following a decree "that all the monuments in the Panthéon except those of Voltaire and Mirabeau shall be cleared away." This was afterwards revoked. The magnificent peristyle has a relief by David Angers showing France awarding palms to her great men.

In the dome Gros has depicted the Apotheosis of S. Genevieve, and in the portico are the groups of S. Genevieve and Attica and Clovis. The splendid interior is impressively stately, and there are some magnificent mural paintings by Puvis de Chavannes; Cabanel; J. Paul Laurens; and others.

Victor Hugo said of the Panthéon ironically "Mr. Soufflot's S. Genéviève is certainly the prettiest savoy biscuit ever made in stone."—little dreaming that his remains were to be enshrined here with most unique and impressive funeral ceremonies by his grateful countrymen. Here the murdered President Carnot was buried in 1894. Voltaire's tomb which is empty, bears the following inscription: "Poete, historian, philosophe, il a grandit l'esprit humain, et l'apprit, qu'el devait être libre; il dependit; Calas, Serven, De la Barre, et Mont

Bally; il combattait les athées et les fanatiques, il inspira la tolerance; il reclama les droits de l'homme, contra le monstre de la féodalite." There is a statue of Voltaire by Caillé near the Institute de France, and another very striking one, the work of Houdon (1781) erected in 1872 in the square near the entrance of the street.

The greatest honor to which a Frenchman can aspire is to be buried in the Panthéon, where his "cinders" will be deposited in one of the layers of coffins in the cellar of the church which is no longer a church. There he rests—forgotten perhaps—save for the call of the pompous official with the tremendous mustachios and the gorgeous crimson striped trousers, who daily goes about the corridors of the famous edifice clanking a bunch of enormous keys on a steel ring and intoning in a deep resonant voice which he throws artfully to the furthermost corner,—"Aaah—lah—vizeet—ooh—Tombo-o-o-oo-h—Tomboo-o." I wandered out into the summer sunshine, where there was movement and charm in the old streets of the quarter which I had known so well in my student days. Of course the locality has changed much and the old time signs over the shops are gone together with the proprietors. Workmen were dragging lines of hose about, just as they did when I lived in the rue de la Harpe below, watering the street, carefully spreading the water with finger on the end of the pipe that it might lay the dust and not make mud. They are

as careful and as conscientious about the work as if the reputation of the town depended upon their efforts—perhaps it does in a way. . . . .

All who have lived in the Latin Quarter, in returning from the other side of the river by the Pont des Arts have made short cuts to their destination through the long court of the Institute. How we students used to glance up at that sacred dome, and in at the entrance to the "Acadèmie" where is the holy of holies. How awe stricken we were when by chance we met one of the members of the Institute wearing his purple rosette of officer, and how humbly we saluted him as he passed. I tarried here on the light iron bridge before the sacred entrance, recalling early experiences, either amusing or sad in their terminations. . . . Little did I dream in those far off days that I was one day to wear the purple rosette—the gift of France. . . . . .

Perhaps he who reads this knows the quarter as well as I. If so he will remember on the right of the court before reaching the well with the iron curb, a succession of doorways opening from the court and separated by large windows. Through those doors before the present Ecole des Beaux-Arts building was constructed, the students used to pass to the class rooms. In those days only evening classes were attended, and how hard the men worked over the problems set for them. . . .I wonder where all the sketches went? What

becomes of all the pictures anyway? "Poor painters oft with poorer poets join to fill the world with strange and vain conceits," wrote Sir Philip Sidney in the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia—and they persist to this day. . . .

May is usually the month in which the painters flock to the opening of the Salon. They enter the splendid Palais on the Champs-Elysées and climb the stairs in droves with mingled feelings of hope and apprehension, at the thought that their work upon which they have labored may not show to advantage. If one is to be disappointed it were well to have it over quickly, and almost every painter, be it said truthfully, is disappointed by the appearance of his work on the walls of the large rooms. Paintings that appeared so large in the studio are here dwarfed in size, and subdued in color.

To get an idea of the size and magnitude of the Salon, imagine rooms eighty feet square. There are twenty-four of these rooms filled with paintings, some of which are of huge size and glowing with color. Each painter hopes for a place "on the line," for then his work is sure to be noticed. If it be "skied" he is plunged into gloom. . . .Here the painters, sculptors, and art writers meet and mingle with the crowd of outsiders who come because it is the "thing" to be seen at the opening of the Salon. The band plays and luncheon is served at the restaurant in the garden below where there are almost miles of statuary among beds of brilliant flowers and

The Panthéon

beautifully laid out grassy walks. May passes into June. The exhibition has become and old story, the medals have been awarded and the pictures either praised or damned. Summer has come, and all the painters who can do so are leaving for the country to make new pictures which are to be better than anything they have ever yet accomplished. The chairs under the horse chestnuts in the shady walks are filled with people who seem to own them. In the early morning there are many servants, some of them in the charming Bréton costumes, with white lace "coifs" on their heads, attending the children. There are many old gentlemen reading their morning papers, and officers of the various regiments in resplendant uniforms. There are, too, old soldiers gray and grizzled of hair and moustache, who discuss their experiences with gesticulations.

It is only in Paris that one can see so many intelligent looking able bodied men lolling on the benches in the gardens or at the tables in the cafés on the boulevards apparently enjoying the luxury of leisure and idleness, and seemingly carefree.

Your Parisian does not postpone enjoyment, but enjoys the present moment to the fullest. But many of the men one sees sipping his black coffee at a café in the middle of the forenoon, probably has done a day's work at his desk, and is thus taking his ease with a clear conscience.

Funerals

ONE of the most remarkable sights in Paris is the funeral of a Statesman, General, or a Public functionary. The writer recalls one in particular which took place during his student days, which perhaps typifies all such ceremonies—that of General Chanzy. As I recall it—all along the route, which extended along the quays and across the bridge from the Madeleine and the splendid wide Place de la Concorde to the Chamber of Deputies, were massed large bodies of troops with flags furled in crepe. Behind these resplendent troops were solid black masses of the people silently awaiting the catafalque which was a towering construction of plumes, palms, and crepe-covered flags. A curious feature was the thousands of chairs used by the people in the streets to stand upon. A fine rain was falling from sodden gray skies, and the pavement and the street were under a thin layer of yellow mud. Peddlers hawked printed obituaries and photographs of the illustrious dead General. The crowd was very orderly and the

police had little if any trouble in keeping the ways clear. The windows of the houses were filled with heads, and the tiérs of balconies crowded. That curious droning and buzzing sound made by a large concourse of people was over all, like unto the diapason of a great organ. A state funeral in Paris is certainly a pageant of art and color. The French Republic delights in honoring its dead leaders, quite ignores expense apparently and magnificently carries out the details.

Great artists and sculptors are always employed in designing the decorative embellishments of the catafalque, and this one was no exception. It was grandiose. Following it on foot across the wide open space of the Place de la Concorde came a splendidly caparisoned horse, its trappings shrouded in crepe. There were bodies of troops, artillerymen and caissons; Cuirassiers; dragoons; and long lines of "officers" and soldiers of the "Ligne." Then came the battle flags in splendid array followed by men in black clothes who wore brilliant sashes across their white shirt fronts. There were statesmen and academicians in green swallow tailed coats and cocked hats all embroidered with pale green silk palms. There were men whose breasts were covered with decorations and jeweled orders, and there were judges of the Law Courts resplendently clad in robes of crimson and dark purple.

But there was nowhere to be seen a clergyman, or a

priest. The church simply had nothing to do with the ceremony. That is the way France does the thing for its great men. France is not religious as we understand the word. France is churchly but the religion of France is not the religion of the church. The separation of church and state came about in 1905, and made the neutrality of the nation in religious matters complete, depriving the clergy of the authority they derived from their position as Government Officials. Since that time the power of the church has rapidly declined. Napoléon, who devised the concordat in the belief that it would enable him to control the church and keep the clergy in order, soon found out his error and he himself publicly declared that the concordat was the greatest mistake of his career. Under the Restoration and the Second Empire the church to a great extent controlled the state, and that was the case even in the early years of the Third Republic. When the church saw that the Third Republic was escaping from its control, it became the moving spirit in every attempt to destroy it, and nearly succeeded in the last decade of the nineteenth century by means of the Dreyfus affair. That awoke the French people to the danger and led to the separation of the church and state. The neutrality of the state in matters of religion is carried to its logical conclusion; no representative of the Government attends a religious ceremony in his official capacity, but of course there is

The Place de la Concorde and the Pont from the Chambre des Députés

The Place de la Concorde and the Pont from the Chambre des Députés

nothing to prevent him from going to Mass as a private citizen. Thus religion in France has become a purely private concern, with which the nation has nothing to do.

France is the only nation where there have been no public official religious ceremonies during and since the war. The French did not officially pray to God for the victory they won. Nor has France officially returned thanks for it.

There is now a movement on foot to recognize the Vatican, and provide for official representation in Paris and Rome, and the movement seems to be popular and and is growing. (January, 1923.) The church is artistic, has always stood for art; this perhaps is one of the strongest reasons for the new movement.

The separation of church and state and the suppression of the religious orders has resulted in a great loss to Paris in a picturesque sense, for a great many of the old ecclesiastical landmarks have been demolished. It would seem as though the very spirit of religion has departed from the people, for only a few of the more fashionable churches in Paris attract even what would be called a small congregation. Even in the Madeleine and the Metropolitan Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, except on the occasions of High Mass, and at Christmas, only a bare handful of people mostly, women, are in attendance, and these women are usually of the poorer class.

The French and American Republics

THE Republic of France is not at all the same as the Republic of the United States, which has a system of Presidential government that the French entirely misunderstood, or at least overlooked when they formed their present constitution. One prominent Frenchman expressed his regret in my presence that it had not been adopted in preference to the English form, but said as a matter of fact the American system would not have succeeded in France, for if the President of France had attempted to exert the authority of an American President the Chamber would not have endured it, and there would have been a presidential crisis with a new presidential election every six months. The present French system is not ideally perfect, but it suits the French temper better than any other that modern ingenuity can devise.

To explain this, in France the lower house elects the cabinet by overthowing every Cabinet that does not happen to please it. Thus the French Cabinet lives a

precarious dependent either upon its representation of the prevailing plans and ideas of the Chamber, or else by servile submission to its will. Therefore the use of such words as "Republic," "President," and "Senate," are delusive and do not mean to the French what they mean to Americans.

The Deputies of France have found a way of making an unpopular President resign by declining to accept cabinet office under him. There is then no other course open to him but retirement, as in the case of the compulsory resignation of President Grévy and the astonishingly peaceful election of his successor. This system for making political changes of persons possible without violence is, perhaps, the best guarantee for internal tranquility in such a country and under such a government as France, where political reputations are soon used up and almost immediately forgotten. In its far reaching consequences and bearing upon the nation, it is the most important ultimate result of the French Revolution.

In this case of President Grévy, he had been guilty of neither misdemeanor nor crime. He had the clearest right to remain President, to which office he had been elected and invested with authority for seven years. But what was that authority worth when it came to a contest with the powerful Chamber?—The senate dared not help him to the only course open to him. Dissolution. So he

resigned, and the world recognized then the one great power in the government of France!—The Chamber of Deputies.

France received a heavy blow when America withdrew, and a greater one perhaps when Great Britain not only refused to ratify the security treaty, but also entered into intense competition with the French in almost every field of activity. Just as our financiers assisted in the "unpegging of the Exchange," and letting the French currency slide down hill, so making them pay heavily for the foodstuff imported from America, so the English charged the French what seemed Shylock rates for coal. Clemenceau failing to get "results" from his Anglo-American policy of co-operation fell from power, and retired into obscurity. The same thing happened to Briand. It was impossible for him to deliver "the goods," on the policy of maintaining the Entente.

He made no progress in the matter of security or the financial question. Outplayed and bulldozed at the Washington Conference, and by Lloyd George at Genoa, he fell likewise.

Then, when their leaders who believed in co-operation with America and Great Britain failed, the French did just what we or any other government would have done. They turned to the only alternative policy and the men who believed in it. The alternative policy was that advocated by the military men at the Peace Conference.

The Murat Mansion, occupied by President Wilson during the Versailles Conference

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The Naval Mansion, occupied by President Wilson during the Versailles
(Underwood)

George Wharton Edwards.
Paris. 1923
The Murat Mansion -
occupied by
President Wilson
during the Versailles
Conference.

Poincaré was the man to put this through. *Poing carre.* Squared fist.—What a slogan! Born in Lorraine, brought up as a lad in memory of the Invasion of 1870, and the sufferings of his people in consequence. He could be trusted to formulate ways and means, in which there would be no weakness shown towards the Germans. The idol of France. Poincaré knows well why he was chosen, and he is what is termed in American slang "on the job."

America cannot regain the confidence or the friendship of France until we find some sure and real way to be of service to the French people.

We have been, and are now, prodigal of advice, but we have not stood by France in anything which has been important to them. They cannot be blamed for thinkthat we are indifferent, if not hostile. Therefore the present French policy means armament, for France cannot stand alone in the face of the peril of outnumbering Germany. France is today the Greatest Military Power of the World. We may need her help one of these days. Let us then deserve it.

The Bridges

FIFTEEN bridges cross the Seine within the city limits. Of these the oldest and best known is the Pont au Change, which is of hoary age, for it is recorded that the money changers in the middle of the XII Century took possession of it and named it. It was in earlier times the Bird Market and was called the Grand Pont. According to an ancient custom when a new king made his first public entrance into Paris, the bird merchants were required to there set free 2400 birds, of all kinds so that on such an occasion "the sky was darkened by their bodies, and the ear deafened by the beating of their wings." It was rebuilt in 1639, yet it is even now the widest of the bridges of Paris.

The Pont Neuf was built in the reign of Henry III, who employed Androuet du Cerceau to design it for him. It is recalled and chronicled that on the day it was christened and the first stone laid by the King, his favorite Quelus died of his wounds received in the famous "Combat des Mignons," and that King Henry was in such a state of grief during the ceremonies that he said the bridge should be called the bridge of tears (Pont des

Pleurs). It took many years to complete for at the time the royal treasury was nearly empty, and it was not until 1604 that Guillaume Marchand the engineer was able to finish it for Henry IV.

"Adolphe Joanne says of it, "This bridge, in truth, so celebrated in song and romance, haunted by dog sellers, boatmen, and poets, which L'Etoile calls marvellous, which Ronsard sang, and Germain Pilon decorated with his charming sculpture is worthy of all our attention and all our respect."

The former noble and beautiful proportions of the bridge have been altered and injured by the lowering of the platform and the new arches which were built on a lower level than the old one. It has twelve round headed arches and a most massive cornice, and with the vista of the ancient houses and gables behind it dominated by the gray towers of Nôtre Dame, and the clump of green trees on the island before it, it certainly forms one of the most picturesque and beatiful pictures of the city. Of the Pont Neuf, it is saying that every one in the town sooner or later crosses the bridge.

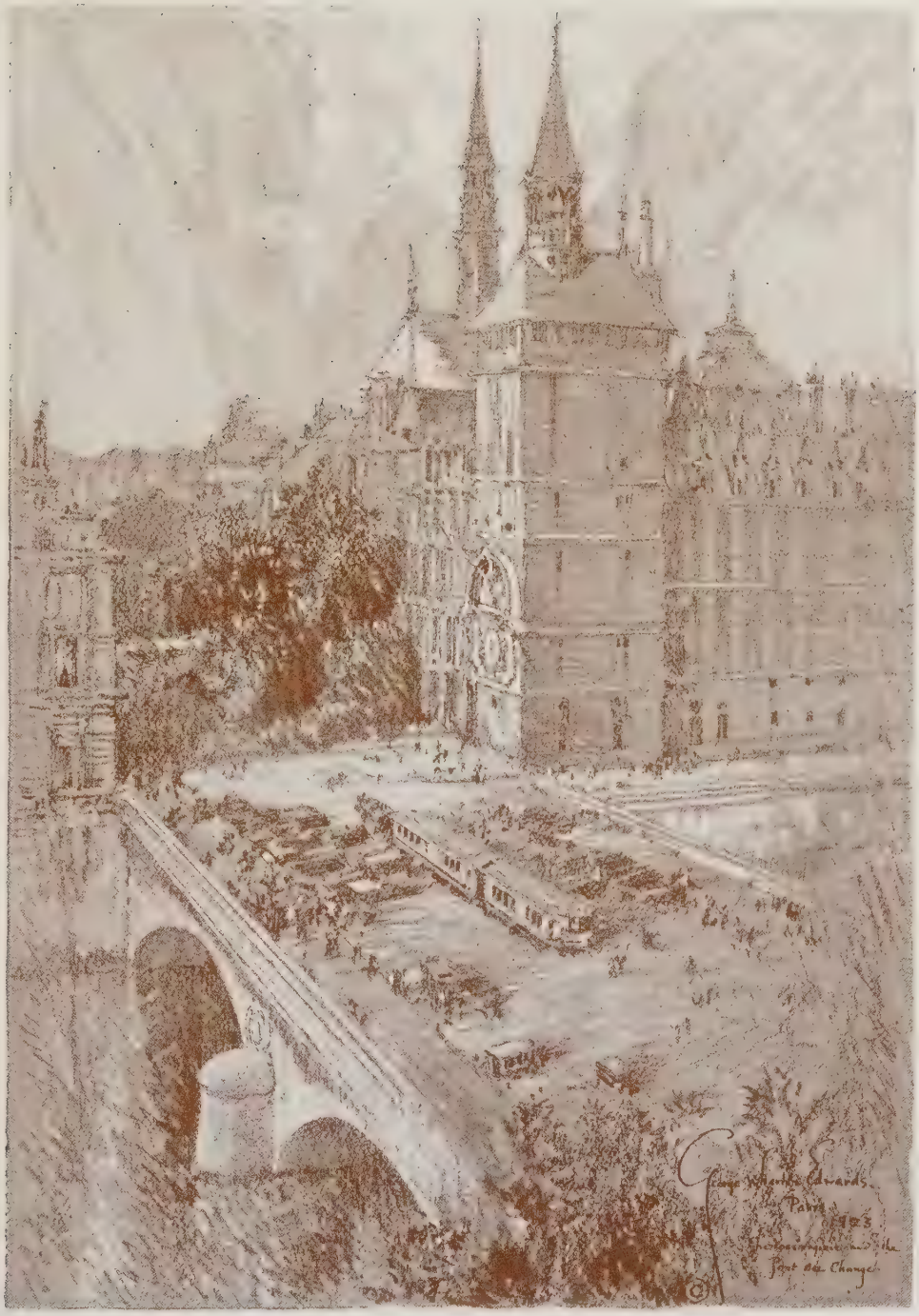
In the time of Henry IV it was the headquarters of such characters as tumblers and jugglers, and here came poets seeking an audience for their fancies, and the patronage of the wealthy to whom they often dedicated their verse in expectancy of remuneration. Publishers of town gossip and the news venders had booths on cer-

tain of the parapets and it became the custom to identify these places with their publications. Peddlers and hawkers of all sorts so thronged the bridge that at length the King's guards were forced to drive them off and they were warned by proclamation to keep off his Majesty's "Pont Neuf."

At length we are told the King's treasurer recognized the wisdom of properly licensing certain vendors and merchants with privileges and royal warrant, for which substantial sums of money were demanded and collected. The articles sold by these, such as children's toys and imitation jewelry were called "articles de Pont Neuf." This term was likewise fastened upon any popular satirical rhyme, or witticisms of scandalous character lampooning well-known dandies of the town and their associates. Public singers too haunted the footway screaming out their latest songs, each trying to drown the other's voice.

King Henry IV, delighted with this splendid bridge which was bringing money into the royal coffers, employed the famous Flemish engineer to construct a great pumping machine on one of its piers which was to supply the Louvre with water, and also the houses on the Place Dauphine which he was then building. The pump was contained in the Château d'Eau which faced on the river toward the bridge and bore on its front a fine sculptured group representing Our Saviour receiving a cup of water

The Pont aux Change and the Conciergerie


George Wharton Edwards
Paris
1923
Pont au Change

from the Woman of Samaria, over this group was a large chiming clock, which the diarist Evelyn describes as "a very rare dyal of several motions." The statues were demolished in July 1792 together with all the statues of the Kings. Evelyn records in the quaint spelling that "Henry IV's statue is inclosed with a strong and beautifull grate of iron, about which there are allways Mountebanc's shewing their feates to passengers."

This was the statue at the foot of which Cardinal de Retz clad in his pontifical robes faced the mob of revolutionists in 1648, "la Jour des barricades, dispersing them by his eloquence." The statue however was thrown down in the next revolution, that of 1792, and melted with others for cannon metal.

The present statue is the work of Lemot in 1818, and is made from the melted bronze of the statues of Napoleon from the Vendôme Column and that of General Desaix from the Place des Victories.

During the rising of the river Seine in the flood of 1885 the end of the bridge on the south bank fell in, but it was immediately repaired from the original plans and is now as strong as ever. But few if any of the older houses remain on the Place Dauphine, but the rue de Harley has been identified with the site of the royal garden where St. Louis sat in judgment upon those brought before him.

The Pont de la Concorde is noteworthy apart from its

beauty, as being the bridge upon which Darmés lay in wait for Louis Philippe who was driving homeward with Queen Marie Amélie and Mme. Adelaide. The ball from Darmés' pistol went astray, but the would-be assassin lost his head for it on the guillotine.

The Pont d' Arcole was formerly the Pont de la Gréve, where Louvel the murderer of the Duc de Berry was the last person executed in this place of terrible memories, and nothing now remains of the buildings which looked upon those awful executions, such as that of Ravaillac in May 1610, who suffered tortures here for more than an hour for the murder of Henry IV. A very full account of these tortures is in "Paris â travers les Ages."

It was here that a wandering pig ran between the legs of the horse upon which young King Philippe, son of Louis le Gros, was riding, causing the fall from which he died the following day (October 1131).

The Petit Pont by which the Ile is reached was formerly like the other ancient bridges, covered over and lined with rows of old houses, which were condemned and torn away by act of Parliament as late as 1718. Here in one of these old timber houses, pictures of which are in the Museum of the Louvre, dwelt Perinet le Clerc who is celebrated as he who opened the gates of Paris in 1418 to the Duc de Bourgogne.

Here was the principal approach to the Cité, and it was defended by a most massive towered castle of

quadrangular form called the Petit Châtelet. It had, according to the pictures, a great Gothic gateway between two round towers, with a vaulted passageway for troops and wagons.

It was the residence of the Provosts of Paris, and part of it was the prison where, after the capture of Paris, all of the prisoners were executed with great brutality. This ancient stronghold was pulled down in 1782, and on its site in 1848, during the revolution, the great barricade was erected.

Following a custom of great antiquity, the Bishop and Clergy of Nôtre Dame came hither in procession annually on the Sunday of Des Rameaux and demanded and freed one prisoner.

The Pont Royal leads to the Quai Voltaire from the site of the Tuileries, and here one may find the very house in which Voltaire died after he found refuge with his friend the Marquis de Villette. The house is at the angle of the rue de Beaune and the Quai, and is number 27. For many years it was closed and thought to be uninhabited, but as a matter of history it was used until the restoration of the Empire as a place of refuge and hiding for the priesthood. Ingres, the great painter, died at number 11, which is so marked and designated by a tablet. The Hotel de Mailly which was the residence of Mme. de Châteauroux, the "amie" of Louis XV is on this quai. The rooms she occupied are toward the

rue de Beaune, and the ceiling of the bedroom is exquisitely painted with medallions set in gold.

From the Pont des St. Pères most beautiful pictures of Paris and the quais are to be had, and along the quais Malaquais and Voltaire are the famous old bookstalls where treasures are often found by those who are experienced bibliophiles.

The Ponts St. Louis and de l'Archevêché have no special character but to unite the Ile de la Cité and the Ile de St. Louis, and the eastern end of the Cité to the southern shore of the Seine.

The Pont St. Michel, as well as the Boulevard and the Place, derive their name from a great church named for the Saint, but long ago destroyed. The splendid fountain of St. Michel which decorates the façade of the building at the angle is the work of the sculptor Duret in 1860. On the center of the bridge formerly stood a statue of Louis which was thrown down and destroyed in the revolution. Here opens the old rue de la Harpe where Mme. Roland lived up to the time of her arrest. The Boulevard St. Michel runs through what was formerly the rue de l'Enfer and the rue de la Harpe. The old streets here are full of character and charm.

Further down the river is the Pont de Solferino, near which is the Palace of the Legion of Honor, which was built by Prince Salm-Kyburg, and was the palace where Mme. de Stael held her famous "Salons."

The Pont de la Tournelle and the Quai likewise named commemorate the Tower ("Tournelle") which rose from the walls of the Porte of S. Barnard, the gate of the fortress of Philippe Auguste. St. Vincent de Paul persuaded the King to send here the wretched galley slaves from the terrible dungeons of the Châtelet, where they suffered inconceivable torture. It is said that a great chain, some of the links of which are still shown in the Museum, stretched from this tower to another one on the opposite bank of the river, to defend the passage, and close the channel. No vestige remains of the towers or the fortress walls.

The best possible view of the Nôtre Dame is that here from the Ile St. Louis. Zola (L'Oeuvre) says, "The view of the Apse, colossal and crouching amid its flying buttresses like paws in repose, and dominated by the double head of its towers, above its long monster-like spire, is magnificent."

It was here that the famous "dog fight" between the Chevalier Macaire and the dog of Montereau, who insisted upon the recognition of Macaire as the murderer of his master, Aubin de Montdidier, took place before Charles V and the members of his court on the Isle, or Ile, St. Louis. "The dog seized Macaire by the throat, pulled him down, and forced him to confess his crime in the presence of the King and all the court. "Saint Foix." "Essais Hist. sur Paris").

Far down the river is the Pont d'Iena, which crosses to the Eiffel Tower, the crowning achievement of its constructor, the famous M. Eiffel, who died in 1923. It is of bewildering and almost incredible dimensions. Fancy five London Monuments one on top of another, and this is said to be the real height of the tower. The base measuring from the four legs covers two and a half acres. There are three stages or platforms upon which are cafés and restaurants, and there is a glass inclosed platform at the top with a lightning protector, wireless apparatus, and an enormous electric lamp and reflector, the whole being more than one thousand feet above the ground.

It is recorded that the Ex-Kaiser had prepared plans to unfurl an enormous German flag from the tower's top when he had conquered France. The view from the top is well worth while, for here sheltered from the wind one enjoys at one's ease the vast panorama of the beautiful city spread beneath him like a map in relief, with the silvery Seine winding through it, and the exquisite open country on every side vanishing into the dim distance.

The Pont de Solferino is built of a pinkish colored stone which lends character to its otherwise commonplace appearance. The locality is devoted to the discharging of stone and plaster from the barges which crowd the river here. Nevertheless, the scene is one of tranquility. There are the walls of the terrace of the Orangerie in the

The Pont Alexandre III with the statues by Frémiet

Tuileries Garden on the river side shining golden in the sunlight, and there are luxuriant trees above, all of which makes a pleasing picture. The beauty and picturesqueness of the Quais is undeniable, and the vicinity of the Pont de Solferino is one of the most restful of all. There is too a splendid view of the Basilica of Nôtre Dame from the south end of the bridge, which shows the bulk of the great church rising above the city like a huge monument.

The splendid Pont Alexandre commemorates the Exposition and the visit of the late unfortunate Russian Monarch to Paris, which inaugurated a series of pageants of unparalelled splendor and magnificence in his honor. Four beautiful columns with groups of statuary and each crowned by bronze groups of most artistic excellence ornament the four corners of this, which may be safely characterized as the most ornate and splendid bridge in the world.

New or old, Paris has charm and appeal to all,—one is overwhelmed at its historic associations. Walking through its ancient streets, so filled with modernity, one may fancy sounding above the clatter of the great auto buses and the hooting of the horns, the clatter of armed heels coming out of the old alleys between the tall houses, and see in one's mind's eye a vision of Godfrey or St. Louis and their bannered cohorts, armed for the Crusades. The dim and stately empanelled walls and halls of the old palaces are eloquent of the past, and one

would not be at all startled to see the thin pale face of Richelieu in his scarlet robes standing at one of the old windows. Paris: where imperialism, cruelty, rebellion, anarchy and infidelity and pride once recorded the history of their sway, progress and end in blood, and even now to read of them, in these commonplace times of freedom and safety fills one, who realizes what they mean, with wonder and something like terror.

Many of the wide boulevards and the great avenues which cut through the city bear the names of men who have made great the history of the nation. The French delight in thus honoring the heroes such as Etienne Marcel, Raspail and La Motte-Piquet and those other broad highways up and down which great bodies of troops have marched to and from victory—Wagram, Iena and Friedland; their names are written in fire and blood, and their victorious banners are hung in the Invalids.

But these are by no means the most interesting of the streets of Paris. There are those little, twisted and grimy "impasses," in the out of the way corners of this wonder city which offer to the explorer treasure indeed. The great crowds of the teeming boulevards pass these unheedingly oblivious to the hidden away alleys on either hand, like marginal notations on the emblazoned page on the chronicle. Down behind the Saint Jacques and the rue de la Montaigne Sainte Geneviève for instance

are quarters where the time seems to stand still. I went through them last year and they were exactly as I saw them years ago, in my student days, grayish brown in color, with grimy windows set in high shouldered and ancient houses which seem to bend over the narrow thorough-fares, dark by day, illy lit by night; seemingly deserted, but in reality swarming with people. After nightfall dangerous for the stranger, with the dull gleams of a lantern or two sending yellow flares across the reeking gutterways, where lounging figures slink into black open doorways at one's approach.

When François Villon lived here it could not have been much different, but the thieves' gangs of his day are no longer to be found. There are now no "Coquillards" but there are "Macquereaux," who are not so picturesque but who are much worse. The "Truands," the "Tards-Venus," and the "Ecorcheurs," have long since passed away, but their former resorts may be found and identified if one is interested in such matters.

In the twisted and climbing streets leading up from the Seine were the cabarets where the "grues," the "marques," and the "filles" displayed openly the venus girdle, their trade mark, in uncensored freedom. The old Sainte Geneviève quarter retains much of its former aspect. The old Port, along the rue de Reynard, and the rue de la Verrerie shows what it must have resembled in the days of Villon, and when Murger lived

there. Behind the Panthéon is the old rue Mouffetard, already mentioned, which starts downward at the Place de la Contrescarpe. Its downward pathway was formerly of the primrose variety, but now there are crowded bazaars, thronging, shabby crowds about the hawker's barrow and indolent vicious looking loungers of both sexes in the open doorways. There are tawdry cafés chantant, and cheap "bals musettes" where to the strains of wheezy accordeons mean looking couples cavoort and dip, and where the sergeants de Ville promenade by twos and fours after dark, and where it ends at the old gray Church of Saint Medard.

In this quarter was the favorite haunt of Villon, the "Pomme de Pin," but I was unable to further identify it. There is a crèmerie and bakeshop in the street which bears the name on a sign over the doorway. It stands a the very top of the hill too, and forms a sort of strategic center for the denizens of the quarter, even as it did in the early days of Philippe-Auguste, when its name was derived from the "counter scarp" in the wall built by the King. Five or six streets radiate here, making it an ideal rendezvous for the characters who frequent the spot.

Down towards the Panthéon is the rue de L'Estrapade, a quiet and orderly street now with little or nothing to identify it with the secret crimes and punishments behind the walls practiced there by command of Francis I

upon his enemies. The street is named for the peculiar punishment called "l'estrapade," which was a torture machine consisting of sort of block which was raised and lowered along upright ways in grooves. The victim was strapped to the block, which, when lifted to the extreme height of the uprights was released by a trigger, the weight of the unfortunate prisoner who was strapped to it caused its fall with great velocity until just as the victim's feet were within a few inches of the ground the block stopped with a jerk, giving the sufferer a sudden wrench which filled him with agony, and this was protracted until his death.

This street is only one of the dark threads in the brilliantly woven tapestry of the age of chivalry; there were a score of these terrible places of execution in the city, but the most notorious was the Place de Grève, where, as before related, in a single day and upon more than one occasion, one hundred wretched people were done to death.

Villon writes of the great gallows of Montfauçon, which had hooks to hang sixty victims at once, and these were left hanging until on another day sixty more were brought to take their places. At the side of the Seine, only one square away from the old Boulevard Saint-Michel, is a narrow alley-like street only one block long, which I used to traverse in my student days and which has, I think, one of the sweetest names I know of, rue

Git-le-Coeur,—"Street Where Rests the Heart." Here Francis I erected that "Palais d'Amour" for his beloved Duchesse d'Etampes and who it is said long held his otherwise wondering fancies—perhaps "Faute de Mieux."

The American Monuments

PERHAPS the first of these, and the best known, is that by the sculptor Bartholdi in memory of the early alliance of America and France, showing Lafayette advancing toward George Washington and eagerly grasping his hand. On the pedestal is the inscription: "Homage to France, in gratitude for her generous co-operation in the struggle of the people of the United States for independence and liberty."

The latest evidence of our alliance with France is the beautiful piece of sculpture by Jean Boucher, which was unveiled in June of last year among the trees in the Place des Etats-Unis, to "American Volunteers Fallen for France," an inspiring and beautifully conceived and executed work, representing a doughboy, his trench cap raised high above his head in salute. The figure which inspired the sculptor is that of the young poet Alan Seeger, who wrote the "Ode" to the fallen volunteers whose names are engraved on the sides of the pedestal.

In one of those curious covered passages lined with entertaining shops in the older quarter, off the Boulevard Montmartre, and which bears the name Passage

des Panoramas, is the building in which Robert Fulton lived and worked as a painter of panoramas while he was an art student, in order to obtain money to complete his plans for his newly invented torpedo boat with screw propeller, which he exhibited on the Seine before crowds of people, but which for some reason failed to gain him a commission.

On the newly named avenue in honor of President Wilson is the fine statue of Washington by the American sculptor Daniel French, presented as announced on the pedestal, by the Women of the United States in memory of the fraternal friendship and aid given by France to their fathers during their struggle for independence. Washington seated in his saddle holds a sword aloft in a splendid gesture of dignity.

Paul Wayland Bartlett's equestrian statue of Lafayette, presented to France by the school children of America, stands in the beautiful square du Carrousel in the Louvre, and over Lafayette's grave in the quiet cemetery of the "Picpus," there is a deep covering of soil brought hither from America, the country he loved so well.

Near the Place du Trocadéro in the rue Franklin stands the statue of Benjamin Franklin, the first American minister plenipotentiary to France, on a green mound facing the ornate and oriental looking Palace of the Trocadéro. The philosopher is seated in an arm

The Monument to American Soldiers in the Place des Etats-Unis

chair in an attitude of alert kindliness, and the figure is one of the best works of the American sculptor, John J. Boyle, who lived and worked in Paris for some years. On the pedestal is a quotation from Mirabeau's eulogy: "This genius who freed America and shed on Europe torrents of light. The wise man whom two worlds claim."

On the pedestal there are "bas reliefs," one showing Louis XVI receiving Franklin at Versailles, the other depicts him signing the treaty of Paris. The front of the house nearby, which stands on the site of that long since demolished in which he lived and enjoyed such deserved popularity bears a tablet commemorating the fact that Franklin as inventor placed here the first lightning rod used in France.

In the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg is the prison where as is well known the political prisoners were incarcerated during the revolution. In one of these wretched cells Thomas Paine was confined for some time because he dared to say to Marat that Louis XVI should suffer banishment instead of the guillotine. Marat intended that Paine's head should fall with the others, but the story is told that by chance when the cell doors were marked by the jailer with the fatal cross condemning those within to die on the next round, Paine's door was open, and the cross was marked on the inside instead. Paine saw this, and when the jailer had passed he

promptly closed it, and as the door bore no mark on the outside he thus escaped. The following day liberation came.

When Thomas Jefferson was Minister to France, he lived in a house on the rue Taitbout, where he foregathered with officers who had fought in the American Revolution, and taught them his liberal ideas of Republican government.

I sought in vain the location of the house in the rue de Rivoli where Washington Irving dwelt while in Paris, nor could I find the particular house "overlooking the garden of the old Palais Royal" where the poverty stricken John Howard Payne wrote the immortal lines of "Home, Sweet Home."

Typical Foires

IT WAS in one of the long straight streets about ten miles beyond the barrières with lines of canvas covered booths, merry-go-rounds, and "Montaignes Russes" galore, all stretched along under rows of poplar trees, that I had luncheon at the famous "Toison d'Or," and a chat with its equally famous and handsome landlady, who was of the type of Madame Poulard at St. Michel on the Norman Coast. Here the knowing one calls for and enjoys the "pièce de resistance" for which the inn is noted. It is very good and is made of broiled "Poussins," that is, chicken squab, raw oysters, cream and truffles. The chicken is served hot,—the oysters are fresh off the ice: the combination is delicious. With it a special and fine old Burgundy is served. A gypsy band in costume plays in a thicket during the meal. They call them Tsiganes here in France.

The first merry-go-round was a tremendous affair, all red and yellow draperies bespangled with bits of mirror, and a great crowd of people were gathered about it waiting their turn to mount the wooden horses. Most of the

riders curiously enough were young women for whom this sort of amusement seems irresistible, and who go into a kind of trance with the motion, and have literally to be dragged off the wooden animal when the turn is over.

Beyond this there was a menagerie of "wild" animals with their "Dompteurs." The cages ranged around a ring in a tent, and in them were tigers, lions and bears, all more or less fierce and as terrible to examine as any one could demand for the price of four francs (now about 25 cents, our money). There were rows of fairly comfortable seats covered with rather soiled and "smelly" red cotton plush before the cages, and when the performance proceeded the audience moved up as each intrepid "Dompteur" did his act. The animals went through some rather astounding tricks, evidently under the impulse of some sort of "dope." Some of the "cats," as the showmen call them, were really fine specimens of the tiger species, and as graceful as may be imagined. The "Dompteur" was a handsome dark man, very alert and careful of his movements while in the cage with the beasts. I noted that he never once turned his back to them, and that he held an automatic pistol in his hand with the steel goad. On each side of the cage, but outside, two wary men held long sharp steel hooks ready to assist him in case of trouble. The "Dompteur" had a supply of meat in his pocket with which he rewarded the

beasts when they did their stunts. One of these "cats" was named "Steena," and gave him much trouble by her unwillingness to jump as he ordered. She made several passes at him with her outstretched paw, the long sharp nails of which protruded menacingly and alarmingly. He fed her little bits of the raw meat, which they told me was horse flesh, coaxingly on the end of the steel goad. People seemed relieved when the beasts were driven into their cages and wheeled away out of sight. The "Dompteur" told me afterwards in conversation that they were born in captivity, and that although he had been with them constantly every since, he could never trust them completely, for although they seemed at times too docile, they were "catlike," and treacherous and only dominated by fear and force.

He was rather a handsome man, and of a type with piercing flashing eyes set in a broad face. The brute "Steena," he told me, was getting on his nerves, and he must eventually dispose of her, for, because of her nervousness she kept the other animals in a constant state of excitement. On the bill was announced the appearance of the beautiful songstress Héloise, who by her art would twice daily lull the savage beats to sleep. She entered the ring clad in rose colored satin—an enormously stout lady somewhere in the late forties at least, with neck and arms quite bare. She stood for a moment so that the audience might properly appraise her beauty.

Then the "Dompteur" of the lions came forward and opened the iron barred door of the enclosure into which two great slinking animals had been admitted at the opposite end.

The "Belle Chanteuse" began at once to sing a song about "l'Amour" through her powdered nose, but the lions seemed bored by her charms, and some of the sounds she made about "l'Amour" made one of them groan and yawn. After finishing the song and bowing her acknowledgments to the audience, she stepped mincingly over to one of the beasts and passed a huge fat arm about its neck caressingly. It did not seem to mind it. Then she extended her generous proportions on two large cushioned stools like a sort of bridge over which the animals reluctantly jumped at the command of the "Dompteur," whip in hand. The "Belle Chanteuse" from where I sat presented the perspective of a mountain range of "embonpoint" in rose colored satin, the soles of her huge feet being toward me. After the lions had passed over her the "Dompteur" cracked his whip at them—the door in the farther end of the cage was opened and the animals were driven into their cage and wheeled away. The band of four musicians loudly played the national air, and that ended the performance.

Outside the next tent which was a small one a man was ringing a hand bell and noisily inviting the reluctant

crowd to pay two francs to see the "Tete Mysterieuse,"—a woman without a body. It was stuffy, smelly and dark inside, and quite full of people. Presently a curtain was drawn at the back, and there in the dim light mounted on a pedestal appeared a head, painted and powdered with the hair elaboratly marcelled. The eyes gleamed, and from the painted lips came a sort of doggerel rhyme in French—something about calamity—earthquake, and the end of the world soon to come. Then the curtain was drawn quickly, and we all were showed out into the open air, where the waiting ones eagerly questioned the sold ones, who were non committal of course. "Alors—Alors—Mes Amis—est ce Vrais?" was demanded, but the response was a grin.

Farther on was another of the mysteries, a feature of these "Foires." This was another woman. "Une Femme tout Marbre," and in a small tent like the other. She was half a woman, on a pedestal, and apparently nude to the waist. As you watched the marble seemed to turn into soft pink flesh, the eyes opened and the lips moved showing her gleaming teeth. No sound came from her opened scarlet lips, but her bosom rose and fell naturally. Then the color faded and went, and she was again marble. The showman now advanced and wheeled out the pedestal before the audience—so near that one hand was stretched out quickly and touched the white shoulder before the showman could intervene.

He quickly wheeled the pedestal back where it was before and dropped a curtain before it. "Are you satisfied?" he demanded of the one who had touched the figure. "Oui—Oui—" replied the man, who may have been a confederate—I don't know—At any rate it was not badly done.

All down the street were seemingly endless lines of shows, the "Montagnes Russes," performing pigs—dogs —hens—fortune tellers—gingerbread stands—gambling wheels—and a novel sort of merry-go-round furnished with row boats that teetered like those in a heavy sea. These were popular too with young couples, who went round and round clasped tightly in each others arms with set faces. I noted that what is called in wrestling parlance "the half Nelson clutch" was the prevailing attitude of the solemn faced couples in the boats. They care not who sees them, they do whatever occurs to them and no one makes remarks.

It has been said by observers that it is the climate of France which makes for enjoyment and gaiety, and that it is because of this that the thousands of "Forains" are allowed and indeed encouraged by the authorities. So the French people, as before said, are stamped as "easy, debonair and brisk" by the tourist who never looks below the surface. These portable theatres, gingerbread booths, museums of anatomy, of terrible specimens of malformed humanity—There are no end of

them, with their gaudily painted "Tsigaines" wagons, with potted plants and lace curtains in the windows and "smelly friture" stands with blazing charcoal fires upon which in great pans of hot grease, tidbits are cooking,—these all make for business—help pay taxes, and from the sums realized the municipality supports the expenses of the public schools. The people will pay out their money if they can get some amusement of it.

In May occurs the far famed Foire de Neuilly. There is a torchlight procession called "Retraite aux Flambeaux," before the Hotel de Ville, which is most typical and amusing. The Mayor and city officials appear in full costume; there are speeches and a reception, and a huge parade in which are police, firemen, and various organizations carrying lighted naptha torches, and beautiful clusters of paper lanterns in various forms and colors as the French only know how to arrange them. There are bands playing and amid the cheers of the crowd they proceed up the Avenue de Roule—over the splendid old stone bridge—into the Avenue de Neuilly under the blazing arches of electric lights and on to where the clowns are dancing before the tents of a hundred shows—where the hoarse voiced "barkers" are boasting of the varied attractions within, and the cordons of dancing girls are capering on high platforms—all to the accompaniment of blaring brass bands—guttural steam organs—drums—horns, bells, whistles—verit-

able pandemonium. "Easy, debonair and brisk" . . . And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away."—It is all well done, too.

I sat watching this sight at a small table of the Café du Peuple, in company with a grave faced government employe from whom I had been extracting information of technical character such as appears occasionally throughout this book of random notes. We were talking of French occupation of the Ruhr, of which he gave me some most interesting details. One little story is characteristic of the way the French regard art even in such troublous times as these when difficulties of every sort harasses them.

In the Kaiserhoff Hotel at Essen in the Ruhr there is a large portrait of the Ex-Kaiser hanging on the wall of the lounge. It is related that when the French took over the hotel after the German staff had refused to serve the invaders, the retreating manager representing those proprietors of everything in Germany known as "the Stinnes group" made one request. He begged only that this picture should not be maltreated. It was, he explained, the masterpiece of one of the most distinguished of German artists, "Pray do not alarm yourself, Monsieur," the French officer is said to have replied. "The French always respect works of art, even when the subject is poor and inferior."

Speaking of the economic and military supremacy

such as the Germans are convinced the entire French nation desires. He told me that in France there are three classes of opinion—the first, a small group which cares about security only; a large group which between two mutually exclusive alternatives of security and reparations, would choose security,—and a small group which is primarily interested in reparations. This man spoke without hatred, although he and his wife had lost their only son in the war.

The first group, he said, looks upon the Ruhr as an end, and dreams of French economic and military supremacy. The second and third groups look upon it as a means—first to bring German to terms, and second, in case of failure, to assure protection against a new German attack. "In our own life time we have twice seen France invaded," he said.

"Do you think that the sacrifice we made is to be in vain?

Do you blame us for seeking security at any price?

What would you Americans have done under the circumstances?

We know that Germany has been deliberately evading her obligations ever since the peace was declared.

We know that she is waiting for the day when she can finish the work she began in 1914.

We know that then we shall be attacked.

Can you blame us for not putting too much faith in treaties, conferences and committees of experts, when we know that the purpose of most of these is to take things from us and give us nothing in return?

Do you blame us for wanting to hold what we have instead of trading it for a promise, which, unless it is better lived up to than those made in the last four years, is not worth the paper upon which it is written?

Better the bird in the hand than two in the bush.

Qui veut la fin, veut les moyens. (Who desires the end, must use the means.)

We have taken productive guarantees. We shall keep them."

To understand these sentiments clearly is essential for a proper grasp of the entire problem. France is unanimously back of Poincaré. It applauds the occupancy of the Ruhr, and Poincaré knows that his people are obsessed with a fear of a Germany once more on the war-path. This nightmare as a matter of fact is largely responsible for such actions as her loans to Poland and the Little Entente, and her determined effort to hem in Germany on the continent. It is nonsense to talk of "La Gloire" and of "Imperialism." The French, even including French Militarists, laugh at the charge.

France is tired—dead tired of war.

France wants quiet. France longs for Peace.

France has no ambition to dominate a distracted continent for the sake of military prestige. She is quite aware that to keep large bodies of soldiers under arms is expensive, and that to lend money to weak allies is a costly and dangerous makeshift. But she cannot forget that her border is Germany's, and that to let Germany off easily means hastening the day when Germany will be stronger than ever. To argue, however, that because France wants security so desperately she does not want reparations, is like saying that because a man wants food he does not want drink. He wants both, they go together,—as a matter of fact, France *must* have reparations. She has borne the expenses of repairing the devastated regions by raising money within her own territory. Let not the world forget this.

Already more than sixty-two billions of francs have been borrowed for this purpose. There remains some twenty-two billions yet to raise.

She has paid for the construction of her devastated regions out of the savings of her own people, and in so doing has in reality been paying money on Germany's account.

Without reparations she faces increasing costs which sooner or later will impose upon her the alternative of currency inflation or of seriously impairing her credit by some form of repudiation of at least a part of her national

debt. Either of these processes would result in the impoverishment of certain classes of her people and would mean that in paying for the damage done by the Germans, the French would have ruined themselves. Now the French are essentially clearheaded, and this clearheadedness shows them that reparations and security are not mutually exclusive. To the question, "Does not security mean the removal of the military frontier to the right bank of the Rhine, so that if *ever* there be more fighting it would be on German territory?"

This does not imply the destruction of Germany, nor the annexation of the Rhineland, nor the permanent occupation of the Ruhr. But—the demilitarization of the Rhineland would certainly be one of the greatest guarantees for peace in Europe. Furthermore, once the problem of security is settled to the satisfaction of the French, there is every reason to expect the rapid reduction of France's armies and the curtailment of those activities in her own defense which her enemies persist in charging to a policy of imperialism. This is what the French people think. They are surprised and hurt when other intention is charged against them. They know that they are right in what they demand. They are busily proving it to the rest of the world. They merely ask of us, now that we have refused to help them, that we let them collect their just dues.

May God help them, say I.

Some of the Fountains

THE Fountain to Molière, a beautiful piece of work at the corner of the rue Molière, is the work of the sculptor Visconti, erected in 1844, "A la memoire du Poète Comique, mort à l'emplacement du 40 de la rue de Richelieu." (Inscription.) It is supported by figures representing the drama, designed by Seurre and Pradier. Molière died in the house nearby of a tailor, one Baudelet. The French delight in honoring their poets and dramatists, and even the man on the street has a knowledge of these famous men which astonishes the stranger seeking for information.

France happily recognizes the need of art and poetry in daily life. Or the literary influences which consist mainly in giving simply aesthetic pleasure, that of dramatic art maintains itself more than might be expected in these troublous days. It is perhaps better understood now than it was during Molière's lifetime, that poetry must remain environed, and not engage itself with the actual. Victor Hugo might be in sympathy with radicals, but in his poetry he harked back to pure mythology in the "Légende des Siècles." It may be quoted that "the office of poetry today is still the ancient one of deliverance."

Molière died at the early age of fifty-one, on the 17th of February, 1673. "In the midst of his ardent activity and the joys of his triumphs." Enacting the part of Argan in the play of "Le Malade Imaginaire," which he had often played before—a favorite role with him—he was seized with a convulsion and spitting blood, he was removed to his house, number 34 rue de Richelieu, where he died in a few hours attended by two nuns to whom he had given hospitality. He was the object of anathemas and repeated insult at the hands of the devout from which even the Monarch who had supported him could not protect him. "Louis XIV was unable to pay proper public respect to the remains of the great genius who had glorified his reign. The churches were closed to the corpse of Molière, and it was only by favor that it could be conveyed without honor or ceremony to the cemetery of St. Joseph. The anathemas of the clergy had drawn, on the day of the funeral, a threatening crowd about his house, and this mob would perhaps have insulted the corpse had not his widow in alarm thrown some money out of the window, and this calmed their superstitious rage." (P. le Bas.)

The present popularity of Molière, evidenced in the celebration of last year in Paris and in New York, is of course due to his genius as well as to his fidelity to the time in which he lived. The French have a fine way of taking up a man of genius and making capital out of

The Molière Fountain

MOLIERE

him, incidentally increasing his reputation as much as possible for that purpose. Molière's name and his portraits and statues are thus familiar to thousands who know little or nothing about his dramatic works.

The French novelists and playwrights of today are indeed numerous and the tendency among them is to a great perfection of technical finish in which they find substantial success, but the traditions of Molière while admired are certainly not followed by these. Today they earn much more money than he would even have dreamed of as a possibility in his then precarious profession. Practical influence with the pen seems now to belong in Paris almost exclusively to the journalists, for the dramatists have little or nothing to do with moulding or influencing public affairs. One wonders what matter would have engaged the pen and mind of Molière today were he alive, and what of success would be his?

Real success is nothing more, and certainly nothing less, than the unhampered and happy exercise of one's faculties, whatever they be. The estimate of the world regarding one's work should be important only so far as it enables or hinders one to do this. This happy exercise of one's gift or abilities or talents depends upon money. In literature and painting success is the encouragement to write or paint the pictures that form in the mind, and the encouragement must be in financial form to make for success. A life of privation does

certainly, nowadays at least, make for failure, whatever may be said of the past, whether in the dramatic art, paintings or literature.

The most successful life with moderate expenditure and the enjoyment of the beauties of art and nature combined with the conveniences of advanced civilization is, I think, to be found in France! That perfect life which is so difficult to attain nowadays requires the union of the beauty of nature with intellectual society and opportunities.

On the Place Saint-Michel is the monumental fountain in the name of the Saint from the plans by Davioud placed there in 1860, showing a splendid group of figures in bronze by the sculptor Duret. The authorities of Paris certainly know how to artistically utilize what might have been simply an ugly blank wall facing the river and covered with gaudy advertising signs. This really splendid work of art is of the very greatest artistic value to the whole district.

Another such is the fountain at the corner of the rue de l'Arbre Sec, which ornaments the singular looking house known formerly as "la Croix du Trahor." It marks one of the terrible spots of the Revolution in which the guillotine was placed "En Permanence." The figure of a nymph on the façade is by the sculptor Jean Goujon. During the reign of Francis I, scores of unfortunate wretches who refused to accept Catholicism, were burned

alive in the rue du Trahoir, as it was then named for Brunehaut, that unhappy grandmother of Kings, who was dragged here at the age of eighty "at the tail of a horse to her execution."

The Fontaine de Grenelle, is one of the finest in the city, the work of Bouchardon, dates from the year 1739. It was erected for Louis XV, and farther down the street is the house numbered 106 which was the ancient convent and chapel of "du Verbe Incarné" or formerly known as Nôtre Dame de Pentémont, where Josephine de Beauharnais, the Empress Josephine afterwards, was in retreat for a number of years after her daughter's birth. The old chapel has a beautiful dome.

The Fountain called the "Carrefour Gaillon" is near the rue Michodière. It was erected in 1828 from the admirable designs of Visconti. In ancient times coiners of false money were brought here and "in the presence of the authorities and great multitudes were boiled alive in an iron boiler."

The "Fontaine des Innocents" is in the picturesque and tree-shaded square in the nieghborhood of the vast market "Les Halles Centrales," the sole remaining souvenir of the "Cimetière des Innocents." It stands at the southeast corner of the Halles and though of great antiquity (XIII Century) it has so been reconstructed and altered and dragged about from site to site, that it now retains but little of its ancient aspect.

The Fountain was first reconstructed after the plan by Pierre Lescot, then it was altered and decorated by Jean Goujon, who removed it to the church wall. John Evelyn, the English diarist, saw it at this time, and noted it in his diary as follows: "Joyning to this church (St. Eustache) is a common fountaine with good relievo's on it." In those days it was called a "Charnier," and lacked the large disproportionate base with the steps down which the water now runs. The dome surmounting it is also modern as are the nymphs. Nevertheless, even in its present altered and conglomerate form, the fountain is a masterpiece of the French Renaissance of the XVI Century, and the decorations and figures by the great Jean Goujon are of really remarkable beauty.

The Fontaine Louvois in the Place of the same name, (sometimes called Richelieu) is the work of Visconti and stands upon the site of the house where the Duc de Berry (Feburary 13, 1820) was stabbed by the assassin Louvel as he was handing the Duchess into her carriage. Louvel plunged a stilletto into the side of the Duke who fell into the arms of the Duchess who was covered with his blood. He was carried into the hallway of the Opera House, where the Dukes and Duchesses of Angouléme, Bourbon and Orleans were at once summoned by messenger and the King was notified. He did not arrive however until five o'clock the following morning but the Duc de Berry was conscious and demanded mercy for his assassin.

"The King made an evasive answer, and de Berry continued piteously in supplication, dying a few moments later."

Lamartine writes of the Duc de Berry: "He died in the act of pardon; a great soul, obscured in life, resplendent in death, the hero of clemency." Louvel was arrested in the rue de Richelieu where he attempted to escape by the passage Colbert. Afterwards an expiatory chapel was built in the rue de Richelieu in memory of the Duc de Berry, but was removed later against the remonstrances of citizens headed by Balzac.

The Fountain is one of the great works of art of Paris with magnificently conceived and executed figures emblematical of the Seine, the Loire, the Saône, and the Garonne, all of these masterpieces being by Klagman.

In the garden of the Luxembourg is the splendid Fountain of Marie de Médicis, from the hands of Jacques Debrosses (or de Brosse) in 1620. These gardens, which Lady Morgan called the "bel respiro" of Paris are the most delightful of all, being designed upon the plans of the ancient "pleasaunce" and kept in exquisite order. Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables" writes of it upon a morning in June, "The Luxembourg, solitary and depopulated, was delicious, . . . the old rooks of the Marie de Médicis made love on the lofty trees, the sun gilded and illumined the tulips, which are nothing at all but all the varieties of flame made into flowers. All around

tulip beds hummed the bees, the flashes of these fire the flowers..... The statues under the trees nude and white were robed in dresses of shadow shot with light. These goddesses were all ragged with sunshine and beams hung from them on all sides..... All the gold which issues from the earth in the shape of flowers was irreproachable.... The whole harmony of the season was blended into a graceful whole, the entrances and exits of spring took place in the desired order. The lilacs were finishing and the Jessamine beginning; a few flowers were retarded, a few insects before their time, and the vanguard of red butterflies of June fraternized with the rearguard of the white butterflies of May. The plane trees were putting on a fresh skin, and the breeze formed undulations in the magnificent enormity of the Chestnut trees. It was splendid."

Balzac ("Esquisses Parisiennes"), however, described the gardens as "The Elysium of the Gouty; the fatherland of nurses." It is certainly even today a fatherland of nurses, crowded as it is daily with the fresh looking "bonnes" generally in the lovely brèton "coiffes" with their noisy charges making the winding walks gay with color and infantile life.

The fountain with its picturesque setting and the overhanging trees all reflected in the rippling water of the Basin, is one of the treasures of the city. The figure in the niche, flanked by the statues of Galatea and Acis,

The Luxembourg Fountain

George Wharton Edwards
The Luxembourg Fountain,
Paris.

is that of Polyphemia, by Ottin. Here Rousseau spent his mornings, and wrote his letters when the weather was fine. It is the pleasantest and the prettiest of spots in which to pass an idle hour.

At the end of the Avenue de l'Observatoire is the grandiose fountain by Davioud with the splendid group of figures upholding a great glove representing the four quarters of the earth, and surrounded by magnificently modeled sea horses in a great basin. Nothing could be more impressive than this splendid fountain with its vista of great trees as a background. It is Carpeaux' Chef-d'oeuvre.

The fountain "de la Victoire" in the Place du Châtelet, occupies the site of the curious and very remarkable old fortress of Le Grande Châtelet through which, according to the old pictures in the Louvre, was a long vaulted passage way leading from the Pont du Change to the rue St. Denis. This was the "Place of Prisons" and the annals are filled with accounts of its horrors. The terrors of the Châtelet Prisons are enumerated in the writings of the poet Clémont Marot. In 1792, on one day in September, more than two hundred men and women, "many of whom had not been tried," were put to death in its courtyards.

The fountain "de la Victoire," or as it is sometimes called, "de Palmier," is the work of Bralle. Some authorities and property owners of the Place du Châtelet

pronounce it to be ugly, and have petitioned for its removal.

The fountain which is in the Marché St. Germain, formerly embellished the square before the church of St. Sulpice. It was removed to make room for the present impressive and beautifully proportioned fountain of St. Sulpice, designed by Visconti, with statues of the celebrated preachers; Bossuet, Flechier, Massilon and Fénelon. It is a worthy monument to these men, and graces the place before the great church which is perhaps the finest existing example of its peculiar type of architecture.

The fountains of the Place de la Concorde do not call for any specific mention as great works of sculptural art, but they are very artfully designed and consummately ornament their setting as admirable parts of the scheme. It is difficult to see just how they could be improved upon, for their proportions are absolutely correct, and they conform to the two splendid buildings right and left of the rue Royale erected in 1772 from the designs of Gabriel and the sculptors, Michel Ange Slodtz, and Coustou (the younger).

The fountain on the south side of the Place de la Concorde, which has the great figures emblematic of Marine or Maritime navigation, is upon the very spot where Louis XVI lost his head on the guillotine on the twenty-first day of January 1793, and Marie Antoinette like-

Fountain in the Place de la Concorde

Fountain in the Place de la Concorde

wise on the sixteenth of the following October. In July 1794, Robespierre here met his fate, and the blood of the Girondans flowed and soaked the stones of this great square now so stately and beautiful with its tall obelisk, its splendid statues of the Provinces, and its splashing fountains, the pride of Paris.

On Wednesday, July 4, 1923, our day of Independence, was celebrated in Paris by many varied official and unofficial functions. Apart from the official French and American festivities, chief among the latter being the Ambassador's reception and the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce and the social program arranged for the day, numerous clubs held special functions to give the widest scope to patriotic expression on the part of the thousands of American visitors and residents.

The notable event was the unveiling in the morning at 10:30 of the beautiful French monument in the Place des Etats-Unis to the American Volunteers who died in the defense of France in the great World War. The face of the soldier who stands with uplifted hand in salute resembles very closely the features of the young poet who laid down his life in the noble cause. The drawing which I made of it after the crowd had dispersed does not, unfortunately, show the face distinctly. The monument is a great work of art and is a magnificent tribute to our soldiers.

The Place des Etats-Unis, where this splendid monu-

ment to American volunteers was unveiled, is in the center of a diamond shaped section formed by the rue Nitot, the rue Galilée, the rue de Lubeck and the Avenue d'Iena, in the very heart of the aristocratic quarter of the city. Formerly the place was occupied by the reservoirs of Châillot which were constructed when the aqueducts of the same name were built during the time of the Romans, so it is claimed by some authorities but others say that it was built by Catherine de Médicis to bring the waters of the slopes of Saint-Cloud to the Tuileries.

Chaillot, in the middle of the last century, became a part of the City of Paris and thus lost its character as a separate village. The old reservoirs were then abandoned, and later the place was named Galilée. Thus it remained until 1881, when its present name was bestowed upon it.

Here Bernard de Palissy, the celebrated potter, according to report, burnt his chairs and tables in his furnace in order to obtain the necessary degree of heat to produce his beautiful white enamel. In excavating for foundations here many fragments of porcelain piping were recently uncovered to the mystification of the authorities until it was recalled that this was the site of Palissy's workshop under the patronage of Catherine de Médicis.

Three outstanding events have marked its existence:

the erection of the great Bartholdi group of sculpture, the ceremony attending the placing there in 1910 of the bust of Horace Wells, American dentist who introduced "laughing gas" as an anaesthetic, and the unveiling of the monument to the American Volunteers in 1923.

At it is today, the Place des Etats-Unis is, apart from the splendid sculpture, noteworthy for the many handsome mansions that surround it, perhaps the most charming in this city of palatial modern dwellings.

The Place Des Vosges

PERHAPS the most curious of the squares of Paris is the "Place des Vosges," in the very heart of the curious region called the Marais, of which Daudet wrote so charmingly. Anciently named the Place Royale, created in the mind of Sully, and consummately carried out under the direction of Henry IV, it became and remained for many years the handsomest as well as the most celebrated and famous square in all Europe. Sully's plans were taken over and augmented by the "austère Huguenot," Antoine du Cerceau.

It is said that the aspect of this old Square has changed but little, and that it now best preserves the ancient ideas of the French architects. At any rate, it is a delightfully quaint spot with its high roofed and gabled old houses, and its dusty arcades in which, it is said, Corneille laid the scene of his famous comedy. De Guilhermy writes, "The judicious arrangement of the Place Royal deservedly receives praise; vast galleries reserved for foot passengers surround it, there are broad roads for riders and carriages, and in the center is a garden protected by an iron railing. . . . Great edifices

. .ornamented with panels, bosses, and heavily moulded windows. . . . It is in the style of the old French architecture which followed the Renaissance and preceded the modern era. We see it with its fronts of two colors, its pilasters, its partitions, its great roofs of slate, topped with leaden ridges formed into divers ornaments."

Henry IV did not live to see this pet scheme of his carried out, for he died in 1610, and it was five years later when it was opened with festivities of great magnificence on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth, sister of Louis XIII, with the Infant of Spain. This splendid court fête resulted in the Place becoming the fashion and all that was most aristocratic in the City, and so it remained until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, when it quickly lost its character with the invasion of shops.

Curiously enough the Square became the recognized resort of duellists although the King, Louis XIII, had prohibited the practice of duelling by royal decree. The accounts of the times record these as taking place in broad daylight like theatrical performances, at which the spectators thronged the balconies of the houses about the Square overlooking the encounter which often terminated fatally for one or the other of the "young noblemen."

The last of these encounters in the Place Royale recorded was that between the Comte de Coligny and

the Duc de Guise, in which Coligny lost his life. Aroused by this lamentable happening Richelieu issued an edict, naming dire penalties upon those who disregarded the law against duelling, and as further warning placed in the center of the Square a statue of Louis XIII, by Biard, with laudatory inspections upon its pedestal in honor of the King. It is recorded that this statue was sent to the foundry and melted down for cannon in the Revolution of 1793. The splendid iron grille with the arms of the King (Louis XIV) was removed during the reign of Louis Philippe, in spite of the indignant remonstrance of Victor Hugo who, at the time, was living in the house number 6 in the Square.

Molière satirized the manners and customs of the occupants of the Square in his "Précieuses Ridícules," while living in the Arsenal quarter in 1645. Number 21 was the house of Richelieu. In number 9 the great commédienne Rachel died amid her magnificent and luxurious furnishings, lying here in state before the public funeral. Behind the houses on the East side of the Square lived the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, "l'Eternal Ninon" of whom St. Evremond wrote, "L'indulgence et sage nature a formé l'âme de Ninon, de la volupté d'Epicure et de la vertu de Caton." At the beautiful feet of this famous or infamous woman had knelt in turn three generations of men of the great house of Sévigné. "Nínon had such talent, and illustrious friends of all

sorts that she preserved them all and kept them in harmony among themselves, or at least without any open disturbance. In all her proceedings there was an air of external decency and decorum such as the highest princesses rarely maintain." (St. Simon). In the vestibule of this house one can still see the original festoons and the masks and caryatides and in the room which was her boudoir the painted ceiling, I am told, still remains. I did not see this, for I could not gain access, the occupant being absent. On the first floor there is a ceiling representing Apollo and the Muses, by (it is said) a pupil of Lebrun.

St. Simon continues: "The consideration, an extraordinary thing, which she acquired, the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances continued to attract the world to her when her charms had faded, and when propriety and fashion forbade her any longer to mix the carnal and the intellectual . . . her conversation was charming; she was disinterested, faithful, secret, trustworthy to the last degree or almost to weakness and she could be described as virtuous and full of probity." The place is redolent of the past although many of the old houses or "hotels" have disappeared. There is a very poor equestrian statue in marble of Charles X, by Cortot and Dupaty, in the center of the Square, which is now most picturesquely "down at heel." Yet in the reign of Louis XIII it was the fashion-

able quarter of Paris. The Place des Vosges is the site of the old "Palais des Tournelles," in which, during the reign of Henry II, great and most spectacular tournaments were held, at one of which, in 1565, the King was accidentally killed by the Comte Montgomery, captain of the Scottish guard. Catherine de Médicis ordered the unfortunate captain to be publicly tortured and executed in the center of the square of the Place de Grève in 1574, and then caused the old "Palais des Tournelles" to be demolished.

The Art Life

TO SAY that Paris is the paradise of painters is to utter a platitude. The whole world is aware of the fact. Nowhere else is so much done for the art student who for a small expenditure has the very best kind of instruction, choice of place in any one of a score of studios, with living models, under the tuition of famous painters whose services are gratuitous. Or he can enroll himself in one of the classes at the École des Beaux Arts, if he chooses, where he will enjoy all the advantages the state can give him, with prizes, scholarships, and academic honors—if he is able to win them. He is surrounded by the atmosphere of art, for in nearly every street are picture shops or splendid galleries both private and public filled with priceless collections, not only of paintings but sculpture, period furniture, and objects of art from all parts of the world. All of the great galleries are open to him free of charge, and even in the palaces of aristocracy with their historic collections he is made welcome and given every opportunity and advantage for study.

France understands and delights in genius. Even

nature in France is kind to him. The gentle aspect of the land invites him to reproduce her charms. For him the flowers bloom brighter and more beautiful, and the sun ever shines with even greater brilliancy. To him the people of France are more indulgent than to others, and give him rank in society often denied to the wearers of titles. Therefore, the life of the artist of ability in Paris is at once the easiest and most desirable. All that he needs in the way of studio and equipment is a large well lighted room wherever he chooses, furnished with an easel and a chair or two with a stove and some coal to warm him in winter. His "plant" is thus complete, connoísséurs will seek him out, provided he can paint, and his future is secure. The Government furnishes a Palace in which to hang his picture. If it be good he will be awarded an Honorable Mention: If it be better he will get a silver Medal: If it be a masterpiece he will be called out before all of Great Artists of France assembled to do him honor, and the President will decorate him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Government may purchase his painting for the Luxembourg Gallery. His pictures are marked "Hors Concours" at the Salon. He has become in turn a "Maitre" and is at the head of a School. He grows old as a famous man, and when he dies his works are placed in the great Gallery of the Louvre.

Thackeray went to Paris to become a painter, but just

how much work he did there is evidenced by the fact that upon his return to London he attempted some drawings to illustrate "David Copperfield" and offered them to Dickens, who, is well-known refused to consider them at all as illustrations of his book. For this Thackeray never forgave him, but certainly while it hurt Thackeray's pride and most cruelly, it resulted in giving to the world the incomparable writings of a Master of Literature.

Thackeray describes the Louvre in these words:

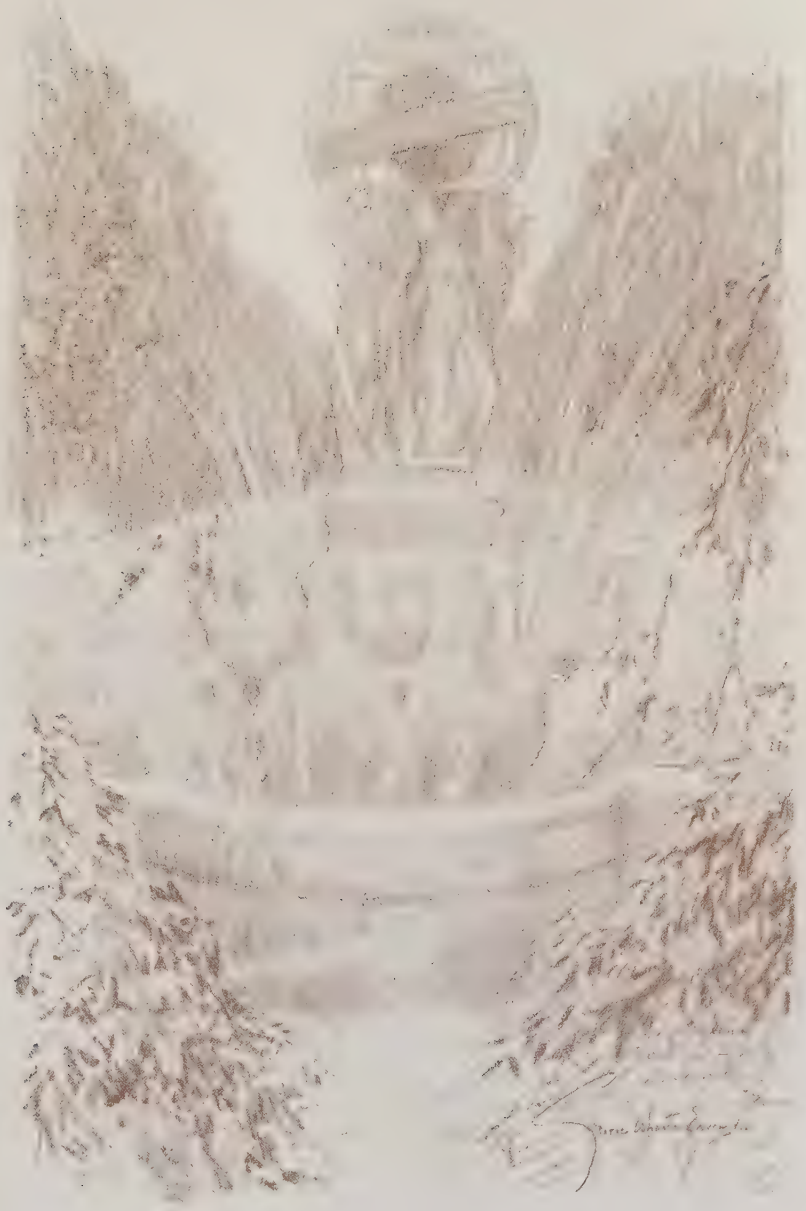
"What a paradise this gallery is for French students, or foreigners who sojourn in the Capital! It is hardly necessary to say that the brethren of the brush are not usually supplied by Fortune with any extraordinary wealth or means of enjoying the luxuries with which Paris, more than any other city abounds. But here they have a luxury which surpasses all others and spend their days in a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy. They sleep, perhaps in a garret, and dine in a cellar; but no grandee in Europe has such a drawing room. King's houses have, at best, but damask hangings, and gilt cornices. What are these to a wall covered with canvas by Paul Veronese, or a hundred yards of Rubens? . . . Here is a room half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's Palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and varieties of study."

Through and by reason of this fostering care of the French, for the natural aptitude of the people, the art sentiment is encouraged and more generally developed than anywhere else and certainly the evidences of this are seen on every hand.

In consequence, it may be said that every man in the street is a very good art critic. The writer has frequently seen workmen and laborers in smocks and wooden shoes gathered before some Art Shop window discussing intelligently the paintings there on exhibition. The municipality of Paris is at work constantly to embellish the city with splendid groups of statuary, great bridges spanning the river and magnificently designed fountains at the intersections of streets. In consequence Paris is a monument to Art, and the superlative taste of the French people certainly makes Paris the most beautiful city in the world.

The most important public building in the city architecturally, and as well for its wondrous treasures of Art, is the Palace of the Louvre, which according to history takes its name from a château stronghold which was built here in the XIII Century, in what was then a dense forest infested with wolves, "Louverie." The present Palace was built by Francis I, in 1541, who invited Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini and Andrea del Sarto with other artists to live there with him, but for some reason they refused as did also Michael

The Carpeaux Fountain, Luxembourg Gardens



Angelo. It is to the Revolution, however, that the Louvre is chiefly indebted for the magnificence of the collection which is unrivalled throughout the world. No wonder then that Paris is the chief center of the world's art life.

Due to the energy and initiative of the present direction of the Beaux-Arts School, the entrance rules have been altered and made easier for students. According to an old tradition dating back to the Second Empire, students until their thirtieth year were allowed school privileges only because they had been refused admittance to the extrance examinations. This rule gave the student opportunity for competing for the money prizes while he at the same time was earning a living at illustrating or other art work, the only condition being that he register each year for the entrance examinations. The new ruling by M. Albert Besnard provides that pupils may be refused only four times to the entrance examinations and that no student may work in the galleries more than two consecutive years.

This year (1923) it is announced that out of about one thousand pupils who applied for entrance, only two hundred and fifty-nine were admitted to the examinations, and out of three hundred and sixty students in modelling only one hundred and twenty-four were accepted.

Paris is a world in itself; overriding all standards of

beauty and greatness, and addresses itself with supreme confidence to all tastes. Here the savant finds the treasures of the ages preserved for his use and study. Here the bookworm "discovers" bibelots in a score of great public libraries, or explores the old stalls on the quais for chance treasure; here may the student of art revel in the Louvre, the Luxembourg, or in the opulence of the galleries of Versailles. Here the lover of dramatic art may pick and choose among fifty theatres, each with its special charm. The surgeon or physician may witness marvels of operations in the various hospitals, and the idler, or he who delights in night life finds on Montmartre those attractions especially provided for his kind as well as the philosopher who looks beyond this old world, may here be thrilled by the eloquent periods of Ravignan until his very soul is filled with ecstacy.

Taken in the abstract Paris is the most perfect whole the world has produced, and how few people (meaning travellers) really know Paris. Most of these are quite convinced that it is only a most famous place for pleasure seeking or dissipation. They are often satisfied that they know Paris intimately, and they assure you that it is entirely given up to whatever species of folly that has captivated them, so they represent it as a great and reckless masquerade in which the whole Nation is engaged. Viewing the thronged concert gardens, the

brilliantly lighted cafés and splendidly equipped restaurants filled with prosperous looking people, they declare that the French people really have no domestic life and are quite as ignorant of our type of family joys as the French language is destitute of the good Saxon word "Home," and as for the Sabbath,—they know not what the word means! This misstatement has gone forth and has been accepted generally by foreigners as Gospel truth. It has, of course, no foundation in fact.

Paris has ever been the "Mecca" of the embryo artist-painter. Foreigners from every country have settled in Paris, each bringing with him his individuality in art; the Spanish and Italian, a certain richness of form and a lavish sense of color. The Russian, the Swede and the Norwegian, each a most novel and wierd sense of composition united to a remarkable facility of drawing. These have formed so-called "schools" meaning personality of "vision," for when an artist-painter becomes popular others flock to his support and to do him honor.

Formerly American students sough entrance to Bonnat's "Atelier" and they paid from ten to twenty-five francs a month, this price being regulated by rules adopted by the students, and the tax being used to pay the models and the other little expenses. The instruction given by the Master was entirely gratuitous. The Studio was situated on Montmartre and there many of the students found lodgings. Here was also Julian's

Atelier, in the Passage des Panoramas,—with Tony Robert Fleury and Bouguereau as instructors and in this class were included some women who drew from the "nude" side by side with the men. The oldest studio at that time (1883) was Swiss's, and was situated on the quay in an old red brick house, which according to tradition had been the residence of "Monsieur de Paris," otherwise the public executioner. A large wooden sign in the form of a tooth hung over the entrance, and on the top floor was a dentist who owned it. The Studio was on the second floor and here the students worked from the model in relays all day and at night. Swiss was a very good draughtsman, but, although he drew regularly before the class, rarely finished anything he began. The School had a very considerable reputation, being established by his uncle who was at one time a model for David, the painter. When the uncle died he left it to Swiss, who thenceforth abandoned work and contented himself in the corner of the Atelier with his pipe and the penny newspaper. I do not know if it still exists. There are innumerable schools of this character throughout the city.

The chief Art School of the World is, of course, the École des Beaux-Arts which is as free to foreigners as to the French, but there are certain formalities and difficulties in obtaining the necessary permission to enter which are somewhat irksome and this is now the reason why

there are so few Americans in the school. The work is hard but the rewards are adequate and to the earnest worker. The French student begins his hard work in his youth and is seldom heard from in the Exhibitions until he is past thirty, and during this period he undergoes a sort of poverty which is unknown to Americans. He lives upon an incredibly small sum of money doled out to him by his parents who hope that the next "Salon" Exhibition will place him before the public with a work of art which will bring success to him.

Each of the "departments" of France has a free art school financed by the State and offers yearly a "Paris Prize" (Prix de Paris) which pays the expenses of the successful student for a given period of study, said expenses being anywhere (before the war) from 500 to 1200 francs. This pension eked out by contributions from his family and friends enables him to remain at school and compete for the Prix de Rome, the great art prize; a pension of 4000 (pre-war figure) francs a year with four years' residence in Rome. Happy man, he who wins.

The twentieth of March each year marks the day of reception of paintings and ten days later sculpture at the salon. The Exhibition opens to the public on the first day of May following. One wonders what becomes of all the paintings hung each year at the Salon and what of the thousands that are sent in but not hung?

The month of April is an anxious one for the young artists of Paris. Hundreds of them are on the uneasy seat for, until the colored card (either pink or green) arrives, each one who has sent in a picture can know nothing of his fate.

The Jury is chosen by the artist members of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and theirs is no easy task for the members must sit for hours at a time consecutively over a period of weeks and render conscientious opinion upon works of art, most of which, in truth, are of indifferent merit, carried before them by men who are hired and paid by the French Government. It is really a terrible ordeal and often the painters who are sitting in judgment become color blind for the time being and unable to see quality of color. The two Juries assemble daily under the direction of the Presidents of The Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts and the Sociéte des Artistes Français now (1923) united after a split of thirty-three years and exhibiting together. This year there was an increased representation of American art, there being fifty American painters exhibiting seventy-five paintings. This number, while small in comparison with the four thousand five hundred paintings on exhibition is, on the other hand, large when it is considered that admission to the Salon represents the highest honor to which French painters can aspire, and that the judges who pass on the entries are exclusively

French. It is remarked that except for the fact that several sought môtifs for their work at home, there was nothing in the subjects or work of the Americans to distinguish their paintings from the thousands of works of art among which they are hung. There was a predominance of portraiture; the nude was conspicuous by reason of its rarity; and there was a tendency towards religious subjects.

The proceedings of the Juries under the direction of the presiding officers is interesting; the "gardiens" trundle huge easels, holding a number of ordinary sized paintings before the line of seated members, and often there are most decided differences of opinion regarding the works offered. As a rule, however, the voting is quite unanimous and if recommended by the Jury, the recording clerk enters the acceptance in a book opposite the name of the artist, and the "gardiens" put a letter "A"on the back of the frame, with the figure 1 or 2 as the case may be. "No. 1," recommends the picture to the hanging committee for future consideration by the Jury when the recompenses,—Hon. Mention, Bronze Medal or Silver Medal, are awarded.

When a painting is rejected it is marked with a letter "R" and the artist receives by mail a filled out blank form as follows:

M. . . : J'ai le regret de vous annouucer que les ouvrages présentés par vous au Salon de 19. , et qui

ont été enregistrés sous les numéros ci-dessous, n'ont pas été admis par le Jury, savoir: . . .Nos. . . . Les ouvrages pourront êtlre retirés de 10 heures à 4 heures, sur la présentation des récepissés, à dater du 12 avril.

S'adresser porte No. 9.

Agréez, Monsieur, . . . , l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Pour le Directeur des Beaux-Arts.

L'Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts.

Chef du Service des Expositions.

(Signed)

M. . . .

Unhappy he who receives one of these green cards! Despair is his.

While he who is so fortunate as to pass the Jury and gets a pink one—the world is then indeed "rose colored" for him. He is an exhibitor at the Salon!

As I pen these lines, I am transported in memory back to that morning long years ago when I lived in my student days in a small brick floored room on the top floor of one of the blank faced apartment houses in the narrow rue de la Harpe just off the teeming "Boule Miche." I can see myself sitting on the edge of the bed under the sloping ceiling of that small mansarde room with the cold light of a spring morning coming down through the four window panes, above which tower the chimney stacks where the sparrows are twittering. . . .

There is a small yard, with strips of worn carpet on the brick floor beside the bed; carpets were then a luxury in the Latin Quarter. The furniture consists of two chairs, a small bookcase, a table on which are a few books, my paint box, a tall oil reading lamp with a green glass shade bought on the corner from the Armênian, and a tray on which are pipes and jar of tobacco.

Joseph (called Yo—sef) the man of all work in the house, a shambling young Bréton clad in a short blue jacket and baggy corduroy bepatched trousers, and always wearing a long blue apron like a skirt, stands beside me, excitedly holding out a square envelope.

"A letter for M'sieur," he says. " 'The' letter!" It bears at the top the words, "Directeur des Beaux-Arts."

"It has arrived, M'sieur," he continues. "It is your notification."

I fumble with it, fearing to open the envelope.

Joseph knew all about my weeks of anxiety since I sent in the picture upon which my hopes were centered.

"Open it, M'sieur," he urges.

I take courage and do so, with my heart in my mouth, be it recorded.

The envelope contained a card with the following inscription:

Salon de 1884.
Sociéte des Artistes Française, Palais des Champs Elysées.
"M. EDWARDS."

PARIS

Le Président du Conseil d' Administration. Membre
de l' Institut.
(signed) Léon Bailly.
Carte d' Exposant.

. . . . . .

Joseph excitedly reached out his hand and took the printed card from me.

"M'sieur!" he exclaims. "Don't you understand?—You have been accepted at the Salon.—Your painting has been recognized and accepted by the great French master painters of France. Do you not understand?" He shook me by the shoulder as he spoke.

"Ah, M'sieur Georges! I am so happy for you, I, who am nothing but a poor working man,—but you will permit me to be happy for you!"—and there were tears in the eyes of the man . . . . Dear French people!—and yet they say that the French are not sincere!

The Opera

THE most recent acquisition to the Historical Monuments of Paris, is, strangely enough the aris Opera House. The title "Historical Monument," is bestowed upon those buildings which are maintained and cared for by the state from a fund set apart for the preservation of architectural art throughout France. Of course, the "Opera" is very modern, being erected as late as 1861 from designs by Charles Garnier and it has not much of historic interest—there has never even been a fire in it, nor has any one been assassinated within its halls. Its interior may be described as "grandiose" rather than beautiful, but it has a really magnificent marble staircase.

The building standing alone at the head of the Avenue de L'Opera, with its ornate green copper dome, and its resplendent gilt figure of the Muse holding aloft a gilded Lyre, is a house of 2700 doors; 7600 keys and 8315 steps and contains almost four miles of water pipes. (These figures are vouched for by the custode!) It has miles of passages and he informed me that there are some which have not been opened since the time of Napoleon III.

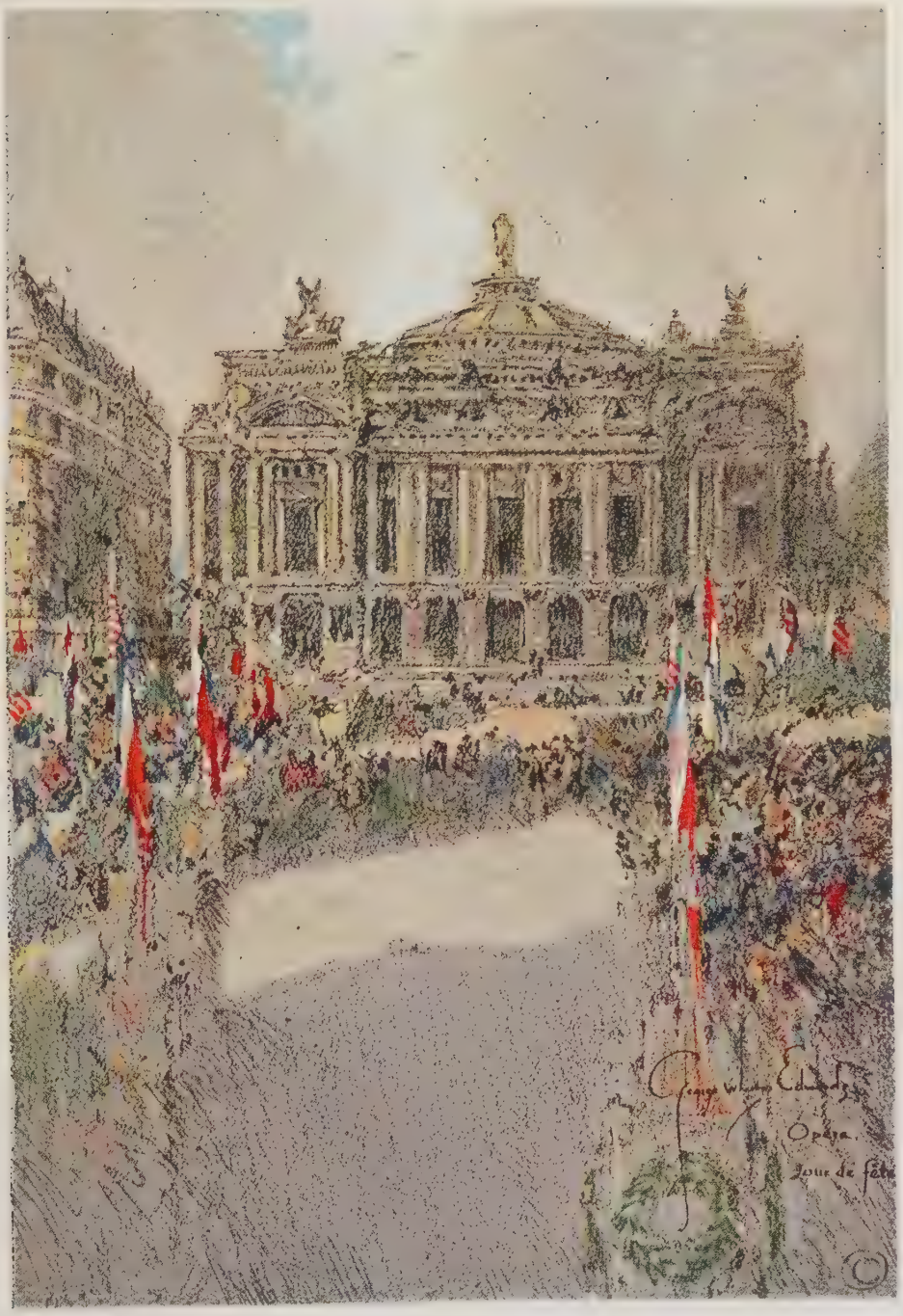
It is said that there is a subterranean stream flowing beneath its great stage in which are several boats fully equipped, placed there for no one now knows what purpose. This stream is said to discharge into the Seine at a hidden and obscure point below the fortifications.

The building covers an area of 11,250 square metres, and some of the rooms now locked and barred in the dusty corridors are thought to contain the regalia of Napoleon III used to decorate the magnificent staircase and the Imperial box when the Emperor deigned to appear there.

There is in the building a most valuable library containing almost priceless records which will now come under state protection, and any other treasures which the building contains will thus be assured of proper attention and care. According to the records, the first opera house in Paris was opened in 1671; with the performance of the tragedy of "Orphée" by Jodelle, on the occasion of the marriage of Mary Stuart and François II. Strangely enough the establishment of the Opera in France was due to the encouragement and financial aid of Cardinals Mazarin and Richelieu.

Paris never neglects representation of the classic, no matter what novelties are popular elsewhere. The record of the past season, extending from October 1 to July 1 this year (1923), shows twenty-eight performances of "Faust," and the management claim that

The Opera. Jour de fête


Opéra.
Jour de fête

they produce according to popular demand. Here are some astonishing and interesting facts of the repertory and the salaries paid to performers. Compare these with the fabulous salaries paid to some of the singers in America, bearing in mind the present rate of exchange.

Here is the Paris record:

"Boris Goudonov" and "Mâitres Chanteurs" were each performed fourteen times from March 5 to July 1; "The Walkyrie," ten times;"Lohengrin,"nine times and "Cydalise" was danced eleven times; "Griseledis" eight times; "Fille de Roland" six times and from the 13th of April to the 1st of June, six performances each were given of "Padmavati" and "Khovanchtchina." The "Magic Flute" was performed on July 14 as a gratuitous matinée, and was also presented fifteen times from December to the end of June. Among the record breakers financially, "Rigoletto" given with the "Two Pigeons"on May 16,brought box office receipts of 51,291 francs, and at a performance the following week it brought 50,523 francs. Both the "Magic Flute" and "Boris Goudonov" at various times brought to the box office sums varying from 36,500 to 45,500 francs. Other popular operas with parallel box-office receipts were "Thais," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Samson and Delila."

It is surprising to learn something of the payroll of the Paris opera. The salary of the Chorus is given as

833 francs a month ($50 in American money). The orchestra members get from 750 to 1300 francs a month ($45 to $78). The Director of the orchestra is paid 1400 or $84 a month; while the soloists' salaries range from 1000 to 6000 francs a month ($60 to $360) (1923).

All of the singers are paid by the month and not by the performance or by the week as in America. They are, however, guaranteed according to contract, a definite number of performances, and if they play above this amount they are paid accordingly. The present rate of exchange makes these salaries appear ridiculously small, but even so we need not be surprised at the influx of European singers.

Les Halles

IT presents a wondrous picture of activity, this great Central Market, with its three thousand stalls covering twenty-two acres, in which there are said to be twelve hundred cellars. All through the night the supply carts from the market gardens rumble through the streets, laden with their freight of eatables, alive or dead. This pandering to human appetite is a horrible thought when one considers the fact that at the cattle market of La Villette it requires more than seven thousand steers, ten thousand calves and pigs and thirty thousand sheep every Monday and Thursday to satisfy the maw of Paris.

La Villette is a busy sight—an extraordinary sight of which comparatively few in Paris are aware. Here is also the great wine market with castellated terraces of wine barrels lining the wide quays, seemingly with enough wine to drown the world in joy. At the lunch hour the wine merchants congregate at one of the restaurants near this market which boasts of a cook whose reputation is known far and wide. All of the great Paris markets have famous restaurants, each known for its

special dish. The Halles has one such: The Pied de Mouton, and in the square where stands the lovely fountain by Jean Goujon, there is another one equally good and as famous.

Here during the early morning from dawn to about eight o'clock the roar of voices rises like the noise of a great organ, discordant, as if played by a madman. Entering this great building, one of a group of six pavillions, separated by wide streets in which there is the incessant flow of great crowds, it is as if one was in some strange city with roads, promenades and squares beneath a colossal roof supported by a forest of pillars, and crisscrossed by a web of stanchions, with detached galleries in which are great windows with slatted Venetian blinds through which the light of day filters. Below are long lines of electric lights strung like diamonds and pearls in the dusk. The noise in the fish market, the vegetable market, the flower and fruit market, increases as the hours pass. The odors all about are strange, and some are delicious. In the fish market are great sacks of black shiny mussels and tier upon tier of oysters in crates fresh from the parks of Cancale, Brittany, and the slabs are filled with masses of fish, some of which are of strange form and color such as the giant skate, all pink, pearly white and gray. Great fish vans are backed up to the doors in long lines to discharge their loads from the railways. An army of men and lusty, bare armed

women is engaged in the work of bringing in and arranging the great masses of food. Elsewhere there are seemingly endless lines of red and yellow trucks loaded with tiers of eggs, butter and cheese, which are being taken to the Auction Hall where another great crowd awaits them.

The cut flowers and growing plants are in charge of healthy looking women and girls who sit behind large square baskets filled with splendid Roses, Violets and Dahlias, making a most charming scene amid the mass of greenery glowing with great splotches of vivid scarlet and orange and white. Here the delicious odors of geranium and moss rose make one forget the sharp pungency of the smell of sea weed and fish, and the haunting flavors of cheese and butter. One has to get up early in the morning to see these sights, but it is worth the trouble.

And after the market is over these people throng the restaurants to enjoy themselves. "Tell me what you eat," they say, "and I'll tell you what you are." This is the Aphorism of their high priest. They belong to a celebrated and extensive brotherhood who congratulate themselves that they are what they are. They affirm that the fate of the Nation depends upon how that Nation is fed. The brethren of this organization recognize each other at once, and they celebrate at table over a savory dish or a fragrant glass, as the incense of a

"potage Soigné" rises to their nostrils. Comrades with the genius of the palate.

Where the Great Market of Paris now stands was formerly the historic cemetery called "des Innocents." In the Louvre (Musée de Sculpture du Moyen age) is the curious and historic skeleton figure from this "Cimetière des Innocents," commonly called "La Mort Saint-Innocent," of Alabaster, attributed to François Gentil of Troyes. In the cemetery it occupied a place under the fifth Arcade of the "Charnier de Messieurs les Martins," having been ordered by them and contained in a coffer of which the warden kept the keys.

On all Saints Day, this effigy was shown to the people who venerated it. The skeleton holds aloft in its right hand a portion of the shroud, and with the left points with an arrow to a scroll upon which are the words:

"Il n'est vivant, tant soit plein d'art,
Ni de force pour resistance,
Que je ne frappe de mon dard,
Pour bailler aux vers leur pitance."

This skeleton was removed by the canons of St. Germain in 1670, who feared that it might be injured by new constructions and alterations in the rue de la Ferronerie, but later the following year it was restored to its old position. Stolen several times, and sold on one occasion by a priest named Noiret in 1688, it was always brought back to the tower in the cemetery. In 1736 it

was in the care of the canons of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, but was carried off by the Curè des Innocents and his church wardens by force, resulting in a law suit between the two canons, a judgment being obtained, forcing the restitution of the precious skeleton. Finally upon the suppression of the Charniers, the church and the cemetery of the Innocents in 1786 and the formation of the great market of Les Halles, it was removed first to St. Jacques la Boucherie, then to the Museum Alexander Lenoir, and finally was acquired by the Louvre.

The Halles Centrales is situated in the district formerly known as the Champeaux, for centuries the provision market of Paris. It consists of six pavilions erected in 1858 and is traversed by streets occupying the site of the famed "Cimetière des Innocents." The busiest of spots in the early hours of the morning, it is quite deserted after eight o'clock so one is advised to get up at half past three or four in the morning and make a tour of it. The writer vouches for the fact that it is well worth while. One need not even stop for coffee at one's hotel for quite as good coffee may be had at any of the numerous booths where the market men and women eat, and with a hearty welcome.

Here in this Great Market one gets a lesson in practical politeness for it cannot too often be insisted upon that France is the land of most remarkable courtesy between the members of the servant class, waiters, rail-

way employees and hotel porters, from the resplendantly gold laced individual at the entrances who welcomes M. et Mmes. les Voyageurs down to their most humble garçon, and it is that invariable and uniform politeness and courtesy more than any other characteristic on the part of the humble servitors that renders a sojourn in France so easy and delightful. It may be that as has been urged repeatedly that these servants are not sincere, that their protestations are based upon expected payment for their services. Well, if so what of it! Do they not earn the tips they get?

As a matter of fact, the French people are naturally kind-hearted. They delight in making one comfortable. I think that their almost perfect manners are born of an innate artistic sense. The marvellously good manners of the servant class, I think, may be due to the universal and extreme politeness and consideration with which they are treated by their employers. There is a French proverb which explains it:

"Le Mâitre fait le valet."

The servants in the better households throughout France are always treated as members of the family, and thus the service is interested and well nigh perfect, for the domestic adapts himself with hearty good will to the manners and customs of the household.

It must be acknowledged that the French people are more highly educated than we are. They have an in-

timate knowledge of the classics, of mathematics, science and above all, of art, of which the great majority of our people in America know little and care less. Curiously enough the Frenchman is apt to prove deficient in geographical knowledge outside of his own country, especially as regards the United States, and if one should tell him that California is in Mexico, or that Missouri and Mississippi are in Alaska, we will accept the statement without contradiction. The truth is, not that he is altogether ignorant, but that he does not consider the matter as one of importance. Of his own country he is inordinately proud, and he really believes that all foreigners are envious of France and her attainments.

In this belief he is absolutely sincere. His chauvinism has nothing analogous in modern history.

Thus he believes he is of the elect vanguard of civilization, to point out the way to the rest of the world. France, he believes firmly to be the birth place of noble conceptions and the cradle of all arts.—From France goes out enduring principles of liberty and justice, carrying light and deliverence with them to the ends of the earth. He pictures himself standing on a height extending to the world of less favored people the torch of enlightenment, liberty and progress. He is surprised that the rest of the world does not seem sufficiently grateful for this since he does not himself profit by that so freely offered.

The pursuit of liberty, which has ever eluded him like an "ignis fatuus" has not discouraged him. He has shed his blood for this liberty many times; and many times the fruits of victory have been almost in his grasp only to again elude him.

He ever deems the plan perfect but the trusted leaders have been found wanting. He has had some wonderful dreams and these have been followed by terrible awakenings.

By nature he is warm hearted, generous to a fault, and astonishingly confiding, but he has small reverence for the individual or the condition. With him once suspicion is aroused the object is lost. Simplicity of character he abhors. There must be something to gratify his sense of splendor, of beauty, or power.

To him the "Panache" is important and necessary, the outer visible evidence of power and place; the gathering of great bodies of troops; the parade of battle flags; the ceremonies attendant upon parliamentary proceedings; the gatherings of diplomats in gold lace and bejeweled with decorations. His ear must be titilated by speeches containing such phrases as—"Citoyens, Quarante Siècles vous contemplent"or "La République c'est la paix."

In a word the French are artists "surtout." Furthermore, no people so understand the meaning of the word liberty as the French. If they have made mistakes, it is

perhaps because they have made the Republic before they made the Republicans. The theory is understood perfectly, and they have made magnificent attempts to put the theory into practice, and perhaps no other people have so succeeded as have the French. In the fifty years since the Franco-Prussian War, France certainly commanded the admiration of the whole world by the magnificent recovery she made, and her accomplishments and contributions to civilization. She wanted no more war. Her army and navy were assembled and maintained for her protection against the implacable enemy on her border. France was not ready for war in 1914, but witness her courage and her bravery in meeting the attack launched against her. Her heroism is imperishably emblazoned in golden letters on the pages of History. The Americans understand France, and all that she stands for, perhaps better than any other people. The devastated area of the Aisne, where more than three millions of dollars have already been spent by the American Committee in reconstruction, stands as a symbol in the heart of France that "America does not forget" the debt we owe her.

And now as this is written, Lieut.-Col. Alvin M. Owsley, National Commander of the American Legion at the time, expresses the feeling of his comrades:

"France has the entire support of the American Legion in her efforts to make Germany pay her war debts.

Germany must fulfill her reparations obligation. She has not thought of discharging that debt. She has sulked and blocked the way. I do not believe she intended to pay on the day she signed, and do not believe it is in her mind now to pay if she can keep from doing so. The French marching into Germany today are fighting America's battles as they fought them during the first two years of the war. If we must take a side, I say take the side we took in the war. I believe that if the civilized nations would speak again to Germany in a language she would understand, there would be no misunderstanding in Europe again."

As these soldiers feel, so do the great majority of their fellow Americans, in spite of the fact that (January 24, 1923) the Stars and Stripes was hauled down at Ehrenbreitstein. France does not want war now. She wants to make war impossible. Thus, in her occupation of the Ruhr she is proceeding logically.

The world today has before its eyes the most dramatic spectacle in history, the presence of French troops at Essen, marching in triumph past the statues of William II, Bismark and Moltke, and taking control of the Foundries of Krupp. This is the armory, the machine shop of Militant Germany. Here it was that the mailed fist of the chief and implacable enemy of France armored and made ready to strike her down. Here were constructed the machines of war that bombarded the

French armies, the forts at Brialmont and Verdun, sent shells into the very heart of Paris and came perilously near the destroying civilization and the freedom of the whole world.

And now (1923) the French army is in Essen! Military in guise and potentiality, this occupation is pacific in its purport, which is to administer the execution of the treaty signed by the Germans at Versailles. Under that treaty Essen shall no longer stand for German might in the production of the engines of war to be used as she wills. France will see to that. Her mission is a just one. Success to her!

Street Noises, Peddlers and Cheap Restaurants

IN the early hours of the morning one's rest is rudely disturbed by the discordant cries of the itinerant hawkers and peddlers, particularly in the older parts of the city, who throng the streets. The vendors of bird-seed whose cry is ear piercing and long drawn out as if in pain; the dealers in vegetables; the crockery menders, and those picturesque ruffians, the dog barbers, who clip the hair of poodles in such ludicrous fashion. There are no newsboys, their vocation strangely enough is practiced by full grown men, hoarse of voice and sinister of mien, whose dress is like that of the typical "Macquereau" of the Montmartre of other days, slouchy peaked soft cap, and a loose blouse of some dark blue thin stuff. There is however apart from this no ruffianism whatever about them, they are rarely or never discourteous.

As for the character of the peddlers, they are invariably polite, though ready and sharp of tongue when

occasion arises. Their calling is considered eminently respectable—indeed they are proud of it, for they are inheritors of trades practiced during and since the middle ages. They speak a language which is a puzzle to all but the born Parisian, made up as it is of clipped words and curiously stressed long vowels and rolling "r's."

There is the peddler of "Coco," who is a most picturesquely arrayed individual clad in an old velveteen vest, a red handkerchief about his lean neck and with a gown-like apron reaching to the calves of his thin legs. Strapped to his back is a huge sort of tank made of shining brass, trimmed with copper bands, and topped by a statue of an angel with outstretched wings. Hanging to hooks is an array of goblet shaped cups, and there are two flexible pipes extending forward under each of his arms. These pipes are furnished with brass cocks to discharge the "Coco" or chocolate water which he is vending and which is astonishingly popular with the people. The man rings a bell at intervals, puncturing his long drawn out call: "A-a-a la fraiche, qui-i vent b-o-i-r-e!

There is also an old-old woman who peddles a sort of fragile cylindrical cake almost as thin as cardboard, which is also greatly liked and in demand. It is named "Plaisir"—and her cry is quite musical, something like this:

"Voila l'plaisir, Me-s-dames, Voila, l'plai-sir!"

Gingerbread is also hawked through these streets, and by a very fat, old, moustached woman, looking for all the world like La Frôchard in the play of the "Two Orphans." She is called "Maman Pain-d' 'epice," her wares being displayed on a sort of table hanging suspended from her shoulders. In the older quarter there is, of course, more of picturesqueness to be found than elsewhere and it is in these that the "Marchande des Quatre Saisons" will be found; generally an old woman with her head tied up in a colored "bandanna" handkerchief, so called because she peddles from a hand cart, vegetables and fruit of the four seasons to a running accompaniment of ejaculations and expletives addressed to no one in particular, as far as the observer was able to see. A like character is the peddler of "Arlequins" and "Ragotons" which are the "Jetsum" purchased from the proprietors of the small restaurants. This stuff is purchased only by the very poorest class. There are certain shops in the poorer quarters which deal in this kind of food, with however, a display in the grimy windows of really savory looking viands. It is explained that these are not for sale, being used as "decorations" and simply hired from restaurants to attract attention.

It is claimed that there is no waste whatever in the way of food in Paris, that the smallest scraps of meat and gristle and the scraped bones of the butcher shops,

are sold to the restaurants where they are boiled down for "stock" used in making the soup for which the French are famous. This scrap is called "rejouissance" and after using it, the cook sells it to the "gargottiers" or lowest class of eating houses who add to it carrots, onions and so on and this is much relished by the patrons.

Horse meat is sold openly in some of the markets and the restaurants furnishing it are recognized by a wooden horse's head painted red hanging over the door. The meat is said to be good and more or less wholesome and palatable, being coarser than beef and of a sweetish flavor.

There is a narrow twisting and tortuous street lying behind the Panthéon, the rag pickers' quarter, where the broken pavements is dank and noisome and crowded with sinister looking lounging men and women, who by the way are by no means uncivil to the stranger, only curious as to his presence. The place is lined with drinking shops and restaurants; the open doorways are filled with women and children, and the police constantly parade it in couples from end to end. Here and there is a large iron lamp overhead on which is the word "Bal."

In the shops are invariably counters covered with zinc behind which the proprietors deal out the drink from arrays of bottles on shelves against the wall. These places are crowded both night and day, according to the

statment of the police, but there is rarely any turbulence or serious disorder. Over one of the doors was a sign "Souvenir de la Chevalier Cocarde," but the man lounging there either would not or could not satisfy my curiosity as to indentity of the Chevalier, and a small boy thereafter emerged from the doorwall and dogged the footsteps of the writer until he had passed out of the lane.

One of the signs here bore the words: "Avis. Ici on fait Cuisine sôi-meme" and this denoted a shop where people could bring their meat and cook it for a small fee. Inside there was a long table without a cloth where the food thus cooked might be eaten without extra charge, but it was expected that the consumer would purchase "wine" from the proprietor, and there was a large cask raised on skids with copper measures hanging on hooks above it, and a trough beneath to catch the drippings.

"Coffee" was sold here for fifteen centimes, the "mazagran," which is a large glass filled to the brim. Of course, it was not real coffee, but it did not taste at all badly.

Here and there in the older streets one still finds the perambulating cooks, but they are now rare since the war.

The cook is usually a woman who trundles a low two wheeled cart before her, containing a cylinder of burning charcoal, and a pan of raw sausages with a couple of loaves of bread.

The Colonne de Juillet. To the 615 French citizens who died for Liberty, July 27-28-29, 1830

Her piercing cry is "Saucisson Chaud'!" and her wares are very popular with the poor people. She hailed her customers familiarly as "Mabiche" or "Mon Vieux" and showed great good humor until her wares were exhausted, when she trundled her heavy old cart rapidly away.

It is still possible in the poorer quarters of Paris to find restaurants where one may eat good well cooked food at astonishingly small cost. In these restaurants, of course, the patrons are of the working class and the surroundings though rough are as a rule clean, but the place reeks of the smell of cooking and above all of onions. The patrons, however, are seemingly quite oblivious of, or perhaps content with the conditions. The soup if not a delicate flavor makes up for the deficiency in strength, and there will be a great deal of garlic sauce on the mutton or the chicken! or the lettuce may not be very fresh! but the oil in the dressing will be of good flavor, and the bread, generally the wholesome "pain de menage," will be found freshly baked. As for the "wine,"—it were well to refrain.

But the patron is not so particular. It is amusing to see him, upon tossing off a glass of this purplish liquid, turn it upside down on his great flat black bordered thumbnail! This ceremony is not unusual with the market men or the carters and is termed "le'dernier rubis sur l'ongle."

The Duval restaurants, of which there are a number throughout the city, were established years ago by a market butcher of that name who had amassed a fortune. In these the food is prepared and cooked on large ranges and grills at one end of the dining room in sight of the patrons, and the dishes are served by uniformed women. The food in these is well cooked and while low in price compared to the more pretentious places, is of quite good quality.

Inferior to the Duval places, are the so called "Crémeries" both in cooking and cleanliness, but the prices are almost, if not quite as high as those charged in the Duval's.

The laborers, carters and market men frequently may be seen in the streets eating their midday meal which will consist of a piece of cheese, garnished by a morsel of garlic, together with a great piece of black crusted bread, the whole washed down by a half bottle of "wine," at a cost of (four or five cents) thirty-five centimes.

French families coming to America are dumfounded at the waste in foodstuffs by American housekeepers. To the thrifty Frenchwoman the "Casserole" is her economy, and she performs culinary wonders with it. Into it go all the scraps thrown away here, and with them those mysterious and delightfully flavored herbs of which she has such intimate knowledge. Those who

have eaten at "Bourgeois" tables in France know how delicious is the result.

Think then of farmers' meals in some of our American village homes. Hot tea, or sloppy "coffee," with hot salaratus biscuits, apple "sass" and cold corned beef, or hot pork chops in thick gravy and soggy boiled potatoes! . . . and hot mince pie! . . . No wonder the local doctor waxes rich, and lives in the big house on the hill.

As a rule each man and woman in Paris, and as well in the rest of France, understands the art of cooking as well as of eating, . . . one begets the other. It is said, that Alexander Dumas, who was a "bon vivant" as well as a born cook, upon one occasion at his own table when the guest insisted upon discussing the author's last great book, irritably broke in with "Laissons—Laissons tout cela de côté, et dites-moi, je vous en pris, plus de nouvelles de ce ragout que j'ai fait."

After living in Paris for even a short time one gets the impression that almost any Frenchman could, in case of necessity, prepare a course dinner with consummate skill. Certainly the French know how to eat, and eating in itself is an art. As for the women, they have the same taste and ability in the proper preparation of food as they have in dress, it is second nature to them. It all has to do with art. The mantle of genius of the cooks of Ancient Rome descended upon the French, so we are

told in the memoirs of the grand Vatel, of whom Mme. de Sévigné relates the story of his failure to please Louis XVI with the sauce for the Sole, which failure sent him to his kitchen in such humiliation that he killed himself with his sword.

Cooking was exalted into a science in the time of the Regency, and under the reign of Louis XV, who bestowed the "Cordon bleu" upon such cooks as pleased his palate with a new sauce. What wonder then that today, even though, perhaps the decoration is no longer bestowed, that cooking in France is a recognized art.

Column of July and the Temple

THE beautiful column of July designed by Alavoine, in 1830, was inaugurated in 1840 and rises to a height of over 150 feet from a very massive white marble base which was originally intended to support Napoleon's huge elephant, a project that happily perhaps was never carried out. On this base is a square construction on each side of which are bronze medallions symbolizing Justice, the Constitution, Strength, and Freedom. There is a lion in relief by Baryé on the pedestal, underneath which is an inscription reading—"A la gloire des citoyens français qui s'armèrent et combattirent pour la défense des libertés publiques dans le Mémorables Journées des 27, 28 et 29 Juillet 1830." There are also fine bronze Gallic cocks on the four corners. At the top is a splendid lantern on which is a figure of the Genius of Liberty bearing a torch, the work of J. Dumont, in 1846. Beneath the statue are two vaulted chambers each containing a great sar-

cophagus in which are the remains of those who fell victims to the revolution in 1848. During the commune, one is told, these vaults were filled with barrels of gunpowder by the mob intending to blow up the Column, but when the fuse was lighted for some reason the powder failed to ignite, and the fire caused small damage.

In the Place de la République, formerly called the Place du Château d'Eau, is the bronze statue of the Republic, surrounded with seated figures of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, the pedestal of which is embellished with bas-reliefs in bronze depicting scenes of the Revolution. The monument seen from a distance is impressive, but upon closer view is most disappointing, being of trivial artistic value. Near at hand, down the Rue de Temple, is the Marché du Temple, which occupies the site of the conglomeration of cold sheds that formerly housed the picturesque market of odds and ends of every description. In my student days I sought for costumes here with old Napoléon Savory. The spot was famous long before as the site of the mediaeval "Tower of the Knights Templar," a stronghold of the year 1212. After the suppression of the order in 1312, it was the Treasury of the Kings of France. During the Revolution of 1792 and 1793, the Royal family was imprisoned in its dungeons. It was demolished in 1811. The present market contains the stalls of more than 2400 merchants.

The garden square with fountains is all that remains of the great Temple, which was a moated citadel with machicolated round towers. The very saddest and most moving memories of Paris are centered in this spot, known as early in history as the XIII Century, bounded by the streets called rue de la Milicedu Temple (1235) and rue de la Chevalerie du Temple (1253).

The Market covering more than 16,900 square yards, and the adjoining square only represent the space around the central donjon, which must have colossal in size.

Viollet-le-Duc (IX, 169) says of it: "The Tower of the Temple was finished in 1306, a little before the dissolution of the order . . . it was square in plan with turrets at the four corners "

Here, on January 20, 1793, the day before his execution, Louis XVI took leave of his family, and on June 9, 1795 the Dauphine died in one of the cells in consequence of the ill treatment he received from the jailors. The "Derniéres années de Louis XVI," by Hue, contains most pathetic accounts of the sufferings of the Royal family during their imprisonment here. Madame Royale remained a captive in the Temple for three years, four months and five days. She was released on December 19, 1795. Lamartine records in his "Histoire de la Restauration:" "She left no other trace of her captivity and her tears in her person than these two lines

engraved by her on the stone of the window sill during the long inaction of her confinement.

'O my father, watch over me from heaven above,
O my God, pardon those who slew my father.' "

The Boulevard du Temple was at one time known as the "Boulevard du Crime," a nickname, said to have originated because of the lurid character of the melodramas performed in the theatres of the neighborhood, when it was somewhat of a fashionable centre. My informant, who related these interesting details, and to whom I am greatly indebted, pointed out the spot where Fieschi, in July 1835, exploded his bomb at Louis Philippe, who escaped injury, but whose military escort, Marshall Mortier, and a dozen bystanders were blown to bits.

The Column Vendome

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Place de la Concorde

THE Place de la Concorde has been deservedly pronounced the most beautiful and extensive public square in the world. At night, lighted by the innumerable rows of large electric lamps, the effect is indescribably charming and artistic in the extreme. It is said that there are more than 25,000 lamps in and around the great square which covers an area of 390 yards in length and 235 yards in width. The present square is modern. In the middle of the last century it was known as the Place Louis XV and in it was an equestrian statue to him by Bouchardon. The people, however, scorned both the monarch and his statue, for at once the following "pasquinade" was scrawled on the stone base.

"Grotesque monument, Infâme piédestal!
Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval.
Il est ici comme à Versailles.
Il est sans coeur et sans entrailles."

They destroyed it in 1792.

Here in January, 1793, the terrible machine invented

by M. Guillotin was set up and baptized in the blood of Louis XVI, with an accompaniment of the execrations of the populace. In July following, Charlotte Corday's head fell in the "bascule" and on October 2, Brissot the chief of the Girondists, with twenty-one of his supporters were beheaded by the machine, which by this time was intensely popular with the masses. Fourteen days after this, Marie Antoinette was brought here in the tumbril followed by a howling mob and paid the tribute demanded. Then followed Philippe Ègalité, father of Louis Philippe on November 14, and in May, 1794, Elisabeth, sister of Louis XVI. Hébert who hated all social rules, and who for a time was popular with the people because of his zeal against aristocracy, was at length himself brought to the guillotine and lost his head on March 24 through the efforts of Robespierre and Danton, but the latter himself was the following month denounced to the tribune and together with his adherents and Camille Desmoulins, fell victim to the insatiable blood thirst of the people and the members of the "Comité' du Salut Public." Seventy members of the Commune, the tools of Robespierre, and this terrible individual himself were delivered into the hands of the "Maitres de la Guillotine" on July 28, 1794. Thus between the days of January 21, 1793 and May 3, 1795 more than two thousand eight hundred people perished under the knife of the guillotine.

The place during this period was an open field inclosed in deep ditches, until 1799, when it was named Place de la Concorde, only to be changed in 1814 to Place Louis XV, and again in 1826 to Place Louis XVI, but in 1830 the present name was restored to it, and then followed the presentation and erection of the obelisk of Luxor, which now adorns it, the gift of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe.

The French people will never forget that in March 1871, the Germans entered, passed beneath the Arc du Triomphe the Champs-Elysées and the Place de la Concorde. Around the Place are eight splendid sculptures representing the chief cities of France; Lille and Strasbourg by Pradier; Bordeaux and Nantes by Calhouet; Rouen and Brest by Cortot; and Marseilles and Lyons by Petitot.

The statue of Strasbourg, for so many years draped and shrouded in black, as protest against its seizure and occupation by Germany, is now decorated with floral wreaths in celebration of the happy delivery of its people and its restoration to the bosom of the Mother Country.

"It was at the foot of the obelisk that the Guillotine was set up which took off the head of Louis XVI. While waiting during the preparations he cried out to the assembled multitude who regarded him with ferocity: 'I die innocent! I forgive my enemies, and pray God to avert his vengeance for my blood, and to bless my

people.' Mr. Edgemont was kneeling by him, and in the excess of feeling had lost all recollection, till he was aroused by the words, 'The head of a traitor,' and, looking up saw his sovereign's head streaming over him in the monster's hands." (Journal of Miss Ann Porter, November 3, 1796).

The following October 16, the widow of Louis XVI was brought in a cart to the place where her husband had gone to his death. The men on the scaffold siezed her, bound her hands and pushed her on to the plank—the axe fell and the people cried out "Vive la République," "while beneath the guillotine the gendarme Ningault dipped his handkerchief in the blood of the martyr." (Goncourt. Hist. Marie Antoinette.)

On February 24, 1848, Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie fled hurriedly from the Tuileries on foot to this very spot, where they hid in waiting for the carriage which was to take them away in safety, not knowing that while they waited the carriage was being burned by the mob in the Place du Carrousel. With one's back to the grove of splendid chestnut trees one has a comprehensive view of the Champs-Elysées, with its unrivaled monuments.

Tuileries

NOT much now remains of the luxuriant Gardens in which Horace Walpole found to his surprise the quaintly trimmed trees which the artist, Watteau, painted in those entertaining pictures which so faithfully depict the manners and customs of the time. There is still the Allée des Orangers with its well preserved collection of orange trees in tubs, and long lines of marble statues of personages, male and female, most of them of the time of the Revolution, but some of the more remarkable brought from the splendid Gardens of Marly during the time of Louis XVI.

One of these statues is that of Venus Pudica, behind which, it is said, the man Henri lay in wait for Louis Philippe in 1846, and discharged a pistol at him.

There are here at the entrance to the Gardens from the Place de la Concorde, two splendid works of art, the equestrian statues, "La Renommée" and "Mercure" by Antoine Coysevox, who cut them from two enormous blocks of marble with his own hands, according to the inscription on the plinth. "These two groups were made in two years."

The splendid grove of chestnut trees heralds the coming of spring to Paris each year. It was here that the Dauphin Louis XIII played at soldier when a little boy, and later here Louis XVII walked daily with his attendants also as Dauphin, accompanied invariably by two stalwart grenadiers as guard.

Chateaubriand in his "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe" wrote of "The Palace of the Tuileries,—a great jail filled with the condemned, rose up in the midst of the fêtes of destruction. The doomed were playing while waiting for the tumbril, the shears, the red shirt, that had been hung out to dry, and through the windows the dazzling illuminations of the Queen's circle were visible."

It was before the gates of this garden that the people of Paris waited on March 20, 1811, for the sound of the guns which would announce the birth of a child to Napoléon and Marie Louise.—The people who acclaimed with joyous shouts the twenty-second gun which betokened the birth of a son—the King of Rome,—and forty-five years later another multitude waited for the birth of the unfortunate Prince Imperial, son of Eugénie de Guzman and Napoléon III, who perished in Africa at the hands of savages.

Those who now visit the spot little realize what it looked like before the Revolution of 1871. There are pictures in the museum showing the lovely avenues of chestnut trees, and the brilliant beds of flowers bordered

by the orange trees of the gardens, where beyond the great fountains showed the splendid façade of a nobly picturesque palace, the center and soul of Paris. Nothing now remains of it but a desolate and unmeaning empty space in the Tuileries garden, lined with statues, many brought by Louis XIV from the Gardens of Morly.

Along the rue de Rivoli was the Terrace des Fouillants where he and his family ran in terror from the fury of the mob on August 10, 1792, finding refuge in the old building of the riding school, where the National Assembly was held. The center of the iron grill is occupied by the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel by Fontaine and Percier, which Napoleon I built in 1806. Here he held his weekly reviews of the troops during the consulate.

It is not generally known that the car and horses which surmount the arch are modelled in imitation of the famous horses of St. Mark, restored to Venice by the Allies; the figures and reliefs commemorate the successes of the first emperor at Austerlitz, Ulm, Presburg, Vienna and Munich. On the surrounding buildings may be seen the monograms or initials of the various builders.

Here is the "Pavillon de Lesdiguières" dividing the renaissance Louvre of Charles IX, adorned with Tuscan columns supporting "mezzanini." The later buildings erected under Louis XIV, have no "mezzanini," the pediments rise from coupled Corinthian columns as a stylobate.

The Hôtel de Longueville, famous for the intrigues of the Fronde, stood where are now the modern buildings on the northeast. The remains of the palace of Napoleon III are surrounded by statues of great Frenchmen. Voltaire describes it in "Henriade," as "Le Palais pompeux, dont la France s'honoré." This was the scene of the fruitless flight of the royal family on June 20, 1790.

The two curious semi-circular platforms of white marble under the trees and each side of the promenade are the so-called "carrés d'Atalante," which Robespierre had placed there, for the association of experts who at his command assembled in the months of March and April (the period called "Germinal") to superintend the floral festivities. One of the most interesting spots in the city is the Esplanade of the Invalides, which has been chosen as the site for the monument to General Gallieni, by the art authorities, "The Comité d'Esthétique." Gallieni is really "Maréchal de France," the title being bestowed upon him posthumously.

This Esplanade was known in former times as the "Prés-Saint-Germain" when the Abbey owned the fields round about, and was laid out and planted with trees in quincunx formation under Louis XVI from 1671 to 1674 on the plans of Libéral Bruant. It was restored by Napoleon I, and later by Napoleon III.

The dome of the Hôtel covered with azure and sheets

Tuileries Garden and the Pavillon de Rohan

Tuileries Garden
and the Pavillon
de Rohan

of gold leaf, is one of the most striking monuments of Paris; no building in the city indeed has such imposing effect from a distance.

Montesquieu says: "The Hôtel des Invalides is the most noble spot on earth. I would, if I were a prince, have rather built this establishment than have gained three battles."

Chateaubriand wrote of it: "We feel that a nation that built such palaces for the old ages of its armies, has received the power of the sword as well as the Sceptre of Art."

The number of old soldiers maintained by the state is now very small, but in the time of Napoleon I, the Invalides was crowded. The great dome is flanked by four smaller cupolas, two of these are occupied by the tombs of Jérome Bonaparte on the right, and those of his eldest son and Catherine of Wurtemberg. The others are empty. Perhaps later on, when France thinks of it, or for another reason, who shall foretell? Napoleon III, Eugènie and their unfortunate son may be interred here. Napoleon I in his will wrote,—Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu du peuple Français que J'ai tant aimé."

This inscription is carved in large letters over the entrance to the tomb.

In the black marble chapel is the white marble statue of the Emperor, by Stuart. The tomb in the circular

space beneath the cupola, which is decorated by paintings by Jouvenet and Charles de Lafosse, is surrounded by caryatides and standards of mouldy and tattered banners, and is of Finland granite, the gift of the Emperor Nicholas. The remains of the great Napoleon were brought here by the Prince de Joinville from St. Helena in 1841.

Thackeray presented a most graphic picture of the ceremonies enacted at the "Invalides," during the entombment, in his "The Second Funeral of Napoleon." "It was done in an instant. Napoleon's coffin passed.

"A box covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—seamen on one side and the Invalides on the other—they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

"A faint snuffling sound, as before, was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said, that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced and said to him, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.'

"Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Bertrand put on the coffin the most glorious sword that has ever been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel; and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

"The six hundred signers and the fiddlers now com-

menced playing and singing a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the "Belle Poule" skipped into the place; that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps on the altars went out.

"When we arrived in the open air we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place; the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a terrible stunning noise and frightened some of us who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honor of the King, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hôtel had gone away, too.

"The Imperial Barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the Quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore. It was five o'clock when we reached home; the stars were shining brightly and keenly out of a frosty sky."

Turenne's tomb which contains his remains, which were formerly buried at St. Denis, is by Tuby—after the design by Lebrun, and shows the warrior expiring in the arms of a figure representing Immortality. His remains were brought here and interred with great pomp

and ceremony by order of Napoleon as first consul on September 22, 1800. It was here in the Champ de Mars, an immense oblong open space, that the famous Fête de la Fédération of July 14, 1790, was held, and the Autel de la Patrie was erected, on which Louis XVI swore to observe and uphold the new Constitution.

Here, before the battle of Waterloo, Napoléon I held the famous "Champs de Mai."

The Chamber of Deputies or "Palais du corps Législatif" opposite the Pont de la Concorde, is where Casimir Périer, Benjamin Constant, Thiers, Jules Favre, Guizot, Lamartine and Montalembert have so eloquently displayed their statesmanship,—a superb building with a most impressive and massive façade erected in 1807.

It was originally "Palais Bourbon," built by the Prince of Condé in 1789. Confiscated in 1790, it was named "Maison de la Révolution," and was afterwards (1805-1870) used as a Parliament House. It was here that in 1848 the Duchesse d'Orléans came with her two young sons to claim the regency, and was denied with the ominous words, "Too Late." The splendid Corinthian portico is the work of Poyet in 1807. In the great library are twenty allegorical and historical paintings by Eugène Delacroix. It was in the house in the rue de Lille, behind the Chamber of Deputies, that Frederick William III of Prussia resided when the allied armies occupied Paris in 1814.

Parks

PARIS boasts of several beautiful parks and exquisitely kept gardens which quite puts our city parks to shame. Perhaps of all these beauty spots throughout the city, one of the pleasantest and certainly the most picturesque, to use again that hackneyed word, is the ancient garden of Philippe d'Orleans, called the Parc Monceaux.

On this "pretty garden," the space once occupied by the Village of Monceaux, the Duke spent such enormous sums of money in laying out and embellishing the park that it impoverished him, and it henceforth became known as the "Folies de Chartres."

It was in the possession of the Orleans family, at the hands of Louis XVIII, until 1852 when it became the property of the city. De Maupassant, the author, used to spend many hours sitting near the colonnade which was erected by Catherine de Médicis as a part of her tomb and that of Henry II, in the Church of St. Denis, which now stands on the bank of the pretty pool named "La Naumachie," and here wrote some of his masterpieces. His monument by Verlet is here, together

with others to Ambroise Thomas by Falguière; Gounod, by Mercie; Chopin, by J. Froment-Meurice; and Pailleron by Bernstam. Charpentier's splendid "Jeune Faune, and Chapu's "Semeur" are both exquisitely placed here.

Guy de Maupassant described it as "Un parc fait pour la toilette, les gens mal mis y font horreur."—De Maupassant was very fond of it.

The green velvety lawns and the splendid old shade trees offer a most delightful retreat from the heated and thronged noisy streets. This park has become such a favorite spot for the children and their nurses that there is little room left nowadays for the old, gray mustached gentlemen, many of whom wear such decorations in their buttonholes as the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honor, or the purple rosette of the Institute. Some of these may have complained to the City Council, which recognizing their right to a quiet bench on which to muse, has proposed the closing of the Avenue Hoche which crosses the Park to the Boulevard Malesherbes, and to convert this closed space into a sand covered playground for the children,—but the property owners in the neighborhood considering this an encroachment upon their vested rights, have presented their objection to Council, and threaten lawsuits against the city, so the matter has been gravely submitted to the legal advisers of the city, and there the matter rests.

That monumental gateway, the Porte Dauphine that so gracefully finishes off the Avenue du Bois, leads into the Bois de Boulogne, and lends an artistic effect to the vista of that grand thoroughfare, is now doomed to be removed for the reason that it is so time-worn that the Municipal Council has decided that it is not worth artistically the sum of 50,000 francs ($3500 at the present value of the franc!) which it would cost to repair it. So, the beautiful old Porte Dauphine is to be torn down and cast on the scrapheap. The name will, however, remain. The gateway was designed under the direction of Marie Antoinette before she became Queen, and it was named for her as the wife of the Dauphin. It was to insure her privacy in her Château of La Muette, which had as part of the grounds the park called the "Belle Faisanderie" that she had it built. Most Americans will recall it as the gateway to the famous restaurants of the Bois.

Another park is the "Buttes-Chaumont," with most charming and delightful lanes and driveways, which wind about among the hills and cliffs of a vast old quarry now quite concealed by verdure, where one can see on one side the heights crowned by the Panthéon, and on the other the hill crowned by the "Sacrè Coeur."

It is said that the terrible gallows of Montfaucon, the Tyburn of France, was situated here and on it was hanged in the reign of Philippe III, Pierre la Brosse, for

bearing false witness against Her Majesty, the Queen Marie de Brabant.

"A large stairway led to this frightful structure, a stout gate forbade admission to the circuit, without doubt from fear that the bodies might be taken away by relatives to be buried, or by sorcerers to serve for their magical operations." (Dulaure, Hist. de Paris.).

On an island in the pretty lake is a reproduction of the Temple of Sibyl at Tivoli, and there is a cascade from a grotto of stalactites, and there are many fine bronzes scattered about, notably "Le Pilleur de Mer" by Ogé; Le Chasseur d'Aigles, by Desca; Au Loup by Hiolle; and a statue to "Marat" by Baffier.

The Saint Lazare Prison

THIS ancient and notorious prison for women, and long famous in history, has now been ordered demolished by the municipality of Paris.

It was in this gloomy place that during the World War certain well-known women spies in the pay of Germany were "detained," often previous to execution.

Mata-Hari, the "red dancer" spent her last days in one of the wretched cells in this house of horrors.

In the gray time-stained walls of this old Convent in the rue de Faubourg, St. Denis (No. 107) the Cell of St. Vincent de Paul, who made it the center of his Congregation des Missions (Lazaristes) was preserved and shown as an oratory. In the early days of the Revolution it was sacked by the infuriated people who thought it a depot for the storage of weapons; no weapons whatever were found in it.

During these times of terror, Royalist prisoners by the hundred were here confined in misery for months, among them the Comte de Montalembert, who perished on the guillotine.

Before the war it housed the woman Mme. Caillaux,

who shot and killed M. Calmette, editor of the "Figaro;" Jeanne Weber, the strangler; Thérèse Humbert, who was charged with one of the greatest swindles in recent French history, and a long list of other women involved in the criminal annals of XIX Century France.

When the walls of this old prison are replaced by the beflowered park which is planned here, there will have disappeared one of the most remarkable buildings of Paris. Founded in 1110 as a leper house, five centuries later it was taken over by the Monks of St. Vincent, and during this period the great military and literary figures of France frequented the splendid gardens inclosed by the walls. Under the terror, St. Lazare again became a prison, as during the Revolution of 1789, for the detention of political suspects under sentence of death. For many years it has served as a detention house for the unfortunate women of the criminal class, but its condition became such as to be a menace to the health of the locality.

The ancient inclosure was so vast as to include both the site of the church of St. Vincent de Paul and that of the present Gare du Nord. The surrounding streets between the rue Faubourg St. Denis, and the rue Faubourg St. Martin form the most commercial and busiest quarter of the City.

Some prophets of evil days to come, assert that France will soon become a second rate power, as she is a

wounded nation slowly but surely bleeding to death, and unable to collect from her traditional and conquered foe, the indemnity allotted to her by the Versailles treaty. These prophets reach this conclusion and give seemingly plain facts and convincing figures of her assets and liabilities in her struggle for existence. They say, too, that France will soon lose her national identity because of the falling birth rate.

Other and equally earnest Frenchmen affirm that this peril has been greatly exaggerated, that there is indeed no actual decrease shown from census to census, but they agree and admit that the increase is very small. They stoutly deny that this is due to racial decay, and point out the fact that the matter is one practically universal among the nations. As M. Albert Léon Guérard affirmed in his lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1912-13, "the unity of France is geographical and cultural, not racial, and that if France should close her frontiers against immigration or if foreigners came in unassimilable hordes, then the danger would be very considerable. But nothing of the kind is taking place. Even if the population should remain absolutely fixed and stationary, it would still be large enough to maintain an independent culture, at least, second to none. In everything that is worth-while mere numbers avail little. The England of Elizabeth was a pygmy compared to China or the Russian Empire."

Americans understand now why France fears Germany. The trickiness of the Teuton is quite plain to our people, and every good American hopes that France will win in her very patient, very mild efforts to collect the sum due her for the terrible destruction wrought upon her by the German hordes.

The limited population of France places her at a disadvantage in a future conflict with an unrepentant, nay vengeful Germany. Other things being equal 65,000,000 have a better chance to win than 36,000,000. This fear is what hampers France. Thus every Frenchman, from the scholar to the laborer, is required by the state to spend three years in barracks. In spite of this burden, the country, so we are assured, is growing rich but alarmists point out that a nation whose population does not increase, or whose natural resources are incapable of sudden expansion, cannot continue to expend millions and billions on social improvements and on armaments without burning the candle at both ends. What to do then? A small proportion of the French is affected with what may be styled chauvanistic hysteria, and clamor for seizure of the best and richest portion of Germany. Another is timid to the last degree, and yet another champions international peace as the solution.

It may be stated, however, and with small fear of contradiction, that France is, in all Europe, the one great power in which the pacifist movement is now the

strongest. At the same time France lives ever in the dread of radical internal reaction and this atmosphere of latent civil war is especially evident in her politics. Even after fifty years of the Republic many of the ablest thinkers of France are openly professing monarchical principles, and working for the overthrow of the Government. The present Republic has survived because it was so frankly provisional until 1880 when it banished all the pretenders, asserted its permanency by enacting the law that no future revision of the Constitution could alter the republican form of Government.

The Republic places itself above democracy, but the ghosts of legitimacy and absolutism have not yet been laid low. France has been governed by many parties but she has not yet tried the government of the people by the people. Does she fear then a d'Orléans or a Napoleon? There is too the question of religion. As opposed to the individualism and tradition of England and America, there are in France two systems, free thought and Catholicism, neither of which apparently can prevail, so the result is antagonism and intolerance. These are the grim realities with which France is faced; the outstanding characteristics and the chief weakness of present French civilization. The sympathetic observer such as the writer of this, is painfully impressed with these facts. Some Frenchmen take everything tragically, others snap their fingers derisively and refuse

to take anything seriously. Thus "J'm'en fichisme" may be said to be the compliment and corrective of fanaticism, and in the interval between two struggles the most confirmed radical will blandly confess that "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." . . . .

So Styled French Intemperance

AS for drinking at meals, many are they who habitually consume a bottle of wine during the luncheon or at dinner, especially among the middle class who use water to dilute it. The peasant on the other hand rarely uses water with his wine, I never saw one do it. Perhaps he thinks that to add water to good wine would be an offense against the good fortune which bestowed it upon him.

As a matter of fact the finer brands of wine are never so diluted, only the "vin ordinaire."

So there you have three classes of wine users: Those who add a few drops in deference to custom, the conscientious ones who mix the liquor carefully in equal quantities who are called the drinkers of "eau rougie" and the purist who respects the French proverb "Tous les Méchants sont buveurs d'eau."

There is now a very large and influential class who are total abstainers between meals. These never drink save

at table,—their Shibboleth is "Je ne bois jamais rien entre mes repas." These are not teetotalers—they are temperates—they observe a strict degree of abstinence like unto the Mohammedans during the "Ramadan" fast ceremony between the rising and setting of the sun. In Brittany at some of the inns before the war, both white and red wines were served free of charge during dinner, also as a rule all the cider one cared to drink. Rarely was more than one wine taken by the diners during the meal, and that sparingly, and well diluted.

I noted that only the English and Americans drank immoderately. One American lady traveling with her husband, a Minister of the Gospel, on one occasion not only drank a whole bottle of red wine, but also the larger part of a bottle of white wine. Her tongue was thick and her face flushed ere the dessert was served. The French at the table glanced at one another significantly, but made no audible comment. I blushed for her, as an American.

The French are great eaters, and this trait is common all over France. In some parts indeed eating and drinking predominates over all other pleasures. One can scarcely blame them—the eating is of such good quality. They have not the curse of cold-storage food, as with us. They have no use for it. Nor do they use "canned goods."

In the provinces, for example, as an offset to the excessive dullness of rural life, the people find solace and an

absorbing interest in the prolonged pleasures of the table for there is no country in the world, except Sweden perhaps, where so much care and thought and intelligence is devoted to the preparation of food as in France and as a result the French lead the world in the art. They practice eating too as an art. They are Gourméts not Gourmands. They abhor the "Glouton" and the "Goular." The latter is the creature who crams his food. Another term is the "Goinfré"-i. e., he who is so excessive in his eating that he disgusts and offends those about him.

A Gourmet is one who eats with discrimination. He does not pepper his oysters for instance, nor will he suffer even one drop of lemon juice to pickle them. He prefers the natural flavor of the food he eats, nor will he eat rich cakes when drinking vintage wine, for the flavors would conflict and destroy each other, and he prefers a plain broiled mutton chop to the most elaborately seasoned if badly cooked course dinner.

Thackeray was a perfect example of the Gourmet. He wrote:—

"A plain leg of mutton my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?"

In his student days spent in Paris with the French people whom he learned to admire, he learned the

principles of good eating and extolled them for their knowledge of the art of good living. Of course, all French people are not Gourméts, for France is a country of economical and plain living. The great middle class and the peasantry live very simply but they know how to avoid waste, which is practically unknown.

In the ordinary French household I repeat the smallest fragments of meat, bread and vegetables are carefully preserved, even the bones are cast into the pot and carefully boiled for soup, and this is the secret of the perfect soups served at French tables—old bones!

The daily soup in the French household is an institution and in this form it is the ultimate gathering of the pantry presented in most delicious form.

Bohemianism

TO most of the horde of tourists who flock to Paris, the city typifies Bohemianism in its, to them, most attractive form. They go at the first opportunity to the Folies Bergères where they expect to find it, and to the Bal Tabarin after a round of the night restaurants of Montmartre, and such resorts of international festivity as the Midnight Frolics where they spend more than they can afford as is confidently expected of them by the proprietor and apparently they get just what they come for. They imagine that this is the gay and careless student life of Paris, but I repeat it is nothing of the sort.

The real Bohemian life of Paris is a great deal more difficult to find than they imagine. To take part in it is also quite as difficult. True Bohemianism in Paris does not flourish in these quarters. It is poor; very poor. To take part in it requires and depends upon the capacity of intelligence and high spirits for extracting joy from poverty. Before the war when things were cheap, such as beer and beef à la môde it permitted the Bohemians to come forth into the open and be seen in certain of the cafés, though even then its inherent shyness

in exposing itself to the gaze of any but its own sort made it seek out new quarters whenever there was evidence that it was becoming public.

Nowadays when the value of the franc is steadily lowering, and a modest income barely keeps off the pangs of hunger—when these incomes are even more modest than ever, Bohemianism makes its pathetic merriment in the seclusion of studios and mansarde garrets. Yet truly enough it does exist and it is not confined to art students as most people imagine. It goes much farther than that. Paris is perhaps the only capital city in the world which is the seat of the chief National University, and the most important schools of law and medicine as well as those of painting and sculpture. All these great centers of study are grouped in that relatively small area lying between the Boulevard St. Germain and the Boulevard Montparnasse, along both sides of the Boulevard St. Michel. This is the real Latin Quarter, although there are other centers of activity since the war, where students are congregating because of crowded conditions. Twenty years or more ago the Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter was exposed to the profane eyes of the tourist and was commercially exploited to the profit of agencies, which caused many of the Bohemians to take up more secluded quarters in the Montmartre heights on the opposite northern side of the city. This district was then almost a self contained village and out

of the way. More recently Montmartre was discovered by the tourists and its joys became known and consequently expensive, so the real students left it.

To find the students' quarter and really partake of the life is not so easy as one might imagine unless one is a member of a recognized art school or has a friend as such. Then it is possible to obtain a ticket for the "Annual Bal des Quat'z'Arts," but at the risk of being discovered, "ragged" and hustled about, and perhaps finally escorted to the door by a shouting throng of students. The lucky one may there see riotousness at its highest point of license. A similar annual feast is held by the medical students. I never attended one of these, but I am told that it is by no means second to that of the painters. As for the art student life the nearest the tourist will get to it, is probably at a Saturday night dinner at the Café de la Rotonde, on the Boulevard Montparnasse, or perhaps in the Café du Dôme on the other side of the street. Both have their clientele. Just around the corner are the well-known and popular art schools of the Grande Chaumiere and Colarossi. But these students are by no means all Frenchmen, on the contrary most of them, especially those clad in extravagantly cut clothes and long of hair and generally unkempt, are apt to be Americans and Englishmen. The French student is quite outdone by these as far as "picturesqueness" is concerned.

As for the students of the University, they are to be found in the myriad of small restaurants in the side streets off the Boulevard St. Michel. They are not so distinctive in dress, nor do they congregate in masses like the painters. It is much more difficult to identify them for they do not look like the undergraduates one sees at Oxford or Cambridge. They live in lodgings all over the city where and how they please and it is said that as a rule their menage is presided over, or at least shared by, a "petite amie." One is informed that most of them are the sons of peasant farmers of Brittany and Normandy and that they live to enjoy themselves after the manner of their predecessors. To see them in numbers one must visit the court yard of the Sorbonne, and watch them going to the lectures in procession, or marching singing and carrying banners along the Boulevards. These processions are called "*Monomes*" and often have a political object as demonstrations. During the Carnival and following a very old tradition, they parade the streets near the Sorbonne and often there are riots among them which call for action by the police. They do not wear distinguishing caps like the German students, but one will have little difficulty in picking them out in the throngs at such popular dancing halls as the Moulin de la Galette in Montmartre, or in the halls of the far famed Bal Bullier at the top of the quarter. The more progressive of these students may be found on

holidays playing tennis or engaged in other athletic excercise at the Stade Français in the beautiful part at St. Cloud, and certainly they seem to enjoy life to the fullest without any apparent effort to improve or elevate their social position. This is all according to tradition, and tradition is sacred to the student in Paris.

When one crosses the famous Boul' Mich' on the Boulevard St. Germain, one is in the most hospitable part of the Latin Quarter, where budding painters and art students and long haired poets daily and nightly congregate drinking their amber or mahogany colored potations, and "swapping" experiences. Only a stone's throw down the Boulevard there is a great poster displayed over the sidewalk, which is more than half taken up and obstructed with the small round iron tables, most of which are occupied by their regular patrons and at their leisure. Here no one seems to hurry, and no one seems to glance at the great poster which seems certainly out of place in the Quartier Latin. Times have changed. Translated the poster is as follows: "Alcohol is a poison, of the same order as Morphine, Cocaine or Opium,—It is the ruin of families, it fills asylums with madmen, our hospitals with victims of disease, our prisons with criminals. It does not quench thirst, it does not strengthen, it kills. Help us save the country from becoming a land of criminals, epileptics and insane!"

Under this poster with its staring black letters of

warning, the occupants of the small iron tables seem all oblivious of its import. Next to the café is a large show window quite filled with bottles of grape juice, piles of pamphlets and large colored drawings showing the horrors of drink as such drawings can, with besotted figures of men, emaciated children, and ragged beshawled women holding out beseeching hands to the spectator. There is an open doorway beneath the sign "Ligue Nationale Contre l'Alcoolisme." I watched from my seat at one of the small tables of the café after I had ordered "un bock" of the waiter.

I did not see anyone enter the doorway during the twenty minutes that I sat there, nor did I see anyone examine the drawings in the window.

I studied the people at the small tables. There was nothing unusual about them. Two were "commis Voyageurs" comparing notes of their trips through the provinces and their experiences evidently were pleasant ones. A shabby old man with a Napoleonic mustache and goatee, wearing the green rosette of the Academy, was reading agricultural notes in the "Temps." A bushy-haired young musician with dark skin and long lean brown hands, was correcting a musical score with a very hard pencil, the lead of which constantly broke under his nervous touch. Two young girls, both with short hair and very neatly dressed in black were reading a letter which they held between them, and which plainly

excited them, whatever it was about. Each had a half consumed "Mazagran" of coffee before her. None of these were interested in the horrors of "L'Alcoolisme."

Evidently it is struggling against lack of public interest, handicapped by the power of the wine growing and distributing interests and industries.

Its greatest and well nigh insuperable handicap is the fact that in Paris there is apparently no liquor evil, at least none to the naked eye. How can it succeed when the people unanimously refuse to get drunk. Frenchmen do not get drunk as Americans do. One never hears a Frenchman boasting winkingly about the "time" he had the night before. With few exceptions the only ones you see the worse for liquor in Paris, night or day, on the streets or in the cafés, are the tourist Americans. Really though, these Americans behave surprisingly well, and they do not unduly or usually succumb to the temptation to kick up their heels at the freedom of the City of Paris.

Paris can be very gay when it likes, and the Frenchman can if he pleases, make an exception to his abstemiousness on two occasions in the year. One of these is on "Réveillon," Christmas Eve, the other is on Mi-Carême, which corresponds to our Mid-Lent. But at their gayest these occasions present no such disorderly scenes as those on a New Year's Eve in "Bone Dry" New York, where the "muts" rush respectable people off the streets.

The French Anti-Alcoholists assert that although their efforts in a legislative direction have met with a discouraging reception in comparison with such efforts in the United States, there is reason to believe that their campaign is bearing practical fruit. They point to a marked decline in the use of spiritous liquors and to reports of the Ministry of Labor showing a great increase in the sobriety of the working class.

Receipts of the French Treasury in taxes on alcoholic drinks have expanded mightily since before the war, but the consumption of alcohol has been cut in two. Thus, in 1913 the consumption of alcohol was 37,070 gallons and taxes brought the government 399,350 francs. In 1920, the consumption of alcohol jumped to 19,060,250 gallons and the taxes to 457,602,000 francs. France has a homebrew problem; it is disclosed by the report of M. Joan Meteil, Administrator of the Ligue, quite as baffling to the "drys" as the one in America. There are, it appears, some, 1,700,000 home stills in operation in the rural districts of France, and the making of cognac is as regular a part of the farm work as the harvesting. Thus, while the Ligue of France continues its efforts to make France bone dry, the Frenchman quietly sips his five o'clock Vermouth, or his p'tit verre, or bock, quite unalarmed.

Montmartre and Montparnasse

SINCE the war many of the old and famous dining places have passed away. For instance, the Maison Dorée is no more, and the Café Anglais, the resort of those who loved good food and the company of epicures, has closed its doors. The Tour d'Argent is in other hands less skillful and the Foyot has lost its character and its former clientèle. Those who simply eat and in haste have ruined many of the famous restaurants.

No gourmét will dine in a hurry, and one of the most interesting sights in Paris is that of the elderly Frenchman wearing the scarlet rosette of the Legion of Honor reposing against the leather cushion in his favorite restaurant, such as, for instance, the Drouant, and savoring with reverent attention the melted ivory of his perfect Camembert, and the bouquet of his Vieux Moulin. But certainly Paris is rapidly changing.

In August of 1922 Bohemia of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre, went into mourning. The King of Bo-

hemians was dead. His name was Adalbert Biart de Gherardine, and he was buried in Père la Chaise Cemetery by his financially able admirers who paid for the ceremony, and more than two score of his loyal subjects who mourned him. He was a well-known figure in the Latin Quarter during the last three or four years, tall and gaunt with keen and flashing eyes although over sixty years of age; not at all unclean or untidy in dress, and with a proud aristocratic bearing inherited from the ancient Breton family of the Biarts de Gherardine. He was a typical student of the Quarter, not an art student, but a sort of newspaper writer, a strange prototype of Murger, whose centenary has just been celebrated in Paris.

The man had been a friend of the poet Paul Verlaine, that poet of decadence; and of Laurent Tailhade, singer of the songs of anarchy. He was always called "King Adalbert" in the Quarter, and it was known that he had been an actor on the stage in Antwerp, Brussels and other provincial towns of the north. He was also something of a poet and wrote various subtle and ironic articles for such papers as "La Presse."

On the Boul' Mich' he peddled books at the cafés and even sold peanuts during the war to the American soldiers with whom he was popular. One of these American "doughboys" gave him a khaki uniform which he wore with pride and in this he was buried.

The Buttes of Montmartre

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During the day he could be found either at the Panthéon, the Luxembourg or the Louvre where he was always writing Ms, some say a book of reminiscences, but no one seems to know now what became of it. It was believed that he had a small monthly income from his family in Brittany, and that this usually lasted until the end of the first week. When it arrived at the bureau de Poste restante, it was his custom to invite all those whom he considered his creditors, that is to say those to whom he was indebted for more than one franc, to a banquet in the small restaurant in the Quarter most frequented by himself and his cronies, and then it is said he always scrupulously paid up to the last sou.

The "King" was much respected by those who knew him, and these unhesitatingly contributed to his support. It is said that no man ever lost a cent by him, and he was mournfully followed one dark rainy day in August last from the dingy lodging house by a motley crowd of his admirers to his last resting place in Père la Chaise. . . .

Montmartre, "The Holy Hill," is no longer what it was. It has degenerated now into a syndicate of third rate cabarets, exploited for the foreigner by a Hebraic-English Company. The old time singer of the defunct Chat Noir in his rakish felt hat and embroidered velveteen waistcoat, the low collar, flowing silk tie, and the long oily hair—together with his many cherished

mannerisms and illusions, has gone—yes, gone forever!

Montmartre as a genuine Bohemian resort has passed.

But one may find many of the former habituees at the junction of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. Here is set up the banner of true Bohemia; "A bas Montmartre!"

I noted one strange fact in these alleged Bohemian resorts: that the beard is disappearing! In my student days I suffered from not being able to grow one. Nearly all of my friends from America studying at the Beaux-Arts had luxurious pointed and trimmed "hirsutes," which I greatly admired and envied; mine absolutely refused to grow. Hodge had a most resplendent beard; glossy and black—the admiration of the whole quarter. At the Quartz-Arts students' ball he had appeared as an Arab chief in resplendent garb with stained skin and "all bearded like the pard."—But now the beard and whisker, among the students, is practically unknown. The modern young Frenchman is smooth shaven, save, maybe, a small mustache. And no French actor copies the famous Mounet-Sully and plays Hamlet with a beard.—The poets here too are now beardless as a woman.

The headquarters of real "Bohemia" is thus at Montparnasse. There in the cafés, there are four of them, The Rotonde, The Petit Napolitain, The Camelian, and The Parnasse.—One may find "celebrities" in any of these at

almost any hour of the day, but it is in the evening that they are most numerous and one sees them at their best.

There is a picturesque "terrasse," with rows of those small tables overflowing onto the pavement, and through the wide open doors one sees in a blaze of lamps and electric bulbs the walls covered with strangely decorated canvases in riotous reds, scarlets, orange and pale green, with purples and yellows to contrast, in cubes and angles of rich varnished blacks. Landscapes gone mad and upside down; yellow grinning skulls of impossible proportions, and pallid dead faces painted pale green,—bodies without heads; hands without arms, faces without features: visions that outdo nightmares and all the qualities of the "futuristics" and "dadaistics" known, together with other forms as yet unnamed: for here is originality born according to the cult—Here it has its tryout.

What are the nationalities found here? As a rule Russians, Poles, Slovaks, and Swedes. No longer do the French students rule. Montmartre *was* French. Montparnasse *is* Cosmopolitan. Sometimes one even may see an American painter here whose name is now almost forgotten in New York. There are many writers of genius among the habituees: some of them known to fame. I asked one of these to give me the names of the young men who are now in the literary limelight in Paris. Here are some of them: Pierre Louys, whose "Aphrodite"

and "Bilitis" have made him talked about, not to forget his "Roi Pausole." Henry de Regnier, a real artiste; Pierre Mille whose "Le Monarque" and "Barnaveaux et quelques femmes" are highly praised; Louis Bertrand who wrote "Le Sang des races," and is plainly obsessed by Flaubert, but writes like an Academician; Elémir Bourge, whose "Le Crépuscule des Dieux" is like Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods." There are the Rosnys, Dumur, Paul Adam; Capus; Céard; Jarry; Geoffroy; Descaves, a score more like them—all brilliant writers.

He spoke of Claude Farrère who wrote "L'Homme qui assassina." There was the late Jean Lorrain who wrote "M. de Phocas" and other curious tales with hallucination as a basis—of Jean de Tinan who was a young man of great promise and who left a work of great charm and originality—and of audacity as well—in "Pense-tu réussir."

A man who should be mentioned for his Montmartre tales is Francis Carco, and there is Louis Chadbourne's "L'Inquiete adolescence." Another is Mauriac's "Le baiser au lépreux." Jean Geraudoux's work is thought flashy, but "Suzanne et le pacifique," and "L'adorable Clio" are both solid and good—more in the spirit of today than Martin du Gard for instance, because he is more daring—more original. Then he went on to tell about the critics, and I wish that I had space to include

here something of his brilliant resumé. Certainly there is no dearth of talent in Paris of today.

The crowd gathered here nightly is truly heterogeneous, quite as different in type as in dress. There are all shades of white and brown and yellow skins, with a fair number of shining bald heads. There are all shades of hair on the women, from deep black to shining gold. Many of the men here are clad according to the supposed rules of "le sport," and some wear a kind of "cow boy" felt hat (locally pronounced Cove Boo-ey.) with flaming red neckties. Some of the women have bobbed hair and wear tortoise shell rimmed spectacles. There is a negress who has many devoted admirers apparently, who is sometimes clad in crimson velvet and wears a tall silver cloth turban, and large pendant earrings. She smokes a cigarette in a long slender celluloid tube, and while she listens attentively to all that is said to her by her admirers, one notes that she rarely smiles.

It is remarked that if there is great racial contrast here in this typical Montparnasse Café, the sexes are at times hard to distinguish, for the men are invariably smooth shaven, with white faces and very long hair, while some of the women wear theirs cut short and curled at the sides, with high shirt collars and men's ties loosely flowing. Sometimes one will see here and there the drawn face and fixed stare of the absinthe victim, but

since the war these are by no means as common as formerly. To the French, the foreigner and his ways are a never ending source of amusement and study. They are more familiar with and accustomed to the ways and manners of Americans since the war, and yet some of our customs and habits are incomprehensible to them. Our reputed liking for chewing gum (Sha-vang-goom, they call it) for instance,—and peanuts! Both of these fill the Frenchman with disgust.

As a foil to all this, the tea room supposed to be an imitation of the English institution, has become very popular with its "smart" looking waitresses, and it is amusing to see such signs displayed in the windows on the boulevards as "Thé Five o'clock," one of these, more enterprising, read delightfully "*Five o'clock tea at all hours*," and this place evidently is irresistible for it is crowded daily, and not solely by women.

Montmartre is a place or thing to which the foreign tourist goes to convince himself that it is not really worth seeing. It is simply as already explained a commercial enterprise consisting of a group of cafés supposed to be artistic, literary and very devilish. It is as a matter of fact neither of these. Real artists do not go there—nor real literary people. These places are simply shows, and for years before the war never were anything but shows, and the proprietors never were anything but cheap showmen who hired, and still hire, the alleged

artists, poets and literary men to pose there. These are hired precisely as the waiters are hired, and the net result is the patronage of tourists from America and England, innocent and otherwise, who think that they are beholding something really Parisian. It is all most tiresome to those who know anything of the reality of Paris.

The names of these resorts are constantly being changed by the showmen, but always may be found in them the same old class of degenerates and wretched habituees. The Black Cat of former years gave way to the Dead Rat, and this in turn to the Red Ass, but Rat or Cat or Ass it was and is all one. The proprietors import the alleged poets and artists who daily and nightly come here, so he tells you, to show their sketches and recite their poems much as they were supposed to do in the bosom of their families. Let me make it plain once for all, *these are all hired performers*, not one of them is what he or she professes to be.

As I said before, artists and writers of repute are rarely *if ever* seen in these resorts. Alas that it should be necessary for me to say this!

It may be that Verlaine invented the Café Poet, but there are now no Verlaine's, and certainly one swallow does not make a summer. In these resorts the calm observer is impressed by the evident hard work of the performers who endeavor certainly to convince everybody is having, or should be having, a very devil of a

time. The applause for their efforts is all manufactured by the leader of the "claque." The chief idea put forth here is that if one wants to succeed in the arts one must be an out and out degenerate and wicked beyond belief.

Some of these cafés, I shall not name them, attempt to surpass the others in "horrors of crime," and in the display of the terrors of death, and the punishments of the hereafter. The establishment in the Place Pigalle devotes itself to the glorification of crime, and is a sort of sham museum fitted up with articles said to have been secured from the old Mazas prison which was demolished in 1898, and shows a row of prison cells with stools and tables, and performers made up as condemned murderers, and the waiters who serve you are attired as convicts. There is a piano out of tune, a violin and a drum from which lugubrious sounds are produced, thought to be in keeping with the scenery.

Should this not satisfy, there is near at hand the Café du Néant, with coffins for tables, and green lights galore, the waiters being attired as undertakers' assistants who address you as one departed from earth, and done with its follies. At the rear of this hall, there is a mortuary chamber containing a common coffin standing upright against the wall; an individual in a shroud places himself in this, salutes the audience, and lights are so manipulated that his body seems to dissolve and

in its place appears a skeleton. The organ plays lugubriously and the skeleton crumbles away into nothingness. All at once a crash—and the figure of the performer comes into view again as the lights go up—he slips out, waves his hand . . . and the show is over.

Another of these cheap absurdities is the Café de l'Enfer (Hell) with its mate under the same management—the Ciel (Heaven). One enters the door of the first in a glare of red light, and the waiters and attendants are attired as devils who introduce one after he has paid his money, to Monsieur Satan, and Madame, his wife, whatever her name is, I did not hear, who is scantily clothed as one might expect, and attended by others as lightly clad. These after posing more or less entertainingly for the delectation of the audience are apparently consumed by hell fire and vanish quite mysteriously.

The Ciel is just what may be expected. It is decorated after the model of a cathedral with Gothic arches and a sort of altar before which a blasphemous service of mummery takes place in which the spectator is supposed to, and usually does, join. It is all cheap, and what is called in America—pure bunk!—It no more represents the French than it represents the Turks—perhaps not as much.—It would not exist were it not for the patronage of the English and American tourists . . .

Strange is humankind! Who, for example, would have

looked for or expected to find heroes among the degenerates who haunt these resorts—these men of the shadows of night? The terrible ruffians called "Apaches" —feared by all decent people and hunted like rats by the police—and yet the records of the war office contain acts of self abnegation, bravery and devotion to duty by these very men, the like of which has never been known. All of which serves to prove that no man is altogether bad and unworthy of trust.

One of the best known of the characters of Montmartre was the artist Steinlen who lived the life of a recluse in one of the garrets surrounded by his cats, of which he had six or more, all sleek and well fed, and splendid specimens of the feline tribe. This man, who died in December last, though a master in his profession, had dropped from sight since the war. He was born in Lausanne, Switzerland, but was a naturalized Frenchman. In his youth he went to Mulhouse where a relative got him work in a textile mill designing calico patterns, and, entirely self taught, he became a most brilliant draughtsman. When he came to Paris some twenty years ago he at once went to live in Montmartre where he dwelt in poverty until he by chance came under the observation of the Editor of Gil Blas Illustré, who set him to work illustrating the weekly story in that paper. These were the so-called "Heroic days of the Chat Noir," a long defunct picture paper which enjoyed great vogue.

The Notorious "Cafés Chantant" of Montmartre

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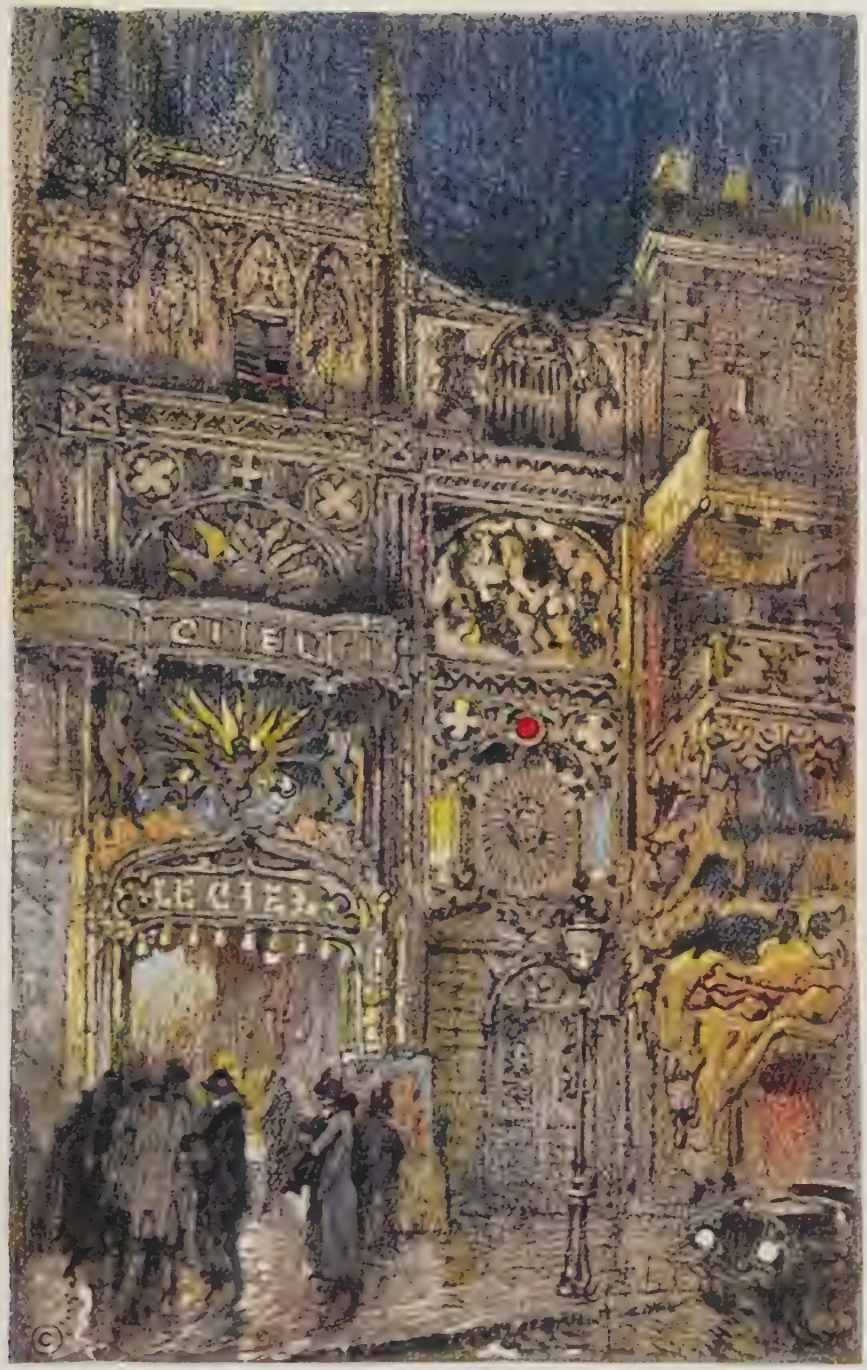


Steinlen became one of the collaborators of Rudolphe Salis, the proprietor, who gave him his meals as wages. It is said that he lived mainly at this time upon sauerkraut and beer at the Chat Noir, and here he drew those remarkable pictures of cats which are now famous, and then the beautiful poster for Nestle's Milk, showing a charming little girl in a red frock: his only daughter. It brought him both fame and money, and it was thought that he would henceforth devote himself to such work, but Bohemian that he was, he was displeased with the notoriety and refused to continue the work. He loved cats however and spent his time and earnings in cultivating them. Few men, it is related of him, had been able to understand cats as he; and he would tell whoever would listen to him, stories of their widsom, their royal laziness, and their caressing but always armed good-nature.

He devoted his art now to street types and, although he had not the vision nor equipment of Forain, whose work is of the same school, he depicted types with swift and most accurate draughtsmanship. His drawings depict the concert singers of the Montmartre cafés, the prowlers of the night, the Apachès, tramps and vagrants of the alleys. He knew the vices and the sorrows of the streets, and dwelling in the world of slums out of which he rarely emerged, he uncovered all of the misery of the wretched underworld.

His drawings contained in dozens of sketch books which he left, are veritable documents, and as he studied his neighbors, he became more and more comprehensive and compassionate. None better than Steinlen knew how to catch and fix in a few swift lines the attitudes and character of these whose misfortune had stamped them with the consciousness of inferiority. In some of the later drawings Steinlen showed the depth of the pity for these hapless ones which moved him. He became the champion of the oppressed. His drawings became more and more satirical, and each week "L'Assiette au Beurre" printed drawings aimed at the smug, the self satisfied, and the "Holier Than Thou's" in the struggle for justice and social rights.

M. Baschet, writing of Steinlen in "L'Illustration" (Paris) says: "He has not enjoyed the renown that he deserves. It was partly his own fault, at least the consequences of his indifference in all matters relating to social conventions. He was a solitary, keeping apart from all cliques and coteries. At one moment he became the master of the poster. At another he abandoned his place in favor of others. He did not know how to exploit his talent. It is said that he died almost penniless; this was not exact. He had made money—he was still making lots of money, but wealth slipped through his fingers, and always only to go to the unfortunate. Though he made use of them as types, he loved them.

"He had a little house in Montmartre which he handed over to his daughter's care after the death of his wife. He himself dwelt in very unassuming lodgings in the same steep street and lived there, care free, in the midst of his work and in the company of his Siamese cats and a devoted Senegalese black woman. They were the companions of his thoughts gathered around the little red stove, warming their chilly noses.

"Was he philosopher, rebel, or an apostle? Toward the end of his life he was something of them all, but he was always a man of kindly feelings whose heart was ever ready to relieve the sufferings of others."

He left among his drawings along with a great number of studies a whole series of sketches for works in course of preparation: "L'Ile des Pingouins," Kipling's "Jungle-book," "Fables of La Fontaine," "Nus et Baignades," and, annotated by Anatole France, for whom he already had illustrated "Crainquebille,"—"Les Gueux et Vagabonds."

The real character of the French people has never been understood by the foreigner, for the correspondents of the foreign newspapers quote almost exclusively the statements and opinions of the French reactionaries. It is not at all surprising then that the Americans were misled, for these statements are accepted as truths and that in America there was real amazement at the way in which the decadent (?) French rallied to the defense of

their country, and at their unexampled and heroic conduct during the war.

War does not change, but rather reveals character. The war disclosed France and the French people as they really are, with all their defects and their virtues, and proved conclusively that they are not a decadent race of people. In no other country is the level of intelligence so high; in none is the interest in intellectual matters so universal.

One of their failings is vanity, collective rather than individual. It is "la gloire" that has only too often caused them to pursue the "ignus fatuus" of glory . . . The English firmly believe that they are destined by the Deity to rule the world. The French hold no such belief apparently, for they have no French National Song resembling "Rule Britannia" with its arrogant claims. The sentiment of the "Marseillaise" is not the domination of the world, but the glory to be won by war against tyrants for liberty. "Liberté, Liberté chérie, combats avec tes defenseurs!" The appeal is made to "Amour Sacré de la Patrie."

Likewise too in the "Chant du Part," France is identified with the Republic:

"La République nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr:
Un Français doit vivre pour elle
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

"France is the capitalist among nations." In thrift and foresight she is pre-eminent. But more precious than her accumulated wealth are her splendid traditions:—her treasures of art—her storied towns and cities, which are a liberal education for the world:—her immemorial and uninterrupted culture, and the skill and taste which these cannot fail to produce. These are the assets of France—unequalled by any other nation.

The ruling characteristic of the Parisian is his sociability—and this is true I should say of the French people. By this is not meant mere good fellowship, but rather the predominance of the social over the individual element. In consequence one finds in every day intercourse with them that admirable tact, diplomacy, "savoir faire" and observance of good form which we have come to associate with the French character.

Of course, each dominant trait in an individual, as in a nation, is accompanied by its reverse as a reaction. One can only judge by the total picture, so that the cheerful tact, good form, and the universal "savoir faire" has background of misanthropy and pessimism. The well-known French indulgence in politeness is thus backed by splendid candor and courage in matters of patriotism, and radicalism is corrected by their innate sensitiveness to ridicule. Few Frenchmen are ever happy out of their own country. They always long for it if away. They believe it to be the only civilized country

in the world, and the seat of all the arts, and of all intellectual and scientific culture. If away from it, they long for its comforts—the superfluities which are dear to, and necessary to, their existence. They recall the comforts of their cafés and elaborately furnished restaurants; the cleverly acted plays by their favorite playwrights; the lively and pointed criticisms in their incomparable newspapers and literary journals, and the gathering of notables where topics of the day are cleverly discussed.

They believe in a special Providence that has created and favored their beloved country, and they appreciate it to the fullest. The provincial does not lose his identity in Paris. He who was born in Sens remains a Senonais; if from Poitiers he is always a Pictovien; if from Gap, he is a Gavot, and so on. There is an old song as follows:

"Rien n'est plus beau que mon village,
En vérite je vous le dis."

Sherlock, the Englishman, wrote in 1781: "No one ever left Paris with a light heart; whether he has lost his health or his money, whether he has left attachments which it will be difficult to replace in other countries, or interesting acquaintances which it is impossible to quit without regret,—whatever be the reason, the heart is always sad at leaving Paris."

According to popular belief before the great war, the French were not only very immoral and extremely frivolous, but as before stated they were also held to be a

decadent people, and this widespread opinion was based upon statements emanating from antagonistic political parties in Paris, and some of the newspapers controlled by them, notably the reactionary Press, which had been preaching for years their hatred for the Republic and its institutions, which latter they claimed was responsible for the demoralization of the country and had brought about its decadence.

Political lying is practised as a fine art in France, and in proof of this statement we may accept the testimony of the politicians themselves, who inform us that the newspapers opposed to their own are remarkable chiefly for their mendacity. This field of political lying is far too complicated and extensive for me to pursue or explain here, but whomsoever is interested may study it in all its perfection in the columns of the French press, which conducts it as a legitimate part of the chronic warfare that is maintained and enables each side to say whatever may be thought to each others disadvantage.

The French papers are daring enough in their political lying, and they are astonishingly clever at it. They will say without hesitation that which is not true and they will stick to it as long as it suits them. So the French political lie is a very simple and shameless invention. It differs in this from our own sort, ours is entangled with a half dozen truths, or semblances of truths, so that it is difficult to separate them, unless by the exercise of great

patience and judicial powers of analysis, but the process of separation is so long and tedious that the world has forgotten what it was about long before the task was complete. Thus foreign opinion was misled, and at the outbreak of the great war there was general and widespread amazement abroad at the splendid manner in which the French people rallied to the defense of their country. The so-called decadents proved to be the very best of soldiers, and more than once saved the Allies from defeat and disaster.

The Verdun defense will be counted for all time the most splendid example of human courage in the world's history. The discovery then that France is not decadent has caused the opinion of the world to pass from one extreme to the other. The world now praises France for many qualities which she does not possess, and blames her for defects which are not hers: or else condemns some of her finest qualities, while applauding her frailties. Perhaps this is not surprising for France and the French are not easy for the foreigner to comprehend. The French character is paradoxical. I have endeavored in these pages to set forth some of these qualities, and in the kindliest spirit, as one who has studied her people, and admired them for their splendid qualities.

During my residence in Paris I learned that the French look upon the rest of the world with an easy tolerance and calm indifference, but are ready enough during

discussion and argument to acknowledge the worthiness of their merits and qualities. I came to attribute this to their politeness rather than their belief, for, as it has been said, they are only severe in their criticism in the face of unwarranted pretension. Ordinarily they regard the foreigners with good humored indulgence, and take them at their own estimate and valuation.

As a rule both Americans and English readily accept almost any sort of story about the French people as truth, and therefore we Americans have accumulated a mass of misinformation about them that is astonishing and really ludicrous. In one of the leading English newspapers, some years ago when the church and state were separated in France, the following statement appeared as news from abroad, and was copied in our own newspapers: "The present atheistical government of France after expelling the religious orders has decreed that the crosses shall be removed from the cemeteries." This was falsity. The word "atheistical" should have been "laic" and the writer must have known that no religious order was expelled from France; that there are four antagonistic established religions in France, and that the right to freedom of thought and worship is recognized by law, so that the French government is necessarily non-theocratic and entirely neutral.

It is a fact that not a single monk was expelled from France, nor were the religious orders generally disturbed

by the decrees of Ferry, excepting that (in 1880) the unauthorized religious bodies were invited to ask the state for authorization, which the government promised to grant in every case except that of the Jesuits, who were ordered by commands from the Vatican to refuse the invitation, and were compelled to retreat.

All associations of laymen were required to submit their statutes and ask for authorization, in order to conform to the law.

"No crosses were ever removed from the French cemeteries. The decree in question emanated from the town council of Paris, and ordered the cross from the *gateway* of cemeteries in the city for the reason that they seemed to indicate that Roman Catholics alone had a right to interment in the public burial grounds, whereas these were in fact open to Jews and unbelievers as well as to Catholics and Protestants." (Hamerton.)

This is but one kind of lie from which the French have suffered. There are so many other kinds, that they gave up the effort to make themselves understood by the world at large, but now since the war, and because of the powerful and widespread propaganda against them especially here in the United States, they are attempting to justify their movements.

France has been called the capitalist among the nations, whose hoarded wealth is the result of the foresight and thrift of her people. One recalls that at the

time of the crisis of Agadir, that her enemy Germany found the well filled "woolen stocking" of the thrifty splendid peasantry of France a ready weapon, far mightier than her sword. She levies upon the rest of the world a yearly toll equal to her large military expenditure. To her more precious far than treasure are her traditions: her immemorial and uninterrupted culture: her great art treasures, and the taste and skill born of these, the source of prosperity and power unequalled by any other nation, by which we must profit, and which makes of France the second home of every man of culture. But with all the power of their art, the land, wealth, traditions, the great prestige of the French would be as nothing if they were without soul—for their culture would vanish, their prestige pass, as did that of the Byzantium Greeks. But the French are in no such danger, and they have another great asset: their indomitable vitality, which their severest critics say results often in cross purposes, but even in sometimes wasteful conflict, one cannot fail to admire the evidence of their power. So they impress upon the industries of times their imprint, and France stands today like unto a Goddess; remote, austere; beautiful: scarred by battle, but clear-eyed and undismayed, fighting for her rights and her ideals,—and unconquerable.

"France has borne without flinching, wounds deeper and more painful than financial ones, and she will stand

fast in the future as she has stood fast in the past." These are the words of President Millerand to the Republican Journalists in Paris on February 4, 1923. "How is it that her adversaries have such short memories?" he continued. "She is neither thoughtless nor unsteady. She knows what she desires and will attain it. She wishes her former enemy to pay for systematically planned and perpetrated damage. Persuasion having failed she is now obliged, together with her Belgian friends, to have recourse to force and to insure, by securing pledges, the integral recovery of what is owing to her. But now the engagements she was obliged to contract by the failure of her debtor are falling due. Those engagements she has, and will continue to honor. To win the victory she has given all her sons to maintain her credit intact. She will give all her resources. Such is the unanimous will of France."

Here are some of the facts regarding our debt to France, which has never been paid. This debt is for sums of money loaned to the colonies during the war for Independence, and the facts are according to the Records.

"Musty records of historians and state archives are promised their inning in the forthcoming discussion between France and the United States over funding arrangements of this country's $4,000,000,000 war debt, even though such operations cannot begin for some little time, as the French government desires to see the

Dawes-McKenna committees make their reports first to the Reparations Commission.

Indeed, the whole problem of reparations and inter-Allied debts will again be brought into the open. Official French historians began this week their dusty recess into the document rooms at the Quai d'Orsay. Hours have been spent poring over the yellowing parchments dealing with the reign of Louis XVI, that generous monarch who helped our struggling colonies materially in their battles for freedom against that Teutonic-British King, George III.

Once the investigators dustily finished with Louis, they hastened on to the days of Napoleon, who generously sold us Louisiana. Possibly throughout these researches the thoughts of the scholars were directed toward that modern gentleman, Senator Borah, of Idaho, who occasionally says unpleasant things about the French debt in the Senate.

The sum total of these explorations into the archives indicates to date, say the French historians, that it is actually true the United States, conveniently diverted by circumstances, have forgotten, since about 1784, to discharge their total financial obligations owing to France; and futhermore, these debts never have been officially canceled.

In 1783, Louis XVI announced a full cancellation of all sums previously loaned the continental government

from his own private exchequer. However, for the official advances of 18,000,000 francs, repayment on a system of easy installments was stipulated. The first installment scheduled payment at the date on which France and the United States would have signed their treaty; but the treaty never was signed and the debt went by unnoticed.

We now jump into the third French Revolution. When this upheaval was accomplished the revolutionary convention, which was of extreme nationalistic character, was found discussing the question of asking the United States to begin liquidating its debt. The Republic sent a special envoy to Washington, who became so obnoxious with his anti-American speeches that he was deported.

This incident, according to the archive investigators in Paris, again overshadowed the debt question, and nothing was done. Later, when negotiations were being carried on between Napoleon and the Government at Washington over the claims of damage to certain American ships, the debt issue again went into the discard.

When Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States, it is contended in Paris, the question was raised whether a special clause should not be inserted in the Louisiana purchase agreement, formally canceling the old debts with payment of the 18,000,000 francs agreed upon.

But here Napoleon, who was under fire of criticism for disposing of French territory in North America, did not desire further to complicate the deal with the extraneous debt issue, and as the British were preparing to attack New Orleans, and Napoleon had doubts as to his ability to hold the city, he hurried through the sale.

Thus the debt question, according to Parisian authorities, still remains undecided. The ancient obligation neither has been paid nor canceled. Whether this historical exposé will be maintained seriously when the moment comes to talk of funding operations may be doubted. However, Premier Poincairé is discussing the question with the French journalists and has reaffirmed his understanding that the American debt was neither paid nor annulled.

The Premier has not indicated, however, that France is preparing to hurl this fact at the American funding committee when the time arrives. Within the circle of general and unofficial discussion initiated by Ambassador Herrick, it is understood the American envoy mentioned a plan whereby it might be possible for Congress to grant a ten-year moratorium for France, with a small interest agreed upon. The remainder of the payment might be divided between sixty to seventy annual installments.

Mixed with this modern financial problem, however, will doubtless be found the active international his-

torical polemic based on what the archives have been saying, and saying since the beginning of 141 years ago. Assuming that the French experts can maintain their case, 18,000,000 francs ($360,000) compounded from 1783 to date will represent figures to conjure with. The debt of France to the United States which was approximately $3,000,000,000 a few short years ago, had amounted to about $4,000,000,000 with principal and accrued interest up to the middle of November (1923). *Perhaps the historians themselves would like to figure out what Louis XVI's debt of 18,000,000 would look like today.*

Answering certain insinuations about the real object of the French Government in the Ruhr and the Rhineland, Mr. Poincaré denied several times emphatically that France's intention was to detach these territories from the rest of Germany.

On October 29th, in a speech delivered at Sampigny, he again stated in a forceful manner the real policy of the French Government. His statement is so formal and plain, that it deserves to be noted by all impartial observers.

Here is what Mr. Poincaré has to say about the separatist movement in the Rhineland and France's policy:

> "But this policy of negation and bad faith (of the German Government) has brought about domestic

Sainte Jacques

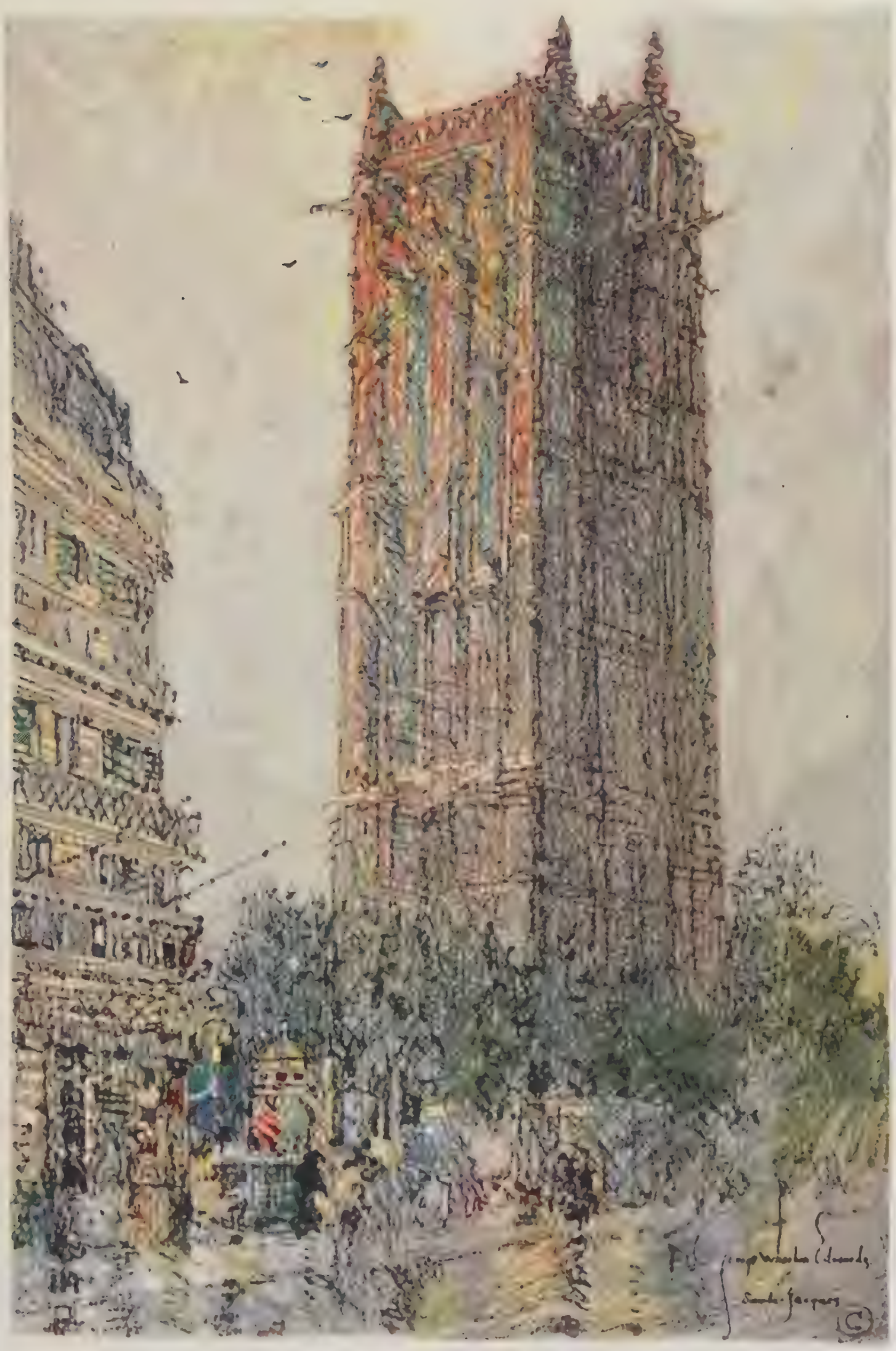
based on what the archives have been
g since the beginning of 141 years ago.
e French experts can maintain their
francs (8360,000) compounded from
will represent figures to conjure with.
of France to the United States which was
ly $1,000,000,000 a few short years ago.
unted to about $4,000,000,000 with principal
accrued interest up to the month of November,
1923). *Perhaps the historians will be able*
to figure out what Louis XIV's debt of
would look like today.

Answering certain insinuations about the real object of the French Government in the Ruhr and the Rhineland, Mr. Poincaré denied several times emphatically that France intended to detach these territories from the rest of Germany.

On October 29th, in a speech delivered in Bourges, he made it perfectly clear that the real policy of the French Government. His statement is so formal and clear that it deserves to be noted by all impartial observers.

Here is what Mr. Poincaré has to say about the separatist movement in the Rhineland and France's policy:

"But this policy of negation and bad faith of the German Government has brought about domestic



catastrophes, has brought fights between conflicting interests and awakened the old antagonism of the German States. While Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria try to blame one another for the anarchy to which all contributed, there has broken out in the occupied regions movements spontaneously provoked by the suffering of the population and their old opposition to Prussia.

"These initiatives are not our doing. We have always scrupulously refrained from mixing in domestic German affairs and the allegations of the Berlin Government outrageously spread throughout Europe and the New World will not obscure the truth, which is perfectly apparent to all impartial spectators.

"Whatever may be tomorrow the constitution of Germany, whatever may be later on the mutual relation of the States which on the morrow of the treaty composed the German Empire, we will never think of violating the will of the populations and will never nourish any project of annexation. But we will not cease to demand permanent guarantees of security. Those promised us at Versailles have not been given."

The following is an extract from a special correspondence dated "Berlin, November 15th" to the "New York Journal of Commerce" and published in that newspaper on December 14th ult.:

"There are elements of hope even in German finance. Firstly, is the fact that, reparations apart, the whole sum needed for administration and defence, is extremely small. The 'Reichswirtschaftsrat' lately passed a resolution advising that the budget for 1924–1925, due to be submitted to the Reichstag next spring, should be compiled in gold marks. All private business is now done in gold marks, dollars or some other unit of stable value.

Dr. Luther prepared a summary estimate of Federal Germany's annual expenditure. He found that the whole total was only 3,000,000,000 gold marks, or $750,000,000.

"This is a surprisingly small sum. England, with a smaller population, spends about six times as much. The surprise subsides upon examination of the bases on German expenditure. FIRSTLY, Germany spends very little on armaments. SECONDLY, she has entirely obliterated her war debt and the interest thereon. It totals 64,000,000,000 paper marks, which at present rate, 2,500,000,000,000 marks to the dollar, is under 3 cents. Since January of this year, under the title of gold loan, has grown up a new funded debt, but this also amounts to only a few dollars, and it dwindles rapidly. The floating debt, on which also interest must be paid, is a different proposition. It amounted on October 31st to 6,900,000,000,000,000,000 marks, that is the astronomical sum of nearly seven quintillions. But even this unimaginable sum equals at present exchange only $3,000,000. As under the retenmark reform the paper mark is to be converted at its latest lowest value these debts will not increase, but rather decrease. Germany, it follows, pays practically nothing for service of debt. THIRDLY, German administration, though slow and overmanned, is extraordinarily cheap when calculated in gold. The Chancellor's average salary during the past year has not exceeded $100 a month. Undoubtedly gold salaries will increase as soon as the currency is stabilized, but Germany will remain a cheap country to administer. In these three ways the extraordinarily low estimate of an annual expenditure of $750,000,000 is explained. This is exactly the same sum as the estimated annual amount of the London reparations programme of May, 1921, and even if that programme

were carried out the revenue to be raised would not exceed $1,500,000,000."

As the Budget of the Reich in 1913, amounted to eleven billion gold marks, there is little doubt that the German Government could raise $1,500,000,000 or six billion gold marks yearly in revenue. The conclusion is again obvious, that Germany can pay the reparations and will pay them if she is compelled to do so.

And now as I write these words comes the announcement that J. P. Morgan & Co., fiscal agents of the French Government in the United States, have established a credit in this country of $100,000,000. This is something like the arrival of the first American troops in Europe in 1917.—The effect was psychological, and caused a most dramatic recovery of the franc. In less than a week its value increased more than 30 per cent. Prominent international bankers in New York say that this Morgan credit marks the end of the German reparations tangle, the arrival of a working agreement between France and Germany, and the beginning of economic revival in Europe.

"Germany was never conquered in the great World War; she was only defeated. Physically disarmed, she started a war for world wreckage, industrially and financially.

"She declared herself bankrupt, but meant to lead France into the way of paper inflation and bankruptcy.

France refused the temptation to inflation and easy money, dug deeper into her soil, threw out the German duds and raised bigger crops than ever. She kept the exchange in her favor, and her peasants continued to buy Treasury notes and bear the burden of reconstruction of the devastated areas.

"This was the second defeat for Germany.

"Then France sent 10 per cent of her army, at expense only of transportation for troops and food, into the Ruhr, to collect 10 per cent of what Germany manufactured and sent out from the Ruhr.

"Germany replied with the war of 'passive resistence' under which she undertook to pay idle workingmen by the printing-press. The result was bankruptcy yet more complete for Germany and the entire destruction of the paper mark.

"This was Germany's third defeat. She resumed work and began again to send coal and goods into France.

"Then all over the world German propaganda sprang up: 'Sell the franc short! France must go bankrupt like Germany!'

"Again France finds her ally in England and America, and, under the leadership of the house of Morgan, Germany again goes down to defeat; for more than $100,000,000 are placed behind the Bank of France, the French Government and the French franc. All honor

to the house of Morgan! All honor to England and American finance! All honor to France!

"It is probable that little of the $100,000,000 French credit will actually be used. The effectiveness of the arrangement lies more in its psychology than in the use of the funds for the purchase of francs in the open market."—(From the conservative, "Wall Street Journal.")

It would seem to the observer that the future of France has now better prospects of stability, for the surrender of the German Government and the giving up of passive resistance in the Ruhr, has strengthened the hands of the government.

There is today everywhere evidenced among the people of France a strong desire for rest: a weariness of all that pertains to war. Their single wish now is to collect the money due them, to return as near as possible to pre-war conditions, and to pursue their avocations in peace.

A splendid people—an old nation sorely tried and wounded—but with a mighty heart throbbing with life, and unconquerable—*God Save France!*

(The end.)

Index

A

Abbé Brémond, 172
Abbé Prévost, 171
Abelard, 7
"Abri," 110
Acacia trees, 69
Adam, Paul, 171
Adelaide, Mme., 272
"agent provocateur," 53
Alavoine, 355
Amélie, Queen Marie, 272, 362
"Anatkh," 234
Andronet du Cerceau, 64
"Angélique Francaise," 242
Angelo, Michael, 320
Angelus, 243
Angers, David, 255
Anne of Austria, Queen, 105
Antoinette, Marie, 69, 72, 105, 308
"apéritifs," 31
Arago, 144
"Arboreste du roy," 69
Arc de Triumphe, 6, 96, 119
"Arriviste," 208
Arrondissements, 142, 210
"a temple of Reason," 234
Aubin de Montdidier, 275
Avenue de l'Opera, 25

B

Babilette, 242
Baffier, 374
Bailly, 73
Bal Bullier, 14
Bal Tabarin, 15
Balzac, 70, 105, 107, 142, 171, 305, 306
Barres, Maurice, 172
Bartholdi, 283
Bartholomew, St., 71
Bartlett, Paul Wayland, 284
Baschet, M., 406
"bas reliefs," 285
Battle of the Marne, 24
Battle of Waterloo, 113, 370
Baudelaire, 171
Baudouin, 74
Baudrillart, Mgr., 172
Bazin, 172
"Beating Heart of France, The," 45
Beaujalias, Comte de, 106
Beaulieu, 73
Beaumarchais, 171
Beaux-Arts, 117
"Beaux-Arts School," 321
Bedier, J., 172
"Beefalo-Bills," 84
"Beer of the Lion," 86
"Belle Chanteuse," 290
Ben Bolt, 105
Béranger, 7, 171
Bergson, Henri, 172
Bergson, M., 178
Berry, Duke de, 114
Berthon, Mademoiselle, 159
Besnard, Albert M., 321
"bien entendu," 103
"big Bertha," 97
"blague," 83
Blois, 70
"blonde," 86
"Bloody week," 112

INDEX

Boileau, 228
Bohemia, King of, 19
Bohemian Francis Villon, 19
Bologna, John of, 66
Bonaparte, 115
Bonaparte, Jerome, 367
Bonheur, Rose, 144
"bocks," 15
Bontec, 70
"booby traps," 84
Bordeaux, 172, 251
Bossuet, 238
Bouchardon, 303
Boucher, Jean, 283
Bougereau, 144
Boulanger, Gustave, 144
"Boule Miche," 328
Boulevard St. Michel, 281, 386, 388
Boulevard Montparnasse, 12, 386
Bourbons, 45
Bourbon-Condé, Duchesse de, 113
Bourdaloue, 238
"Bourgeois," 353
Bourget, 172
Boyle, John J., 285
Boylesve, 172
"brassiness," 227
"breloque," 111
Briand, M., 38
Brienne, Jean de, 73
Brieux, 172
"brune," 86
Bureauz de Tabac, 45
"Buttes-Chaumont," 373
"butts," 239

C

Cabanel, 144
"Cabaret des Oubliettes Rouges," 16
"Cabinet Noir," 55
Caesar, 65
Café de Paris, 101
Caillaux, Mme., 375, 161
Calmette, M., 376
Camille Desmoulins, 104, 105
"Camions," 23
"Carbonari," 16
Cardinal de Ritz, 67
"Carrefour Gaillon," 303
"Casernes," 29
Casserole, 352
Catacombs of Paris, 148
Cathedral of Notre Dame, 219
Cavelier, 248
Cellini, Benvenuto, 320
Cemetery of Père Lachaise, 7
Central Market, 335
"cercle," 83
Chamber of Deputies, 38
Chamber of Horrors, The, 246
Chamfort, 171
"Champe de Mars," 370
"Champs de Mai," 370
Champs-Elysées Theatre, 94
Chapel de Catéchisme, 223
Charles VIII, 71, 75
Charles IX, 365
Charles IX, King, 221
Charles X, 252, 315
Charlotte, Antoinette, 242
"Charnier," 304
Chateaubriand, 364, 367
"Chateau du Diable," 84
"chef," 134
chéret, 3
"chevrillon," 172
"chinoiseries," 52
"chiffre," 75
Chopin, 372
Church of St. Mèdard, 145
Church of Saint Peter and Paul, 254
Claudel, Paul, 95
Clemenceau, 11, 37, 38, 53, 86, 202
"cloaco," 252

INDEX

clovis, 254
"Cinders," 256
cite, 68
"Cite," the, 131
"Cocher," 21, 22
"Coco," 347
"Cocked-eye," 86
"Cocaidier," 157
"Coifs," 259
"Colosse du Grand roy Henri," 66
Column of July, 355
"comédie humaine," 128
Commission of Reparations, 40
"Complet," 21
"con amorè," 100
Concierge, 60, 61
Conciergerie, 68, 69, 71, 72
"Concerts Rouge," 84
Concini, 66
Consommation, 84
Constantinople, Emperor of, 74
Copet, 68
Corday, Charlotte, 72
"Cordon Bleu," 182
Courier, P. L., 171
"Couronne d'Or," 137
Courteline, Georges, 54
"Couser," 150
Couston, 308
Cowper, 1
Cross of the Legion of Honor, 192
Crown of Thorns, 74, 75, 238
cult of genius, 44
"Cuntière des Innocents," 303
Curzon, Lord, 39

D

Dam of La Monnaie, 131
Dame aux Camelias, 7
D'Arc, Jeanne, 195, 226, 249
Darmes, 272
David, Denise, 242
"dance Macabre," 14
Danton, 73
Daudet, Alphonse, 160
Daudet, M. Léon, 159, 160
"David Copperfield," 319
Davioud, 302
Day of Barricades, The, 67
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, 143
"Débits," 32
Debussy, Claude, 95
"Declaration de L'Homme," 12
de Curel, 172
De Goncourt, 72
Delacroix, Eugene, 370
de la Gorce, 172
d'Elampes, Duchesse, 282
"de la Victoire," 307
Demoulins, 105
Deraulde, M. M., 195
"des Ardents," 77
Descartes, 171, 179
Desmoulins, Camille, 73
"Deux Frères Provençaux," 100, 101, 102
Dickens, 319
Diderot, 171
"Diligences," 181
"Dirty pig," 81
Dog of Montereau, 275
"Dompteur," 288, 289, 290
Donnay, 172
Doré, Gustav, 192
"dossier," 54
Douglass, Frederick, 13
Doumic, 172
"du Grand Coq," 143
Dumas, Alexander, 12, 353
Dumas, fils, 144
Dumont, J., 355
Duncan, Isadora, 93
Duret, 302
"Duval," 184

INDEX

E

"echarpe," 216
Ecluse de la Monnaie, 132
"Ecoles de Medecin," 91
Egalite, Duke Philippe, 105
Eiffel, M., 276
Eiffel Tower, 23, 276
Elizabeth, 73
Elysée Bourbon, 114
Elysee, The, 113
Enfants Trouves, 77
"Emigrés," 209
"Enfer," 84
"entente," 11
Eslaunie, Edouard, 172
Eugenie, 234
Evelyn, John, 304

F

"Fallieres," 86
"fetes foraines," 59, 63
"Fiacre," 21, 22
"fiacres," 98
Figuier—St. Paul, 140
"fils," 123
"Five o'clock tea at all hours," 400
Flers, Robert de, 172
"Foire aux Jouets," 65
Folies Bergère, 9, 385
"Folies de Chartes," 371
Fonctionaires, 27, 28
"forains," 58, 293
Fontaine de Grenelle, 303
"Fontaine des Innocents," 303
Fontaine Louvois, 304
Fountain of Molière, 299
Fournier, 74
Fouqueville, 72
France, Anatole, 7, 250, 172
François II, 332
Franklin, Benjamin, 284
"Franks," 18
Franqueville, 66
French, Daniel, 284
French Renaissance, 304
Fulton, Robert, 284

G

"gai," 5
Gallieni, 23
Gallo-Roman, 18
"gamins," 59
Gardens of the Tuileries, 107, 116
Garden of the Luxembourg, 147
"Gardien," 122
Gare St. Lazare, 127
Garnier, Charles, 144, 331
Gaussel, Jean, 219
Gautier, Théophile, 171, 249
General Desaix, 69
George III, 417
George, Lloyd, 266
Germain, 67
Gerard de Nerval, 248, 250
Gilbert, 67
"Gilded City of Light," 2
Girondins, 72
"God be thanked for France," 96
Goujon, Jean, 220, 235, 302, 336
Gounod, 372
Goyan, M. M., 172
Grand Boulevard, 10, 19, 35
Grande, Louis le, 62
Grand Palais, 120
"grand quickness," 86
"Grand Vatel," 182, 183
Gratien Candace, 11
Great Market of Paris, 338
"grenadine," 186
"green muse," 90
"grill," 182
Grisettes, 8
"Guides," 105
Guillaume Marchand, 64
Guillotine, M., 360

INDEX

Guillotin, Monsieur, 69
Guyon, Mme., 147

H

Hamilton, Joseph, 199
"Half Nelson Clutch, The," 292
Hawthorne, 231
Helle, Andre, 95
Heloise, 7
Henry II, 316
Henry III, 144, 268
Henri IV, 66, 144, 235, 269, 270, 272, 312, 313
Herbert, M., 241, 242
Holy Ark, 70
Holy Hill, The, 395
Hospital of "Enfants Trouvés," 77
Hotel de Longueville, 366
Hotel Dieu, 77
houris, 8
"hierarchy," 125
Hugo, Victor, 28, 234, 235, 239, 249, 251, 254, 300, 305
Humbert Thérèse, 376

I

Ile aux Javiaux, 65
"Ile de la Cité," 65
"impasses," 278
"Imperials," 87
Institute, 68
Irving, Washington, 286

J

Jacca, Pietro, 66
Jacques, 74, 248
"Jeanne, Hyacinthe," 242
Jefferson, Thomas, 285
Joanne, Adolphe, 67
Joffre, 23
Jouvenet, 368
Jousserot, J. J.
Josephine, 144, 234, 303
Jouffroi, 223
Julian, 68
"Jumps at the Eye," 2

K

Karamsine, 106
Knights Templar, 65, 129

L

Lafayette, 283, 284
"La Gazette de France," 143
La Marié de la Tour Eiffel, 95
LaMolle-Piquet, 278
"Lares and Penates," 208
La Roquette, 69
"La Souricière," 72
"La Couche," 77
Lamartine, 71, 305
"La Naumachie," 371
Latin Quarter, 14, 257, 386
"laughing gas," 311
Lanux, M. de, 173
La Tour de l'Horloge, 70
Lavendan, 172
La Villette, 335
Legion of Honor, 46
"Le Lapin Agile," 10
Lemot, 67
L'Etoile, 67
"Le Pelletier," 72
Les Acacias, 135
Les Carmes, 147
"Le Sport," 123
"like a bad shilling in a basin of dirty water," 61
"L'Homme Libre, 11
Loire, The, 124
Louis VIII, 103
Louis XI, 75, 145
Louis XIII, 313, 314, 315

INDEX

Louis XIV, 116, 173, 182, 235, 242
Louis XV, 113, 273, 354
Louis XVI, 285, 354, 357, 360, 361, 362, 363, 366, 417
Louis XVIII, 148, 371
Louis le Grande, 62
Louise, Marie, 364
Lucullus, 5
"Ludovicus Magnus," 62
Luxembourg, 21, 59, 176, 305, 322
Louvre, 8, 120, 181, 284, 322
Luxembourg Gardens, 128
Lutecia, 68
Lutrin, 75

M

MacMahon, 112
Madeline, 22, 143
Magdalene, Mary, 231
"Mairie," 217
Maison Dieu, 77
"Maitre," 318
"Malapropisms," 47
Malesherbes, 73
Mallarmé, 171
"Mamelukes," 115
"maman," 123
"Man of Destiny," 115
"Maquereaux," 15
Marah, 72
Marcel, 68
"Marchande des Quatre Saisons," 348
Marseilles, 115, 189
Marcel, M. Roland, 175
Marat, 255, 285, 374
Marguery, M., 194
"Marseillaise," 408
Marigny, Marquis de, 113
Massacre of St. Bartholomew, The, 221
Matin, 50
Maupassant, Guy de, 372
Mauras, Charles, 161
"Mazagran," 83
"Mecca," 323
Médicis, Marie de, 66, 305
Medon, 68
Mercie, 372
Messe rouge, 76
"Meteques," 11
Métivier, 53
"Metropolitan," 20
Meurice, J. Froment, 372
Micawber, 250
Midinette, 7, 15, 59
Mildland Darius, 95
Millerand, M., 193
Ministry of Foreign Affairs, The, 11
Mirabeau, 255
M. le President de la République, 194
Molière, 171, 299, 300, 301, 314
Monarchy of July, The, 158
Mont de Piété, 109
Montgomery, Comte, 316
Montgomery Tower, 70
Montmartre, 9, 10, 11, 13, 84, 111 159, 224, 346, 395, 398
Montparnasse, 22
Morgan & Co., J. P., 423
Morgan, Lady, 305
Morgue of Paris, 246
Moulin de la Galette, 15
Moulin Rouge, The, 3, 4
Mucha, 3
Murat, 113

N

Nadar, 148
Napoleon, 6, 47, 52, 67, 113, 114, 116, 148, 234, 239, 252, 364, 365, 366, 419

INDEX

Napoleon III, 234, 239, 364, 366
Napoleon, Louis, 114
Nation of Free Thinkers, 225
Nerral, Gerard de, 250
"Neuvaine," 229
Ney, Marshal Michael, 147, 148
Nodier, 245
Normans, 18
North Tower, 242
Notre Dame, 65, 67, 76, 108, 130, 132, 226, 234, 239, 240, 241, 244, 246, 263, 269, 273, 275

O

"oratory," 75
"oubliette," 17
Ousley, Lieut.-Col. Alvin M., 343

P

Palace of Justice, 70
Palace of the Kings of France, 70
Palace of the Legion of Honor, 274
Palace of the Louvre, 221
"Palais Bourbon," 370
Palais Cardinal, 105
"Palais d' Amour," 282
Palais de l'Elysee, 113
Palais de Trocadero, 93
"Palais des Tournelles," 316
Palais Royal, 10, 31, 105, 249
Palissy, Bernard de, 310
Palmes d'Or of the Institute, 46
Palmes Academiques, 46
Panache, 342
Panthéon, 70, 142, 226, 254, 349, 395
Parc Monceaux, 371
"Paris the beating heart of France," 2
Paris Opera House, 33
Pascal, 228
"passivity" 132
"Pavillon de Lesdiguières," 365
Payne, John Howard, 286
Pepin, 143
Petit Châtelet, 16, 17, 18, 19, 273
Petit Pont, 76
"Petit-Verre," 138
Philippe d'Orleans, 371
Picpus, 284
Pierre, Loti, 172
"Pigalle," 9
Pilon, G., 71
Place Beauzeau, 113
Place Dauphine, 67, 69
Place Saint-Michel, 302
Place de la Concorde, 117, 183, 308, 359, 361
"Place des Vosges," 312
"Place of Prisons," 307
Place Royale, 52, 106
Place Vendome, 25, 67
"Plaisir," 347
Plateau M. Mauris, 160
Philippe, Louis, 143, 158, 231, 252, 272, 314, 360, 362, 368
Poincare, 267, 420
Pompadour, Mme. de 113
Pont du Change, 69
Pont de la Concorde, 119, 124, 129, 271
Pont des St. Pères, 130
Pont des Arts, 131
Pont Neuf, 64, 65, 66, 70, 131, 132, 269, 270
Pont Notre Dame, 76
Pont St. Michel, 274
Porte St. Denis, 62
Prevost, 172
President Wilson, 284
"Printemps," 8

Q

Quai de l'Horloge, 70, 131
Quai des Lunettes, 69
Quai des Orfévres, 131

R

Racine, 228
"rapport de police," 54
"Rat Morts," 84
Ravey, Jean, 235
Rédacteur-en-chef, 191
Régnier et Champin, 245
Regnier, Henry de, 171, 398
Renan, Ernest, 225
"Rentes," 158
Riche, Georges de Porto, 172
Richelieu, 103, 105, 106, 147, 173, 278, 305, 314
Richepin, 172
Rivarol, 171
Robert, Henri, 172
Robespierre, 309, 360
"Robinson," 5
Roland, Mme., 72, 73, 144, 274
Rondelet, 254
Ronsard, 67
Rousseau, J. J., 171
rue Cérisaie, 140
rue d'Enfer, 140
rue de la Calancre, 143
rue de la Cite, 76
rue de la Lanterne, 76
"rue de la Monnaie," 70
rue de la Paix, 129
rue de Rivoli, 122
rue des Frondeurs, 141
rue du Faubourg, 113
rue St. Honoré, 96
rue St. Hyacinth, 101
rue St. Jacques, 142
Ruhr, 41, 159, 203, 294
Russia, Emperor of, 113, 114

S

St. Bartholomew, 6, 71
St. Couronne, 74
St. Denis, 76
St. Genevieve, 77
St. Germain, 221
St. Germain L'Auverrois, 66
St. Gervais, 131
St. Honoré, 113
St. Louis, 76
St. Marie, 74
St. Philipe du Roule, 98
Sacré Coeur, 223, 225, 373
Saint Cloud, 68
Saint Lazare Prison, 375
Saint Michel, 129, 302
Sainte Chapelle, 70, 73, 75, 76, 132, 238
"Sale Cochon," 81
"Salons," 274
Sanctuary of Paris, The, 70
"Sapeurs—Pompiers," 29
Sarto, Andrea del, 320
"Saucisson chaud," 351
"savoir faire," 79
"Savoyarde," 224
Scipion Sardini, 144
Sentimental Journey, 26
Shrine of St. Louis, 70
Siki, 13
"Six, The," 95
Slodtz, Michel Ange, 308
Socrates, 72
Sonneur, Mme., 241
Soufflot, Jacques German, 254, 255
"Steene," 289
Steinheil, Madame, 161
Steinlen, 3
"store," 86
"Stranger within their gates, The," 5
"Street Where Rests the Heart," 282
"strong men," 58
Stuart, Mary, 332
"succorers," 146

T

Table Talk, 2
Tanernier's, 104
"Temps," 12

INDEX

Térome Morand, 75
"Terrace des Fouillants," 365
Thackeray, 189, 318, 368
Thérèse, Louise Marie, 242
"They toil not, neither do they spin," 132
Thiers, 114
Thomas, Ambroise, 372
"toujours gai," 58
Tour d'Argent, 70
Tour de l'Horloge, 70
Tour Saint Jacques, 74, 248
"Tower of the Knights Templar," 356
Tower of the Temple, The, 357
Treaty of Versailles, 39
"tree of Jesse," 223
"Trottoirs," 184
True Cross, 74
Tuileries, 128
Tuileries Gardens, 64, 277
"tumbril," 69

V

Vatican in Rome, 130
Vauvenargues, 171
Verdun, 36
Verlet, 371
Versailles, 285, 322
Vic, Henri, 71
Villiers, 250, 251
Villon, Francois, 279
Viollet-le Duc, 75, 132
Visconti, 299
Viviani, M., 37
"Voitures a galerie," 22
"Voitures de convertes," 21
Voltaire, 175, 255

W

Walpole, Horace, 363
Watteau, 185
Washington, George, 283
Weber, Jeanne, 376
Wellington, Duke of, 113, 114
William, Frederick, 111, 370
Wilson, Mr., 203
"Wop," 11
Wurtemberg, Catherine of, 367

Z

Zeeland Lion, 62
Zola, 34, 67, 245, 275

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